From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Answers to the Seekers on the Path
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From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #1

Chapter title: Silence, the Pull of the Innermost Zero
30 October 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO YOU CALL YOUR RELIGION THE FIRST AND THE LAST RELIGION?

It is a little difficult for me to speak again. It has been difficult always, because I have been trying to speak the unspeakable. Now it is even more so.
After one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days of silence, it feels as if I am coming to you from a totally different world. In fact it is so. The world of words, language, concepts, and the world of silence are so diametrically opposite to each other, they don't meet anywhere. They can't meet by their very nature. Silence means a state of wordlessness; and to speak now, it is as if

to learn language again from ABC. But this is not a new experience for me; it has happened before too.
For thirty years I have been speaking continually. It was such a tension because my whole being was pulled towards silence, and I was pulling myself towards words, language, concepts, philosophies. There was no other way to convey, and I had a tremendously important message to convey. There was no way to shirk the responsibility. I had tried it. The day I realized my own being, it was such a fulfillment that I became silent. There was nothing left to be asked.
One of my professors in the university, who was a world renowned man, Doctor S.K.Saxena -- he had been a professor of philosophy in America for many years -- again and again used to ask me to ask him some question. And those were the days when I was so fulfilled and so content, there was no question, no quest left.
So I used to say to him, "I have answers; I don't have any questions."
He used to laugh and say that I am crazy: "How can you have answers without questions?"
I insisted to him, "While you have questions you will never have answers. Unless your questioning drops away you will not find the answer. And it does not come in the form of an answer, but it answers all; not answering any particular question but simply answering all questions -- possible, impossible, probable, improbable."
After my enlightenment, for exactly one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days I tried to remain silent -- as much as it was possible in those conditions. For a few things I had to speak, but my speaking was telegraphic. My father was very angry with me. He loved me so much that he had

every right to be angry. The day he had sent me to the university he had taken a promise from me that I would write one letter every week at least. When I became silent I wrote him the last letter and told him, "I am happy, immensely happy, ultimately happy, and I know from my very depth of being that I will remain so now forever, whether in the body or not in the body. This bliss is something of the eternal. So now every week, if you insist, I can write the same again and again. That will not look okay, but I have promised, so I will drop a card every week with the sign "ditto." Please forgive me, and when you receive my letter with the sign "ditto," you read this letter." He thought I had gone completely mad. He immediately rushed from the village, came to the university and asked me, "What has happened to you? Seeing your letter and your idea of this 'ditto,' I thought you were mad. But looking at you, it seems I am mad; the whole world is mad. I take back the promise and the word that you have given to me. There is no need now to write every week. I will continue to read your last letter." And he kept it to the very last day he died; it was under his pillow.

The man who forced me to speak -- for one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days I had remained silent -- was also a very strange man. He himself had remained silent his whole life. Nobody heard about him; nobody knew about him. And he was the most precious man I have come across in this, or any of my lives in the past. His name was Magga Baba. It is not much of a name; magga simply means a jug. He used to carry a jug -- that was his only possession, a plastic jug. From the same jug he would drink, he would ask for food with it. People would drop anything in the jug:

money, food, water. And that was all he had. Anybody who wanted to take from his jug was also allowed. So people would take out money, or food -- children particularly, beggars. He neither prevented anybody from dropping, nor did he prevent anybody from taking. And he was absolutely silent, so nobody had any idea even of his name, because he had never said what his name was. They simply started calling him Magga Baba because of the jug.

But deep in the night, once in a while when there was nobody, I used to visit him. It was very difficult to find a time when nobody was there, because he attracted strange types of people. He was not speaking, so of course intellectuals were not going to him -- just simple people. And what can you do with him? In India, to go to a man who has realized is called seva. Literally it means service, but it will not be justified because that word seva has a sacredness about it which service has not. When you go to a realized man what else can you do than serve him? So people would come and massage his feet and somebody would massage his head, and he would not say anything to anybody. He would neither say yes, nor would he say no. Sometimes they wouldn't allow him even to sleep, because four or five people were massaging him; they were doing seva. Many times I had to throw people out. He was just living on a porch of a bungalow, open from all sides. Once in a while, particularly on cold winter nights, I used to find him alone; then he would say something to me.

urses>He forced me to speak. He said, "Look, I have remained silent my whole life, but they do not hear, they do not listen. They cannot understand it; it is beyond them. I have failed. I have not been able to convey what I have

been carrying within me, and now there is not much time left for me. You are so young, you have a long life before you: please don't stop speaking. START!" It is a difficult, almost impossible job to convey things in words, because they are experienced in a wordless state of consciousness. How to convert that silence into sound? There seems to be no way. And there is none.

But I understood Magga Baba's point. He was very old, and he was saying to me, "You will be in the same position. If you don't start soon, the inner silence, the vacuum, the innermost zero, will go on pulling you inwards. And then there comes a time when you cannot come out. You are drowned in it. You are utterly blissful, but the whole world is full of misery. You could have shown the way. Perhaps somebody may have heard, perhaps somebody may have walked on the path. At least you would not feel that you have not done what was expected of you by existence itself. Yes, it is a responsibility."

I promised him, "I will do my best." And for thirty years continually I went on and on talking on every subject under the stars. But I came to a point which Magga Baba had not come to. He saved me from his disappointment; but I came to a new realization, a new point. I had thrown my net far and wide to catch as many people as have the potential to blossom. But then I felt that words are not enough.

Now I have found my people and I have to arrange a silent communion, which will help in two ways: those who cannot understand silence will drop out. That will be good. That will be a good weeding; otherwise they will go on clinging around me because of the words, because their intellect feels satisfied. And I am not here to satisfy their

intellect. My purpose is far, far deeper, of a different dimension.

So these days of silence have helped those who were just intellectually curious, rationally interested in me, to turn their back. And secondly, it has helped me to find my real, authentic people who are not in need of words to be with me. They can be with me without words. That's the difference between communication and communion. Communication is through words, and communion is through silence.

So these days of silence have been immensely fruitful. Now only those are left for whom my presence is enough, my being is enough, for whom just the gesture of my hand is enough, for whom my eyes are enough -- for whom language is no more a need.

But today I have suddenly decided to speak again -- again after one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days -- for the simple reason that the picture that I have been painting all my life needs a few touches here and there to complete it, because that one day when I became silent everything was left incomplete. Before I depart from you as far as my physical body is concerned, I would like to complete it.

I have been speaking to Hindus, to Christians, to Jews, to Mohammedans, to Jainas, to Buddhists, to Sikhs, to people belonging to almost all the so-called religions. This is for the first time I am speaking to my own people: not to Hindus, not to Mohammedans, not to Christians, not to Jews. It makes a lot of difference, and only because of that difference can I give the finishing touch to the picture that I have been painting. What difference does it make? To you I can speak directly, immediately. To the Hindus I had to

speak through Krishna, and I was not happy about it. But there was no other way, it was a necessary evil. To Christians I could speak only through Jesus. I was not at ease about it, but there was no other way. So one has to choose the least evil. Let me explain to you.

I do not agree with Jesus on all points. In fact, there are many questions which I have left unanswered, because even to touch them would have been destructive to those Christians who had come to me. Now they are clean. People say that I am brainwashing people. No, I am not brainwashing people. I am certainly washing their brains -- and I believe in dry cleaning. So I can say to you now exactly what I feel; otherwise, it was a burden on me.

To speak on Mahavira was necessary because without that it was impossible to get any Jainas to hear me. And with Mahavira I do not agree on all points. In fact my disagreement is on more points than my agreement. So I had to do a strange job: I had to choose those points on which I could agree, and not talk at all about those points on which I was absolutely against. And even on the points on which I have a certain agreement I had to manage another thing: that was to give new meanings to their words, give my meaning to their words. It was not their meaning. If Mahavira comes he will be angry; if Jesus comes he will be angry. If this whole crowd of Jesus, Mahavira, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu somewhere meets me they will all be mad at me because I have made them say things they would never have dreamed of. They could not. Sometimes I have even put meanings into their words which go basically against them. But there was no other way.

The whole world is divided. You can't find a single man who is clean. Either he is a Christian -- he is carrying one kind of dirt -- or he is a Hindu; he is carrying another kind of dirt. Now it is possible for me to say exactly and directly even things which may sound bitter.

Sheela has asked why I call my religion the first and perhaps the last religion.

Yes, I call it the first religion because religion is the highest flowering of consciousness. Up to now man was not capable of conceiving it. Even now, only one percent of humanity is barely able to conceive it. The masses are still living in the past, burdened with the past, conditioned with the past. Barely one percent of mankind is in a state now to conceive religion. All the old religions are based in fear. Now, a real religion destroys fear. It is not based in fear. The concept of God in all the old religions is nothing but out of fear, a consolation; otherwise there is no validity, no evidence, no proof for the existence of God. The people who believe in God are really people who cannot trust in themselves. They need a father figure, a big daddy. They are still childish. Their mental age is just nearabout twelve years, not more than that. They need somebody to give them courage, to guide them, to protect them. They are simply afraid to be left alone. They are afraid of death which is coming closer every day. They need somebody to protect them from death. It is a projection of your fear. The moment your fear disappears you will find there is no God. The moment you are able to trust in yourself, to be yourself, there will be no God. You will laugh at the whole concept of God.

Now, Jesus is praying to God, continually raising his hands towards the sky, as if God is there above in the heaven. And not only is he praying, he is receiving answers too -- he is hearing voices! Now, these are symptoms of neurosis. To tell you the truth, Jesus is a mental case. He is a nice fellow, he is a good person, but the way he behaves proves many things. He is a fanatic. He carries the same kind of mind as Adolf Hitler. He is a fascist. He thinks that only those who follow him will be saved; anybody else who does not follow him is going to fall into eternal hell. Now, only a simpleton can say such a thing. Who is he to save anybody? But he says he is the only begotten son of God. And he truly believes it. It is not only that he says it, he truly believes it.

Until the crucifixion, he truly believes it. It is only the crucifixion which brings a little sense to this insane man. Only at the crucifixion he cries, "Why have you forsaken me?" He was certainly waiting for a miracle to happen. He is the only son of God, and God is not coming. And if he is not coming at the crucifixion, then when? And if even Jesus is not being saved, what is the guarantee that those who are going to follow Jesus will be saved? And the fools are still believing that they will be saved if they follow Jesus. Even Jesus is not saved, and he knew it. He waited for a time for the miracle to happen -- but it didn't happen. Miracles don't happen at all. They have never happened. They are only wish fulfillments of people who are dreaming and hallucinating. They are not realities. If you believe in them, they may appear to you almost real, perhaps more than real. It is your belief that creates the hallucination; otherwise there is nothing -- no miracle. But

Jesus himself believed that he was doing miracles; and he was waiting for the miracle. These are all very childish qualities.

He is a little bit schizophrenic, too. He goes on saying, "Blessed are the meek for theirs is the kingdom of God." But he is not a meek person. He is very arrogant. If you are burdened with Christian conditioning you may not be able to see that he is very arrogant. But once you are clean you can see it clearly. He enters the temple, the great temple of the Jews, and throws out the moneychangers, turns over their tables, hits them, beats them... and he is talking of meekness, humbleness!

He and his followers are hungry and they have been refused food in a village. He is very angry. They come to a fig tree; it is not the season for figs, so of course there are no figs on the tree. And he becomes so mad at the fig tree and curses it: "You are also against us; you will not provide figs for us." Now, a person cursing a fig tree out of season -- what do you call such a person? And it is not only me, his own master... Jesus was a disciple of John the Baptist. John the Baptist was imprisoned, and when he heard these things about Jesus, even he became doubtful about whether he was worthy to be accepted as a disciple or not. He sent a message from the jail to Jesus: "Do you think you are really the messiah for whom the Jews have been waiting?" Because he became suspicious -- the things that Jesus is saying and doing are contradictory, and the way he is behaving is not the way of a religious man. He is behaving very irreligiously.

A religious man cannot take the standpoint that, "I am special, the only begotten son of God." A religious man

comes to know that he is as ordinary as every ordinary thing. He is just like the blades of grass or the stars or the mountains. He is not special in any way. The idea of specialness, of being extra-ordinary, superior, is nothing but the game of the ego which creates all kinds of arrogance.

The same was the situation with other religions. I have spoken on Mahavira, but I cannot agree with the man's behavior, nor can I agree with the ideology and the guidelines that he gives to his disciples. They are absolutely against nature.

Mahavira lived naked. Now, it is not accidental that man has invented clothes. It is absolutely a natural need... because other animals grow hair all over the body and they are protected from winter and cold. Man has not that capacity. Even if he grows hair, it is not as thick as on an animal who lives in the snows. He will not survive, he will die. He has to protect his body. He is not cold blooded, like cold blooded fishes which live in the Arctic. Their blood is cold, ice cold, and it has a certain chemical that keeps it from freezing. The outside, to us, is freezing cold; for those fishes it is not. Man is a hot blooded animal. He needs protection. Now, to make him go naked is absolutely idiotic. And Mahavira prescribes that you should not use any kinds of instruments -- even simple instruments like a razor blade, which is not a big machine or big technology. If you want to cut your hair you have to pull your hair out. So Jaina monks every year pull out their hair. This is so stupid, so ugly, so unnatural... and for what?

The whole reasoning is that if you do these things you earn virtue and you will be in heaven. On the one hand he says,

"Don't be greedy, greed is sin." And on the other hand, he is teaching nothing but greed, greed in the other world. That seems to be far more greedy even than the ordinary greed of this world: having money or a good house seems to be nothing compared to eternal pleasures in heaven. And Jainas have seven heavens, so the more you torture yourself the higher you reach. So it seems there is certainly an element of masochism in Mahavira. But I could not say this to the Jainas.

So I have been carrying a heavy weight on me, on my heart. My health has been destroyed for many reasons; the most important is this, that I have been speaking on people with whom I do not agree at all. I disagree -- not only disagree, but I find them basically psychotic, neurotic, schizophrenic, anti-life. All these religions in the past are anti-life. Nobody is for life, nobody is for living, nobody is for laughter. No religion has accepted a sense of humor as a quality of religiousness.

Hence, I say my religion is the first religion which takes man in his totality, in his naturalness, accepts man's whole, as he is. And that's what holy means to me -- not something sacred, but something accepted in its wholeness. Perhaps things are a little bit upside down and you have to put them in place; just like a jigsaw puzzle, you have to put them in place. And then out of that wholeness arises religious consciousness

I have spoken more on Buddha than on anybody else. But he is as much anti-life as anyone else: "This life has to be used just to reach the real life which is after death." Now, nobody has returned after death. Not a single proof exists of anybody returning after death and telling you that there

is life there. And all these religions are based on this assumption, that there is a life after death; sacrifice this for that. And I am saying, "Sacrifice that for this!" -- because this is all that you have got: herenow. And if there is any life after death, you will be there and then it will be "here and now." Once you know how to live here and now, you will be able to live there too. So I teach you how to live here and now.

This is the first religion which does not reject anything from your life. It accepts you totally, as you are, and finds methods and ways of how to make a more harmonious whole. You have all the ingredients, everything that is needed is within you -- perhaps not in the right place. It has to be put in its right place. And once everything is put in its right place, that I call virtue. Then the man of character, the man whom I can call a moral man, a religious man, arises out of you.

All the old religions are based on certain belief systems. Those beliefs are not to be questioned because they are all fictions -- beautiful fictions, but fictions all the same. You cannot ask, "How do you know God created the world?" There was not a single eyewitness, cannot be by the very nature itself, because if there was an eyewitness already there, then this was not the beginning of the world. You will have to go back before that eyewitness. The world was already there; the eyewitness was there. That eyewitness is enough to prove that the world has already been in existence. So there cannot be any eyewitness for God creating the world. But all the religions accept it, and you are not allowed to ask or question because to doubt is to be on the "black list."

Then there are seven hells waiting for you, with all the tortures that any Adolf Hitler or Josef Stalin or Mao Zedong can conceive. These religious people have conceived them a long time before... all kinds of tortures. And not for a few days -- Christianity throws you in hell for eternity. Such an absurd assumption!

Christianity accepts only one life. In one life how many sins can you commit? If you continuously commit sins day and night for seventy years, from the first day to the last you go on like a chain-sinner, then too eternal punishment cannot be justified. Eternal punishment... forever? There will be no end to it! And I don't think you commit sins continuously every moment. A man may be committing a few sins... may go to a jail for four years, five years; it may be justified. But eternal hell? So they are exploiting your fear: fear of hell and greed for pleasure in heaven. That has been their total pattern of working on the human mind. I want to say to you that they are only so-called religions. They are not religions at all.

This is the first religion. I don't promise you any heaven, and I don't make you afraid of any hell; there is none. I don't say, "You have to follow me, then only can you be saved." That is absolutely egoistic. Jesus says, "Come, follow me." Even my book on Jesus is titled Come Follow Me. That is not my statement, it is Jesus' statement. If you ask me I will say, "Never! Don't follow me, because I am myself lost. Unless you choose to be lost forever like me... then it is okay." To me, anybody claiming any kind of superiority, and you have to follow him -- it is a fascist attitude.

My sannyasins are not my followers but my fellow travelers, my friends, my lovers.
They have seen something in me the way you see something in a mirror. You are not a follower of your mirror -- but in the mirror you can see your face. The master is a mirror. You are not to follow him. You have to see your face in his mirror -- and that's all. And remember one thing: the mirror does not do anything at all. When you are facing the mirror, you are doing something; you are facing the mirror. The mirror is not bothered whether you are facing it or not. And the mirror does not do a single thing while you are facing the mirror; it simply mirrors you. That is its nature, that is why we call it a mirror. It simply mirrors, reflects. It is not a doing, it is its being. The master does not do anything at all. It is his being, it is his presence that becomes a source of reflecting. Slowly slowly you start seeing yourself in a new light, in a new way, from a new aspect, in a new dimension.
The old religions are based on belief systems. My religion is absolutely scientific. It is not a belief, it is not a faith -- it is pure science. The word science means knowing. Of course, it is a different science than the science that is being taught in the universities. That is objective science; this is subjective science.
Sometimes words are tremendously significant. Have you ever thought about the word object? It simply means that which obstructs you, objects to you, comes in your way, hinders you. Science is trying to observe the objects that surround you. They should not hinder you, they should not come in your way. On the contrary, they should become your way; they should become steppingstones, they should

be used. They should not remain enemies surrounding you. So the whole effort of science is to transform the objects into friends, so they no more object to you but allow you, give a welcome sign.

And when I say religion, my religion, is a science, that means the way science observes objects, religion observes subjectivity. Subjectivity is just the opposite of objectivity: the very diametrically opposite. The object obstructs you; subjectivity is just an abysmal depth. There is nothing to object to you. Once you let go, you start falling into a fathomless abyss; you never come to the end. But you don't want to come to the end either. Just that eternal falling is so tremendously ecstatic that to think that it will end is not possible; it is unending.

Objects begin and end; subjectivity begins but never ends. Science uses observation as its method; religion also uses observation as its method, but it calls it meditation. It is observation, pure observation, of your own subjectivity. Science calls its work experiment; religion calls its work experience. They both start from the same point but they move in the opposite directions. Science goes outwards; religion goes inwards. Hence I have not given you any belief; I have only given you methods. I have only explained to you my experience, and I have told you the way I experienced it.

Once I experienced it I tried all the ways, whether they all reach to it or not. And I found there are one hundred and twelve ways which can reach to the same point. And once you reach by one method, the one hundred and eleven are very simple because you know the point, you have reached it already. Now you can reach from anywhere. So I have

been teaching one hundred and twelve methods of meditation -- but no belief system. Hence I call it science. And I have said perhaps it may be the last religion too, for the simple reason that I have not given you anything which can be argued against. I can argue against Jesus. I can argue against Mahavira.

I can argue against Lao Tzu. I can argue against Buddha. Nobody can argue against me, because in the first place I have not given you any dogma which can be argued against. I have given you only methods. Methods you can try or you may not try, but you cannot argue against a method. If you try, I know it is going to succeed. I know by my own experience that it is going to succeed -- there is no question. If you don't try it, you have no right to say anything about it.

And because I have taken the whole personality of man into it, nothing has been left out. All the religions have been leaving things out, so there was the possibility of another religion taking something in. For example, Buddhism will not allow alcohol; Christianity allows it.

I have not given you anything that is not rooted in reason, in logic, in experiment, in experience, so a person can be against me only if he does not know me. If he knows me, there is no way to be against me. I don't give you any point to be against me.

And I can say it is the last religion because I have not claimed infallibility like the foolish popes of the Vatican go on doing. Only an idiot can say that he is infallible -- and for two thousand years these popes have been claiming they are infallible.

And it is such a beautiful and strange story: that one pope has to correct another pope, who was also infallible! One infallible pope burned Joan of Arc alive because she was rebellious and she was a heretic, and she was not following orders from the pope. After three hundred years, as people became more and more aware of Joan of Arc, her life, her story... the pope who had butchered her became more and more condemned in people's eyes. After three hundred years it became necessary for another pope to declare Joan of Arc a saint. Now she is Saint Joan of Arc! And her bones were dragged out from the grave and worshipped. Someday some other pope may find that it is not right, she was a witch -- they drag her bones out from the grave again and curse them, and spit on them, and drag them into the filth -- and do whatsoever he can do. What kind of stupidity is this? These infallible people! And strange that even in this century....

That's why I say only one percent at the most has barely touched the point that an authentic religion can become possible. The ninety-nine percent are still under 'infallible' popes. They may be Hindus, then the shankaracharya is infallible.

You may be surprised. I used to know one shankaracharya -- I used to know many, but one I was very much interested in because he belonged to the same place to which I belonged, and I knew him and he knew me from childhood. And I was interested in the man because before the public he would not accept anything from me, but in private he was absolutely in agreement with me. And he said, "You can call me a hypocrite -- I am. But I am holding such a position that in public I cannot say you are right. You are

right; as far as I am concerned I follow you and I try your methods and I read your books." This was an infallible shankaracharya. Before the public he has not even the guts to say that what he is doing is wrong. And what he is doing in private is totally different and against what he is doing in public.

The man died. He wrote two wills. Perhaps one he wrote at one time, for somebody he thought was very much capable of being a shankaracharya... and forgot about the will. And when he was dying he wrote another will, for another man. Now those two are fighting in the courts about who is the real shankaracharya. These are infallible people! Now the court has locked the temple and it will not be opened till the court decides who is the real shankaracharya. And it is very difficult to decide because both the wills are written by the same man, signed by the same man, so for almost twenty years the case has been pending. Many judges have changed, but nobody can decide. How to decide it? They are simply waiting for one of the two to die so that a decision will happen; otherwise, legally there is no possibility. Both have equally valid grounds.

These infallible shankaracharyas, infallible popes, imams, caliphs... they can be proved very easily wrong in a thousand and one ways. I am not infallible. So what I am giving to you is an open religion. They have given you a closed system. A closed system is always afraid of any new truth, because the new truth will disturb the whole system. You will have to arrange it again.

You know the story.... When Galileo found that it is not the sun that goes around the earth, but the earth that goes around the sun, the infallible pope immediately called him

to his court and said, "You have to change it, because The Bible says that the sun goes around the earth, and The Bible cannot be wrong because it is written by God." And if one statement is wrong, then all other statements become doubtful.

Galileo was a very intelligent man; I love that man. Very few people have praised that man -- even a man like Bertrand Russell has condemned him as a coward. I don't think Russell understood Galileo's point, because Galileo went to the court and kneeled down before the pope -- he was old, seventy-five, dying; from his death bed he had been forced and dragged to the court -- and he asked, "What do you want from me?"

The pope said, "You simply state in your book that the sun goes around the earth, and the previous statement you cancel."

He said, "Perfectly right. I will write in my book that the sun goes round the earth. But, dear sir, one thing you should remember: neither the sun nor the earth listen to me. Still the earth will continue to go around the sun. I cannot do anything about it. I will change it in my book -- the book is mine and I have every right to change it -- but the universe... I cannot do anything about it."

I think he was a man of immense humor and not a coward at all. And he did the right thing -- why unnecessarily quarrel with these idiots? He said, "Okay. But remember, don't think that this is going to change the fact. The fact remains in its place."

Now, The Bible is a closed system. What I have given to you is not a closed system, it is an open experiment. Any truth that may come later on can be absorbed by this system

without any conflict, because I have told you again and again that there are no contradictions in life; all contradictions are complementaries. So even something contradicting any statement of mine can be absorbed in the religion without any fear, because this is my position: every contradiction is a complementary. Just as day and night are complementary, life and death are complementary, all contradictions are complementary, so you can absorb even the most contradictory truth that ever comes in the future and it will be part of my system.
Hence I say this is the first and the last religion. There will be no need for any other religion.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #2
Chapter title: Don't Follow Me -- Because I am Lost Myself
31 October 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
JESUS SAYS, "COME FOLLOW ME." YOU'RE AGAINST THIS STATEMENT. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY ABOUT IT?

Jesus says, "Come follow me." It is not only Jesus who says it: Krishna says it too, Buddha says it too. All the old religions of the world are based on that statement. But that

statement is a psychological exploitation of man. I cannot say, "Come follow me."

First, those who have said it have crippled humanity, have made humanity helpless. They certainly fulfilled a certain need. People don't want to be on their own. They don't have the guts to create their own path, to walk and create it. They want to be led. But they don't know that if you are being led, slowly slowly, even if you have eyes, you will lose them. You will be seeing through the eyes of Jesus, Krishna, Mohammed. Your eyes will not be needed; in fact your eyes will cause a disturbance.

The leader wants you to surrender your eyes and see through his eyes; surrender your legs and walk with his legs; to not believe in yourself but believe in him. To me it is a crime; it is crippling you, paralyzing you, destroying you. And you can see it all over the world. The whole of humanity is destroyed by such statements and such people.

I can say to you, "Come and share me," but I cannot say, "Follow me." Who am I that you have to follow?

And you have to understand also that each individual is so unique that if you start following somebody you will be automatically imitating. You will lose your identity. You will start becoming phony, a hypocrite. You will not be yourself, but somebody else. You will become split.

You will have a mask: Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist. That will be just the mask that you and the person you have been following have created -- it is not your authentic face. You are going against yourself, and you will be in suffering... and the whole of humanity is in suffering.

It sounds very strange to say that such statements are criminal, because they come from nice people like Jesus, Buddha, Confucius. You can understand my difficulty too. I have to say it the way it is.

Every child is trying to imitate his parents, his neighbors, his schoolfriends, his teachers... and they are all trying to enforce it.

I remember in my own childhood. It was just an accident that I was born in a Jaina family. That is a very ancient religion in India, perhaps the ancientmost religion in the world. But my father was certainly a human being. He used to take me to the temple, but he told me that I need not imitate him. He had followed the ways of his forefathers and he had not found anything. He said to me, "I cannot force you to follow my ways. I can make you acquainted -- that this is the way I have followed, these are the gods I have been bowing down to, these are the prayers I have been doing, but nothing has happened to me. I will not insist that you do it; on the contrary, I will insist that unless you feel to do something, never do it.

I have never followed anybody and it has paid me tremendously.

It has been the greatest benediction to me that can be possible for a human being: not following.

I have tried to remain just myself.

You will need courage. You will need intelligence. You will need a true search and seeking; then only can you risk. Otherwise there are people all around you, they are all salesmen....

Now, Jesus is just a salesman, saying, "Come follow me, because those who will follow me will find God, will find

heaven and all the pleasures therein. And those who will not follow me will fall into dark hell for eternity." Now, this man is not going to help anybody. He is exploiting your need for guidelines, your need to find a path; basically, your need to have a certain meaning in your life. And he is promising that, "I am ready to give it to you. All that you have to do is to believe in me, unquestionably, without any doubt. All that is needed on your part is absolute faith."

To ask anybody to believe is to cripple his intelligence, is to make him mediocre, is to condemn him to remain an idiot forever.

A Christian cannot ask, "What is God? What is all this nonsense about the holy ghost?" And he does not seem to be very holy either. He is a rapist; he rapes the virgin Mary. And this trinity: God, son and holy ghost -- they have not allowed a single woman in it. Without a mother, the son is born.... In the trinity there is no possibility for a woman. Nobody has asked, "And what are the proofs that you are the only begotten son?" But you are not supposed to ask, you are supposed to believe. It is a bargain. He will give you, after death, all the pleasures of life; all imaginable fantasies will be fulfilled. And you will be surprised what kind of fantasies these religious people have been offering to fulfill.

Mohammed says in his paradise -- and remember, the English word paradise comes from the Arabic firdous; it is basically Mohammedan -- in his paradise, there are rivers of wine. "Drink as much as you want, drown yourself, swim in the wine." And there are beautiful women available who remain always young, stuck at the age of

sixteen. They are still sixteen. Whenever you will go, they will be sixteen; they don't grow. And not only that -- because in Mohammedan countries homosexuality has been a very long tradition Mohammed promises young, beautiful boys also, for the great saints.

It is a bargain. You remain crippled, unintelligent, mediocre, stupid -- and after death you will achieve everything. And nobody knows what happens after death. Nobody has ever returned and told what happens after death. So they are doing such a fabulous business -- they are selling such a commodity, which is invisible, intangible, and what they are taking in return is your whole humanity, your whole integrity. They are destroying you completely.

I can say, "Come and share me." That is a totally different standpoint.

I have known something.

I have seen something.

I have lived something.

And I can share it with you.

And remember, I am not obliging you when I share it with you; you are obliging me, because when a cloud is heavy with rainwater, the earth is obliging it by receiving the water. I say to you: I am heavy with some ecstasy, some blissfulness. And it is not a question of a bargain after death. I am not promising you something in the future, and I am not asking you anything in return, not even a thank-you, because I am grateful to you that you shared with me. My religion is a religion of sharing, not of following. It is a religion of love.

The very idea of following makes me sick. It is sickening. You have to be yourself, and when you blossom, you are not going to be like me or like Jesus or like Buddha. You are going to be just like you: you have never happened before, and you are not going to happen again. It is only possible with you. You are unrepeatable. If you start following somebody you are missing a great opportunity that existence has provided for you, and you will never be happy. No Christian is happy, no Hindu is happy, no Buddhist is happy; they cannot be. How can you be happy?
Just think in this way: if the roseflower tries to become a lotus, the lotus tries to become a rose, both will be in tremendous suffering because neither can the rose become the lotus nor can the lotus become the rose. At the most they can pretend, and pretensions are not fulfilling. The roseflower can only be a roseflower. And the unfortunate thing is, when the roseflower starts trying to be a lotus, its energy goes into that effort of becoming a lotus. A lotus it can never become, it has no potential for it. It is not a lotus, and there is no need for it to be a lotus. If existence wanted a lotus there would have been a lotus. The existence needs a rose. Trying to be a lotus, the rose will be losing its energy in a fruitless, hopeless effort, and perhaps may not be able to even become a rose. From where will it find the energy to become a rose, the vitality to become a rose?
It is one of the most important psychological phenomena to understand: each individual is unique. There has never been that kind of individual before, and there will never be again that kind of individual.
If you follow somebody you are betraying existence because you are betraying your own innermost being. You

are betraying your flowering. And why do people so easily become followers? Why is the whole world following somebody or other? And if sometimes one becomes fed up with Christianity, he becomes Hindu; the Hindu becomes fed up with Hinduism, he becomes a Buddhist... but the following continues. The whole pattern remains the same. The book changes, the leader changes, but the following, the follower... and the whole process remains the same, the same destructive suicidal process.

I am against following because it is against the basic psychological principle of the uniqueness of the individual. You should pay a little more attention to the word individual. It means indivisible -- it cannot be divided. The moment you follow, you are dividing. You are something, you are trying to become something else; you are somewhere, you are trying to reach somewhere else. Now you are creating a tension in your being. Hence the anguish all over the world.

My religion is not the religion of following. I can only share with you whatever has happened to me. And I am not saying that the same will happen to you. I am simply saying that if I can see, you can also see. If I can feel, you can also feel. Certainly, you will feel in your own way and you will see in your own way. The poetry that will be born to you will be your poetry, it will not be mine.

So the people you see here around me are not my followers. I am nobody's leader. That silly word leader is perfectly okay in politics, but not in religion. In politics, of course, you need idiots. The greater idiot leads the smaller idiots. But in religion, a flowering of intelligence is needed, not

idiocy. So my work is basically of sharing. It is just... I would like to tell you an old, beautiful parable.

A lioness gives birth to a child in a crowd of sheep. The child grows amongst the sheep and naturally believes that he is a sheep -- what else can the young lion do? One day an old lion, just passing by the crowd of sheep, looks at this miracle: a young, beautiful lion just walking in the middle of a crowd of sheep. Neither the sheep are afraid of him, nor is he in any way behaving differently.

The old lion becomes interested. He runs after the young lion. It is with great difficulty that he catches hold of him because the young lion escapes, just like every other sheep escapes. But finally he catches hold of him. The young lion starts crying and weeping, like a sheep. And the old lion says, "Stop all this nonsense!" He takes him to a nearby pond, drags him by his side to the pond, forces him to look into the water... and suddenly the young lion roars like a lion.

The old lion has not done anything. He has just shown him his face, his real face, and he has recognized that he is a lion -- he is not a sheep. And just that recognition is enough. It is transforming. The old lion has not done anything at all. He has not told the young lion to "follow me," to "imitate me," and "These are the commandments for you, and this is the character you have to attain, and these are the principles, and these are the things you have not to do." He has not done anything of that sort.

That is the function of the master: just to bring you so close to his own experience that something transpires in you.

A sudden lion's roar... and the transformation, and you are yourself -- neither a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan, nor a

Christian. But the world wants a mob, a crowd. It is afraid of the individual because every authentic individual is bound to be a rebel, because he will insist on being himself. Adolf Hitler would not like individuals, nor does Jesus like individuals. And the strange thing is that even Jesus cannot understand that he is not liked by the Jews. He was born a Jew, he lived as a Jew, he died as a Jew. Remember, he had never heard the word Christian in his life. He was never a Christian, because the word christ does not exist in the Aramaic language that he spoke, which was his mother tongue. Nor does the word exist in Hebrew, which was the language of the learned rabbis.

It was three hundred years after Jesus, when The Bible was translated into Greek, that the word messiah, from Hebrew, was translated as christ. It was after three hundred years that the word christ became significant, and after Christ of course the followers became Christians.

But Jesus was not a Christian, and his only crime was that he was himself an individual, trying to live authentically his own way of life, not bothering much about the tradition. That's why the Jews were so very angry. They would have loved him, they would have made him a great rabbi, but he tried his individual way, not the traditional way. He had to die on the cross just because he insisted on being an individual.

I am surprised that even such a man who suffered because of his individuality is again making the same mistake with other people: asking them to follow him. That's what the rabbis were asking Jesus, "Follow us, don't try to be on your own." They were saying, "Follow Abraham, follow

Moses, follow Ezekiel." They were asking Jesus, "What is your authority?" And Jesus says, "I am my authority."
This is how an individual should speak: "I am my authority -- and I am before Abraham was." Abraham was three thousand years before Christ, and he says, "I am before Abraham was." He is simply proclaiming that he does not belong to the tradition, that he is a flowering on his own accord.
But even Jesus could not see that he is making the same mistake that the rabbis were making. And of course the popes have been repeating the same mistake. If Jesus could not see, then how can you hope that popes will be able to see? They are just blind followers. They are trying to convert the whole world into a Christian world; they are not satisfied that you already have so many Christians -- and what have you attained? What has man gained through it? More blood has been shed by Christians than by anybody else, more wars have been fought by Christians than by anybody else. People have been massacred, butchered, burned alive by Christians... and they are all following Jesus! They are really following those Jews who had crucified Jesus. They have been crucifying other individuals; whoever asserts his individuality, they have been crucifying him.
My way is not the way of following anybody.
It is just sick to be a follower. It is just sick to be a leader. The leader is somehow not certain about his authentic individuality. He wants followers because if he has followers then he becomes more certain he must be right. If so many people are following him, how can he be wrong? Alone he becomes suspicious. Alone doubts arise: Who

knows whether he is right or wrong? He needs followers. It is his need that followers should be there. The greater the number of followers around him, the more satisfied and contented he is. He knows he is right; otherwise how can so many people be following him? That is the logic.

And why are the followers with him? They are seeing his contented, authoritative statements, his determined effort, unwavering. Now, when Jesus says, "I am the only begotten son of God," with authority, naturally the poor people.... Who were the people who followed him? Have you ever thought about it? The twelve apostles -- who were these people? All uneducated: fishermen, farmers, woodcutters, carpenters. Only Judas was a little educated; so he betrayed him. All the others were absolutely uneducated, poor people in search of somebody who could hold their hand and could give them a certain strength that they were lacking in themselves.

The followers feel it is a mutual conspiracy. Perhaps both are unaware: the leader is unaware that he needs followers to feel comfortable with his own idea, with his own fiction, and the follower is unaware of why he is following this man. He is following because the leader looks so authoritative, and he himself, the follower, feels so wavering, so doubtful, so untrusting. He thinks it is better to be with a man who knows. They are supporting each other.

I don't need any followers because whatsoever I know, I know; and whatsoever I am, I am.

Even if the whole world is against me it will not create a single doubt in me, not a single question in me. They have all disappeared.

I am absolutely at ease with myself and with existence. I don't need any followers, and I insist that knowingly or unknowingly you should not fall in the trap of being a follower, because then you will never be able to be authentically yourself, an individual flowering.

Communism has created an idea in the world that every man is equal, which is absolutely absurd. Every man is so unique that he cannot be equal to anybody else. That does not mean that he is higher or lower; that simply means everybody is unique. And there is no question of comparison, the comparison does not arise. The rose is perfectly beautiful being a rose; the lotus is perfectly beautiful being a lotus. The grass leaf is perfectly beautiful being a grass leaf.

If you remove man from the earth, the grass leaf, the rose, the lotus will not have different values. They will be all equally unique. The winds will not behave differently with them, the sun will not shine differently on them, the clouds will not rain differently on them. It is man and his stupidity that brings the idea of comparison, of higher, of lower; and then the question that -- no, everybody is equal. Neither man is higher than anybody else, nor is he lower than anybody else, nor is he equal to anybody else.

Remember, my third point is of utmost importance: everybody is unique. And I respect this uniqueness.

How can I say to you, "Come and follow me"? Out of respect I can only say, "Come and share with me. Share my abundance."

And the beauty is that the more you share the inner riches, the more you have them. The more you give, the more you have them. If you hoard them, you will lose them. So

nobody who attains to inner blissfulness can hoard it. Hoarding kills it. He has to share it, it is an absolute necessity to share it. Only by sharing it remains alive and flowing. And more and more it goes on coming to you. One is simply amazed.
Ordinary economics do not work here. If you have money and you give to people, of course you will have less money. That is ordinary economics. But if you have silence, peace, love, joy, ecstasy -- give it and see what happens. The more you give it, the more existence goes on pouring it in you. So you are not obliged to me, I am obliged to you.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?

I do not believe in believing. That has to be understood first.
Nobody asks me, "Do you believe in the sun? Do you believe in the moon?" Nobody asks me that question. Millions of people I have met, and for thirty years continuously I have answered thousands of questions. Nobody asks me, "Do you believe in the roseflower?" There is no need. You can see: the roseflower is there or it is not there. Only fictions, not facts, have to be believed. God is the greatest fiction that man has created. Hence you have to believe in him. And why does man have to create this fiction of God? There must be some inner necessity. I don't have that necessity so there is no question. But let me explain to you why people have believed in God.

One of the significant things to understand about man's mind is that the mind is always seeking and searching some meaning in life. If there is no meaning, suddenly you feel then what are you doing here? Then why go on living? Then why go on breathing? Then why tomorrow morning have you to get up again and go through the same routine -- the tea, the breakfast, the same wife, the same children, the same phony kiss to the wife, and the same office, and the same work, and comes the evening, and bored, utterly bored, you are back home -- why go on doing all this? The mind has a question: Is there any meaning in all this, or are you just vegetating?

So man has been searching for meaning. He created God as a fiction to fulfill his need for meaning. Without God, the world becomes accidental. It is no more a creation of a wise God who creates it for your growth, for your development, or for something. Without God -- remove God and the world is accidental, meaningless. And the mind has an intrinsic incapacity to live with meaninglessness, so it creates all kinds of fictions -- God, nirvana, heaven, paradise, other life beyond death -- and makes a whole system. But it is a fiction, to fulfill a certain psychological need.

I cannot say, "There is God." I cannot say, "There is not God." To me the question is irrelevant. It is a fictitious phenomenon. My work is totally different.

My work is to make your mind so mature that you can live with meaningless life, and yet beautifully.

What is the meaning of a rose, or a cloud floating in the sky? There is no meaning but there is such tremendous beauty. There is no meaning. The river goes on flowing but

there is so much joy, meaning is not needed. And unless a man is able to live without asking for meaning, moment to moment, beautifully, blissfully, for no reason at all.... Just to breathe is enough. Why should you ask for what? Why do you make life a business?

Is not love enough? Have you to ask what is the meaning of love? And if there is no meaning in love, then of course your life becomes loveless. You ask a wrong question. Love is in itself enough; it needs no other meaning to make it beautiful, a joy. The birds singing in the morning... what is the meaning? The whole existence, to me, is meaningless. And the more I became silent and became attuned with the existence, the more it became clear that there is no need for meaning. It is enough as it is.

Don't create fictions. Once you create a fiction then you have to create a thousand and one other fictions to support it, because it has no support in reality.

For example: there are religions which believe in God, and there are religions which do not believe in God. So God is not a necessity for religion. Buddhism does not believe in God, Jainism does not believe in God. So try to understand, because in the West it is a problem. You are aware only of three religions which are all rooted in Judaism: Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. All three believe in God. So you are not aware of Buddha. He never believed in God.

I am reminded of H.G.Wells, his statement about Gautam Buddha. He said, "He is the most godless person, yet the most godly." A godless person, and godly? Do you think there is any contradiction? There is no contradiction. Buddha never believed in God, there was no need. He was

so utterly fulfilled that his whole fulfillment became a fragrance around him. Mahavira never believed in God, yet his life was as divine as life can be.

So when I say God is a fiction, please do not misunderstand me. God is a fiction but godliness is not a fiction; that is a quality. 'God' is a person... as a person it is a fiction. There is no God sitting in heaven creating the world. And do you think a God will create such a mess that you call the world? Then what is left for the devil? If anybody has created this world it must be the devil, it cannot be God.

But fictions -- and old fictions, repeated millions of times -- start taking a reality of their own. It has been repeated so much that you don't even ask what kind of world God has created, what kind of man God has created. This mad humanity.... In three thousand years man has fought five thousand wars. This is a creation of God? And still man is preparing for the total, suicidal, ultimate war. 'God' is behind it.

And what kind of foolish fictions can become realities once you start believing in them! 'God' created the world -- Christians think it was exactly four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ. Of course it must have been a Monday morning, the first of January, I assume -- because The Bible says so. Now there are proofs, a thousand and one proofs, that this earth is millions of years old. We have found, hidden in the earth, animals millions of years old and even man's fossilized bodies, thousands of years old. But what has the last pope said about it? He said, "The world was created exactly as it is said in The Bible." Four thousand and four years before Jesus? That means six thousand years ago. All the evidence goes against it.

In India we have found cities which are seven thousand years old. In India we have the Vedas which are at least ten thousand years old, according to the very scientific approach. According to the Hindus they are ninety thousand years old, because in the Vedas there is a mention of a certain state of the stars which happened ninety thousand years ago. Now, how can that be described in the Vedas if they are not ninety thousand years old?

But what has the last pope said? He said, "God created the world with all these things. Everything is possible for him; he created the world four thousand and four years before Jesus, with animal bodies looking millions of years old." Everything is possible for 'God'. One fiction, then you have to support it with another fiction, and you can go to the point of absurdity. And why? Again and again man has asked this question.

A simple, very simple argument has been behind it. You see an earthen pot. You know it cannot be created by itself; there must have been a potter. This has been the simple argument of all these religions: that if even a single earthen pot cannot be created by itself and needs a potter to create it, this vast universe needs a creator. And it has satisfied the simple human mind. But it cannot satisfy a sophisticated, rational mind.

If you say the universe needs a God to create it, then the question is bound to arise, "Who created God?" And then you fall into a regress absurdum. Then God one is created by God two, and God two is created by God three, and God three by God four, and then there can be no end. I don't want to be absurd like that. It is better to stop the first

fiction; otherwise you are sowing the seeds for other fictions.
I say existence itself is enough, it needs no creator. It is creativity itself.
So rather than asking me do I believe in a creator, you should ask me what is my substitute for God, the creator.
My substitute is the existential energy of creativity.
And to me, to be creative is the most important religious quality.
If you create a song, if you create music, if you create a garden, you are being religious. Going to the church is foolish, but creating a garden is tremendously religious.
That's why here in my commune, work is called worship.
We don't pray in any other way, we pray only through creating something. To me, creativity is God. But it will be better if you allow me to change the word god into godliness, because I don't want to be misunderstood. There is no person like God, but there is tremendous energy -- exploding, unending, expanding. This expanding, unending, exploding energy, this creativity, is divine.
I know it; I don't believe in it.
I have tasted it; I don't believe in it.
I have touched it, I have breathed it.
I have known it in the deepest core of my being.
And it is as much in you as it is in me. Just a look inwards, just a little one hundred and eighty degree turn, and you become aware of a truth. Then you don't ask for beliefs.
Only blind people believe in light. Those who have eyes... they don't believe in light; they simply see it.
I don't want you to believe in anything, I want you to have eyes; and when you can have eyes why be satisfied with a

belief and remain blind? And you are not blind. Perhaps you are only keeping your eyes closed. Perhaps nobody has told you that you can open your eyes. Then you live in darkness, and in darkness you ask, "Does light exist?"

I am reminded of a small story in Buddha's life. A man was brought to Gautam Buddha who was blind, but was a very logical man. He was so logical that his village and the pundits of the village became utterly fed up with his logic. They could not prove to him that light exists. The whole village knew; everybody saw it, only the blind logician was unable to see it. But he was a very logical man. He said, "Anything that exists can be touched. Bring light -- I would like to touch it. Anything that exists, you can hit it with something, it will make sound. Let me hear the sound of your light being hit by something. If it has any smell bring it to my nose, I can smell it. If it has any taste, I can taste it. These are the four possibilities with me."

Now, you cannot taste light, and you cannot create a sound out of it, and you cannot smell it, and you cannot touch it. And the blind logician would laugh and he would say, "You just want to prove me blind, hence you have created this fiction of light. There is no light. You are all blind just like me; you are befooling yourself."

Buddha was passing by the side of the village, so the villagers thought, "It is a good opportunity; let us take this logician to Gautam Buddha, perhaps he may be able to help."

Buddha listened to the whole story and he said, "The blind man is right, and you are all wrong, because what he needs is not argumentation; he needs medicine for his eyes to be cured. And you have brought him to the wrong person.

Take him to a physician."

Buddha had his own personal physician who was provided by a great king, Bimbisara, to take care of Buddha's body. So Buddha said, "You need not go far to find a great physician, I have one with me. You can show the blind man to him." And he left the physician in the village and he moved on. In three months the blind man's eyes were opened. He was not really blind -- just a small disease; a small, thin layer was covering his vision. It was removed. He came dancing. He fell at Buddha's feet and he said, "If they had not brought me to you, my whole life I would have argued against light. And they would not have been able to prove it."

Godliness is not something that argument can prove or disprove. It is something that you can experience.

You will be surprised to know that the word medicine and the word meditation come from the same root. Medicine cures the body, meditation cures your being; it is the inner medicine.

I have experienced godliness everywhere, because nothing else exists. But there is no God. And if you want to experience godliness -- just a little bit of meditation, a little bit of becoming thoughtless and remaining aware. When your awareness is there and thoughts start dropping like leaves in the fall, and when there is only awareness and there is not a single thought there, you will have the taste, the very taste on your tongue, of what I am saying. And unless you have tasted, don't believe me; don't believe anyone, because belief can become a beggar. You may become satisfied with the belief, and you may never try.

I just heard yesterday... Sheela told me President Reagan wants one minute's silence in every school, college and institution. The idea is great, but I don't know whether Reagan understands what it means, one minute's silence. He must be meaning simply one minute keeping quiet, not speaking. Not speaking is not silence. You may not be speaking, you may not be uttering anything, but inside a thousand and one thoughts are running. There is a continuous flow of thoughts, day in, day out.

I would like to tell President Reagan first to try one minute's silence. That means for one minute no thought moves on the screen of awareness. It is not easy. It is one of the most difficult things in the world. But it can happen if you continue to try.

And if it happens for one minute, that's enough. If for one minute you can be in a state where no thought moves.... This has been my whole life's work, teaching people how to be silent.

People have tried keeping a watch by their side: not even twenty seconds -- one minute is too big, not even twenty seconds can they remain without thought. One thought after another, running.... And even if they can remain for twenty seconds, the thought comes, "Aha! Twenty seconds!" Finished -- the thought has come.

If you can be silent for one minute, you have learned the art. Then you can be silent for two minutes, because it is the same; the second minute is not different from the first. You can be silent for three minutes; all the minutes are the same.

Once you know the way... and the way is not something which can be told to you; you have to just sit with closed

eyes and start watching your thoughts. In the beginning there will be a great rush hour, but slowly you will find the street is less and less crowded; less cars are passing, less thoughts are passing, less people are passing, gaps are becoming bigger. If one continues patiently, in three months' time he will certainly be able to attain one minute's silence.

I don't know if President Reagan has ever tasted it, because any man who can taste silence will not try to be a president of a country, cannot be in politics. It is not for meditators, it is for mediocres. It is for all kinds of fools and idiots.

I have heard: before Reagan became president he used to have a monkey... I have just heard, I don't know whether it is true or not. The day Ronald Reagan was elected president one of my American sannyasins brought a picture to me of Ronald Reagan with his monkey, and he said, "Reagan is declared president today -- what is your comment?"

I looked at the picture for a long time. The sannyasin appeared puzzled and asked, "What is the matter? What are you looking at in the picture?"

I said to him, "I cannot figure out who is Reagan and who is the monkey. Out of these two fellows, who has been elected the president?"

He laughed and showed me a picture of Reagan, and I still remember my comment, that "It would have been better if the monkey had been chosen as president." Surely the Kremlin would have followed immediately and would have chosen a monkey as their prime minister. They cannot tolerate America being ahead of them. And one thing is absolutely certain: that with a monkey in the White House

and a monkey in the Kremlin, the world would be saved from a third world war, which is going to destroy the whole of humanity and the whole of life on earth.
Politicians are monkeys. In fact monkeys should forgive me -- they are worse. But the idea is good; once in a while, even in a monkey's mind a good idea can come. But if he really means it, I can provide the people who can teach every university, every college and school, how to be silent. I can send my sannyasins all over America to teach silence. Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #3
Chapter title: Godliness, but there is no God
1 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IF THERE IS NO GOD, WHY WERE YOU BEING CALLED BHAGWAN?

There is no God, but that does not mean that I'm an atheist. Certainly I am not a theist -- I am saying there is no God -- but that does not mean that you jump to the opposite, the atheist.
The atheist says there is no God also, but when I say there is no God, and the atheists like Charvaka, Karl Marx, Lenin, Epicurus.... When these people say there is no God, there is a tremendous difference between my statement and

their statement -- the statements are absolutely similar -- because I say at the same moment that there is godliness. Charvaka will not agree on that point; Epicurus, Marx, other atheists will not agree on that point. To them, denying God means denying consciousness. To them, denying God means the world is simply matter and nothing more, and whatever you see as consciousness is only a byproduct of certain matter put together, just a byproduct. Take those things apart and the byproduct disappears.

It is just like a bullock cart: you take the wheels away, you take other parts away, and each time you can ask, "Is this the bullock cart?" When you take the wheels away, certainly the answer will be, "It is not." No part is the whole. You can take, by and by, each part and remove the whole, and no single part was the bullock cart. And in the end you can be asked, "Now where is the bullock cart? -- because we have not removed it; you have never said at any point that the bullock cart has been removed."

'Bullock cart' was only a combination. It had no existence of its own, it was a byproduct. That's what Marx means when he says consciousness is an epiphenomenon: remove the body, remove the brain, remove all that constitutes a man's being -- you will not find anything like consciousness. And when you have removed everything, it is not that consciousness will be left behind; it was only a combination. You have taken the combination apart.

So when I say there is no God, I am not agreeing with Marx or Epicurus. I am certainly not agreeing with Jesus, Krishna, Moses, Mohammed, when they say there is God, because they use God as a person. Now, to think of God as a person is just your imagination. The God of the Chinese

has a Chinese face, and the God of the Negroes has a Negro face, and certainly the God of the Jews must have a Jewish nose; it can't be otherwise. And if horses think about God, their God will be a horse. So this is just projection. Giving personality to God is your projection.

When I say there is no God, I am denying personality to God. I am saying God is not, but there is tremendous godliness. That is an impersonal energy, pure energy. To impose any form on it is ugly. You are imposing yourself on it.

Now, Jesus is calling God 'father'; Jesus must have a certain idea of what 'father' means. He is imposing on God the same idea. Now, there are in India religions which believe not in a father god but in a mother goddess. The statue of their God is of a woman, the most beautiful woman that they can conceive -- but it is a Hindu woman. Centuries have been going on, passing; religions have been born, died, disappeared. Their gods have disappeared, naturally. There is a place in India, Mohenjo Daro... it has been found to be the ancientmost city in the world. There are seven layers in Mohenjo Daro. It seems that civilization had to face some calamity seven times. When the first layer was found, it was thought that this is all: we have found Mohenjo Daro. That was determined to be seven thousand years old. But a little more digging and another city was found underneath the first city which must have been ten thousand years old. Then the work continued. The people who were working on the excavation went on digging and city after city.... Seven cities have been found in Mohenjo Daro. The seventh seems to be at least twenty thousand years old. They have temples, they have statues of God.

Those civilizations have disappeared; those people have disappeared, their religions have disappeared, their gods have disappeared.

The Christian god will disappear the moment Christianity disappears, the Hindu gods will disappear the moment Hinduism disappears. Do you see what I mean to say? It is your projection. If you go on projecting it, it is there. If you are not there to project it, if the projector is not there, the god disappears. I am not in favor of such gods, which have been projected by the tiny mind of man. And of course the tiny mind of man is bound to give qualities to God which are its qualities.

The Jewish god in the Talmud says, "I am an angry God. I am not nice; I am not your uncle." Now, this is perfectly meaningful in a Jewish context, but to a Hindu, God saying that, "I am an angry God" is a sheer impossibility. Anger and God? -- they cannot meet. The Jewish god is perfectly angry; it is very Jewish, very human. And if you don't worship him, if you go against him, he will destroy you. He destroyed two cities because the people of those two cities were behaving sexually in a perverted way, and he was very much against it. Sodom and Gomorrah -- these two cities he completely destroyed.

This will not appeal to a Hindu, it is impossible. It will not appeal to the Mohammedan, because the Mohammedan prays every day, "God, the compassionate one...." Compassion is the very innermost quality projected by him towards God. Now, God can only be compassion, nothing else. The Mohammedan prays that just accepting your sin is enough, because God is compassionate. You will be forgiven.

Omar Khayyam, one of the great poets of Persian literature, says, "Don't prevent me from drinking wine, enjoying women, because God is compassionate. Don't tell me that I am committing sin, let me commit as many sins as possible. His compassion is far greater than all my sins combined together. To stop a certain activity in fear that you will be punished by God, is to disbelieve in his compassion." Now, this is a different attitude -- but these are all human attitudes.

So when I say there is no God, I am saying there is no person as God; all personality is human projection. I want you to take away the personality and let God be free, free from the bondage of personality that you have imposed upon him.

I am not an atheist. To me, the whole universe is full of the energy of God and nothing else.

You have to understand one thing which is very fundamental. The world consists of verbs, not of nouns. Nouns are a human invention -- necessary, but after all, a human invention. But existence consists of verbs, only of verbs, not nouns and pronouns. Look at this. You are seeing a flower, a rose. To call it a flower is not right, because it has not stopped flowering, it is still flowering; it is a verb, it is a flow. To call it a flower you have made it a noun. You see the river. You calI it a river -- you have made it a noun. It is rivering. It will be more accurate to the existential to say that it is rivering, flowing. And everything is changing, flowing. The child is becoming a young man; the young man is becoming old; life is turning into death; death is turning into life. Everything is in continuity,

continuous change; it is a continuum. There never comes a stop, a full stop. It comes only in language.
In existence there is no full stop.
Do you remember when you stopped being a child? -- when, at what point came the stop and you became a young man? There is no place, no demarcation, no full stop. The child is still flowing in you. If you just close your eyes and look within, you will find everything that has been is still there, flowing. You have been absorbing more and more, but all that has been is still there. The river is becoming big, new rivulets are joining it, but the original is still there.
If you have seen the Ganges in India, one of the most beautiful rivers, you can understand it. The point where it arises is so tiny that the face of a cow -- of course of stone, stone carved into the face of a cow -- is enough. Through that cow's face the Ganges falls, starts its journey... so small. And when you see it near the ocean, when it is reaching to meet the ocean, it looks almost like the ocean itself... so vast. But that small current falling in Gangotri, far away, thousands of miles away in the Himalayas, from a stone mouth of a cow -- that current is still there. So many rivers have come and fallen into it and have made it oceanic. It is still alive. Even while it is falling in the ocean it will remain alive, it will go on moving. Perhaps it will become a cloud; perhaps it will rain again. It will go on and on. Existence goes on and on and on; it never stops. There is no rest period. There is no place where you can demarc that something has come to its end. Nothing comes to its end. You cannot find the beginning, you cannot find the end. It is an ever flowing process.

When you say 'God' you are using a noun, something static, dead. When I say 'godliness' I am using a word for something alive, flowing, moving. So these points have to be clear to you. I am not a theist like Jesus or Mohammed or Krishna, because I cannot agree with a dead god.

I am reminded of one of my professors. He is a very beautiful man: Professor S.S.Roy. Now he is retired as head of the department of philosophy from Allahabad University. The first day I joined his class, he was explaining the concept of The Absolute. He was an authority on Bradley and Shankara. Both believe in The Absolute -- that is their name for God.

I asked him one thing which made me very intimate to him, and he opened his whole heart to me, in every possible way. I just asked, "Is your 'absolute' perfect? Has it come to a full stop or is it still growing? If it is still growing, then it is not absolute, it is imperfect -- only then can it grow. If something more is possible, some more branches, some more flowers -- then it is alive. If it is complete, entirely complete -- that's the meaning of the word absolute: now there is no possibility for growth -- then it is dead." So I asked him, "Be clear, because 'absolute' represents to Bradley and Shankara, God; that is their philosophical name for God. Is your God alive or dead? You have to answer me this question."

He was really an honest man. He said, "Please give me time to think." He had a doctorate on Bradley from Oxford, another doctorate on Shankara from Benares, and he was thought to be the greatest authority on these two philosophers because he had tried to prove that Bradley, from the West, and Shankara, from the East, have come to

the same conclusion. He said, "Please give me time to think."
I said, "Your whole life you have been writing about Bradley and Shankara and 'the absolute' -- I have read your books, I have read your unpublished thesis. And you have been teaching here your whole life -- has nobody ever asked you such a simple question?"
He said, "Nobody ever asked me; not only that, even I have never thought about it -- that, certainly, if something is perfect then it has to be dead. Anything alive has to be imperfect. This idea has never occurred to me. So please give me time."
I said, "You can take as much time as you want. I will come every day and ask the same question." And it continued for five, six days. Every day I would enter the class and he would come shaking, and I would stand up and say, "My question."
And he said, "Please forgive me, I cannot decide. With both the ways there is difficulty. I cannot say God is imperfect; I cannot say God is dead. But you have conquered my heart."
He removed my things from the hostel to his house. He said, "No more, you cannot live in the hostel. You have to come and live with my family, with me. I have much to learn from you -- because such a simple question has not occurred to me. All my degrees you have canceled."
I lived with him for almost six months before he moved to another university. He wanted me to move with him to another university, but my vice-chancellor was reluctant. He said, "Professor Roy, you can go. Professors will come and go, but we may not find such a student again. So I am not going to give him his certificates and I am not going to

allow him to leave the university. And I will write to your university, where you are going, that my student should not be taken in there either."

But he remained loving to me. It was a rare phenomenon: he used to come almost every month to see me from his university, almost two hundred miles away from my university. But he would come at least once every month just to see me, just to sit with me. And he said, "Now I am getting a better salary and everything is more comfortable there, but I miss you. The class seems to be dead. Nobody asks questions like you, which cannot be answered."

And I had told him, "This is an agreement between me and you, that I only call a question a question which cannot be answered. If it can be answered, what kind of a question is it?"

God -- perfect, absolute, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; these are the words used for God by all the religions -- is dead, cannot be alive, cannot breathe. No, I reject such a god, because with such a dead god, this whole universe will be dead.

Godliness is a totally different dimension.

Then the greenness in the tree, then the flowering of the rose, then the bird in flight -- all are part of it. Then God is not separate from the universe. Then he is the very soul of the universe. Then the universe is vibrating, pulsating, breathing... godliness.

So I am not an atheist, but I am not a theist either. And there is a third term also, which is 'agnostic'. Socrates, Bertrand Russell, people like this are agnostic. An agnostic means one who says, "I don't know whether God is, or God is not."

These agnostics are at least more honest than your so-called theists in the churches, in the synagogues, in the temples, in the mosques -- all phony and hypocrites, not knowing what God is and still bowing down. Their hearts are empty, their prayers are phony, they don't mean what they are saying and doing. They are just imitating their forefathers; they are just puppets in the hands of tradition. They are hypnotized by their society, culture, civilization; they are conditioned by the teachers, by the priests, by the parents. What they are saying is not their own; it is borrowed.

I am reminded of one of my friends. He was an average human being -- I mean just an idiot. All the students were continuously talking of falling in love with girls, and this and that, and they were asking him -- and he was very cowardly, nervous.... You cannot conceive of the conditions in India. Even in the university the girls and the boys are sitting separate. They cannot talk openly, they cannot meet openly. But his heart was beating; he was coming of age. One day he came to me because he thought I was the only person who had never laughed at him, who had never joked about his nervousness, that seeing a girl he starts trembling -- actually trembling, you could see his pajamas shaking -- and perspiring. Even if it was winter and cold, he would start perspiring.

He came to me, closed the door, and said, "Only you can help me. What can I do? I would like to love a girl but I cannot even say a single word to a girl. Suddenly I lose my voice and I start trembling and perspiring." So I had to train him.

I knew a girl who was in my class, and I told her, "You have to be a little helpful to this poor man. So just be a little

kind and compassionate, and when he perspires, don't mention it. Rather you should say, 'People say that you start perspiring seeing girls, but you are not perspiring, and I am a girl -- have you forgotten? -- and you are not shaking....' And he will be shaking, but you have to say, 'You are not shaking.'"

I had to write love letters for him, and he would send those letters. And the girl was prepared by me, and just because I have told her, she was answering him. She would answer the letters, and he would come running to show me the letter, and he was so happy just with the letters. And again I said, "Now you start on your own. How long am I to be writing letters for you? And do you know, the other letter also I have written... because the girl says, 'I don't love him, how can I write? So you please do this one too!' And she shows your letter to me and you show her letter to me, and I am the one who is writing both the letters!" And this phony business, this love affair... but this is what is happening in all the synagogues, temples, churches.

Your prayers are written by somebody else, perhaps thousands of years ago. They are not part of your being; they have not arisen from you. They don't carry any love from you, they don't have your heartbeat. You don't know whom you are addressing, whether there exists anybody on the other side or not. That too is written in the same book from which you have taken the prayer: that He exists. It is a very circular thing. The same book says God exists, the same book gives you the prayer, the same book says that if you do this prayer you will receive this answer. And if you are really hypnotized -- and millions, almost all, are

hypnotized -- they start receiving the answer, the same answer.

No Hindu receives the answer which a Christian receives. Strange -- even once in a while no mistake, no error happens? The Christian receives the Christian answer. The question is borrowed, the answer is borrowed; the prayer is somebody else's, the answer is somebody else's, and you are carrying on a phony love affair. How can it satisfy you? What fulfillment is possible out of it?

The agnostic is at least far more honest than your so-called theist, and also more honest than your so-called atheist, because these atheists also have not taken any trouble to search and seek and then say, "There is no God." They have read it in Epicurus, they have read it in Karl Marx. Nor has Karl Marx taken any trouble to find out whether God really exists or not, whether there is something in it or it is all fiction. No, he has borrowed from other atheists, from Epicurus, from Diderot.

Now the whole communist world, which is now almost half of the world -- Soviet Russia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, half of Germany, Poland, China, Vietnam, Korea... almost half of the world is now atheist. Do you think these people have searched for God? They were all theists just as other people are theists. Russia was one of the strongholds of the Christians, the most orthodox Christians of the world. The Russian church was far more orthodox than the Vatican. What happened to all those Christians? They simply disappeared. They disappeared just like dewdrops in the early morning sun, not even leaving a trace behind. They were phony. And what they have now accepted is again phony. First it was the church and the czar, the government,

the powerful people who were imposing, and they were believing. Now it is the communist party, the communist presidium, which is imposing that there is no God. Each small child is being taught that there is no God.

One of my friends, Rahul Sanskritayana, went to Russia to teach Sanskrit. He fell in love there and married a Russian woman. But when his term was over they did not allow his wife and his two children to come back with him to India. He was very broken when he came back. He said, "They have spoiled all my life."

I said, "Why have they not allowed?"

He said, "For a simple reason. My child learns in the school that there is no God, that religion is the opium of the people -- and I am a religious man." He was a Buddhist monk, and the wife was an atheist. And the wife and the children and the whole society, and other professors of the university, they were all trying to turn him into an atheist. And the government refused to let the wife and child come with him, "because in India they will be spoiled; their minds will be filled again with the opium that there is God. We cannot allow it.

And he told me a very strange thing, which was confirmed by other friends later on who came from Russia: that they have many kinds of societies for small children, kindergarten schoolchildren. They have a youth communist league which spies on their parents and informs the communist party what they are doing, because they are suspicious of these people coming from the outside -- they must be theists, they must be praying. So these small children function as detectives. They informed the communist party office, "Our father is praying. He has a

Buddha statue hidden behind his bookshelf." And the communist party people came and they found the Buddhist monk's only treasure, a small statue that his master had presented to him, exactly where the child had informed them; otherwise there was no way for them to know it was hidden behind the books.

The wives are spying on the husbands, the wives have their own communist league. The husbands are spying on the wives -- everybody is a detective, spying on everybody else. Now, within a few years the whole of Russia, China, Korea, all became atheist -- they had to. Theism became a laughingstock.

Rahul Sanskritayana told me that he asked a schoolboy, when he first reached Russia, "Do you believe in God?" The boy laughed. He said, "What are you saying? It is a primitive idea. When people were absolutely primitive, even fire was not discovered, there was so much fear that out of fear they started believing in God. We don't see any need for it. Do you believe in God?"

And Rahul said to me, "I could not look eye to eye at that small child."

I said, "The reason is that your religion is also borrowed, just as his religion is borrowed. Your parents have forced it upon you; his government has forced it upon him. Neither of you has looked into it on your own, throwing out all that others have given to you, cleaning your mind completely of all rubbish and crap. You have not gone directly, without anybody interfering with you, whoever he is -- Jesus or Marx, Krishna or Confucius, Mohammed or Mahavira, whoever he is -- not bothering about him, but just going

directly into reality and watching it and seeing it, and finding it."

If you don't find God you say, "There is no God." If you are still searching, you can say, "I am still searching, seeking, hence I cannot answer the question with yes or no." Then you are an agnostic. But I don't think Bertrand Russell is right, or an honest agnostic. He has just argued against all the proofs of God -- and it is very simple to argue. And he has argued against all the arguments against God -- that too is very simple. Seeing that both the arguments are invalid, the theist and the atheist both are talking nonsense, he declares himself agnostic: "I will not take any position."

But I am not an agnostic. I am very strange in a way because you cannot categorize me. These are three categories -- there is no fourth category -- and I belong to the fourth, the unnamed category. I have looked, searched. I have not found God, true, but I have found something far more significant: godliness.

I am not an atheist, I am not a theist, I am not an agnostic. My position is absolutely clear.

You ask me, Sheela: If there is no God, why was I called by my people 'Bhagwan'?

This question is a little complex. You will have to go into the linguistics of the word Bhagwan. It is a very strange word. In Hindu scriptures, bhagwan is almost synonymous with God. I say almost, because in English there is only one word: God. In Sanskrit, in Hinduism, there are three words: bhagwan is one, iswar is the second, paramatma is the third. Hindus use these three words for three different reasons.

Paramatma means the supreme soul; param means the supreme, atma means the soul; paramatma means the supreme soul. So those who really understand use the word paramatma for God. The second word is iswar. It is a beautiful word. Iswar means 'the richest'; literally one who has everything, who is everything. It's certainly true. The moment you experience godliness, you have everything, everything that is of worth. You may not have anything at all, that doesn't matter, but you have everything that is of any significance to life.

And the third is Bhagwan. Bhagwan is very difficult to understand or to be explained in any other language. In Hindu scriptures... remember that, because bhagwan is used by two kinds of people in India: Hindus, one; Jainas and Buddhists, two. Jainas and Buddhists don't believe in a God, still they use the word bhagwan. For Buddha, Buddhists use bhagwan -- Bhagwan Gautam Buddha. And Jainas also don't believe in a God, but for Mahavira they use Bhagwan Vardhman Mahavira. So their meaning is totally different.

Hindus are very down to earth. You will be surprised, even shocked, but the original root in Hinduism of bhagwan is bhag -- bhag means vagina. You could not have thought it. And bhagwan means one who used the vagina of the universe to create -- the creator. Hindus worship the female vagina and the male phallic symbol, shivalinga. If you have seen shivalinga, the marble standing out is just a symbol of the male sexual organ, and it is standing in the vagina. Underneath it, if you have looked, there is a marble vagina out of which it is standing. Hindus have worshipped it symbolically, and it seems meaningful in their reference,

that any creation is bound to be the meeting of the male and the female, yin and yang. So for 'the creator' they use the word bhagwan. But the origin of the word is very strange. Buddhists and Jainas don't believe in God, don't believe that anybody created the world, but they use 'bhagwan'. They have a different origination for their word. In Jaina and Buddhist reference bhag means fortune, and bhagwan means the fortunate one, the blessed one; one who has attained to his destiny, who has matured.

So when I started talking thirty-four years ago, people started using it... because in India, if you respect a man you don't use his name; that is thought to be disrespectful. That's why a wife will not use her husband's name. When there is a census, it is such a trouble in India because the husband is not at home, he has gone to the office and the officers come and the wife cannot say the name of her husband. Just out of respect, nor does the husband use the wife's name; he can use it, he is allowed by tradition to use it, but he does not use it. He will simply call, if he has a boy and the boy's name is A, B, C -- any name -- then he will call, "Where is A's mother, or B's mother?" But he will not directly use her name. That is a simple traditional respect.

So when I started speaking and when people started feeling something for me, on their own they began to call me Acharya. Acharya means 'the master', but not just the master; it is something more. Actually it means the person who says only that which he lives, one whose actions and thoughts are absolutely in harmony. So for almost twenty years people called me Acharya. This was before I started initiating people. They were asking me all over India to initiate them. But I was waiting for the right moment, and I

have never allowed anybody to dictate anything to me. I simply live out of my own spontaneity. For years people had been telling me that they would like to be initiated into sannyas by me, and I said to them, "Wait. Let the moment come when I feel to.

The day came. I was taking a meditation camp deep in the Himalayas, in Kulu-Manali -- it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is called the Valley of the Gods, it is so beautiful, so otherworldly. Once you enter Kulu-Manali you start feeling you are entering into another world. On the last day of the camp it came to me, "Now the moment has come," and I declared, "Whosoever wants to be initiated, I am ready." Twenty-one persons immediately stood up. They entered into sannyas. Now for them it became a question what to call me. Everybody else used to call me Acharya; now it was not enough for them. For them I had become far more important, far more significant, far more intimate. They had come very close to my being, and they decided that they would call me Bhagwan.

They asked me. I said, "That's perfectly good, because that's a very meaningful word for me: the blessed one."

It does not mean God to me, it does not mean the creator, it simply means the blessed one -- one who is at home, has arrived; one who has found, one who has encountered himself. Then there is nothing else but blessings, and blessings go on raining over him. Day in, day out, the blessing goes on showering. So remember, Bhagwan has nothing to do with God. It has certainly something to do with godliness, because that is what arriving is: coming home. That is what makes you the Blessed One.

Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #4
Chapter title: The Opium Called Religion
2 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE YOU A MESSIAH?

No, Sheela, absolutely no. The whole idea is fundamentally wrong. It is not only that I am not a messiah, there has never been anyone who was and there will never be anybody who will be. You will have to go deep into the concept of it. The idea of a messiah is a secondary idea. First you have to believe in God as a person, then only can you start thinking of God sending special messengers, messiahs.
To me there is no personal God at all who can send a messiah.
I am reminded of a very beautiful incident of one of the most famous Mohammedans, Caliph Omar. The caliph in Mohammedanism is parallel to the pope in Christianity; he is both the religious head and the temporal head. Omar was a very nice and good man. One day, his soldiers brought a man to his court who was claiming to be God's latest messenger -- the Mohammedan word for it is paigambara. Mohammedans believe Mohammed is the last paigambara, the last word God has sent. Now there is no need of any other paigambara. This is a vicious logic, a very strange

thing millions of people go on believing without even raising a simple question. In the book, the Koran, which Mohammed says is God's message to him... it has descended upon him; he is not its writer, just a receiver. And the Koran says that Mohammed is the last paigambara and there will be no need for any other paigambara any more. So Mohammedans are very much against anybody saying that he's a paigambara.

Omar told his soldiers to put him in the jail: "Give him seven days time to think and after seven days I will come to the jail. If he still insists on being the paigambara then he will be beheaded immediately. If he takes his words back he will be released." After seven days of immense torturing -- the man was bound to a pole and beaten continually day and night; very few moments were given to sleep and very little food was given to eat -- just in seven days Omar could not recognize that he was the same man, they had tortured him and beaten him so much. And he was chained to a pillar, naked, with blood all over his body because he was being whipped so hard.

Omar asked, "I hope you have come back to your senses." The man laughed and said, "What are you talking about? This has proved that I am the latest paigambara, the latest messenger -- because when I was leaving God, he said to me, 'You will be tortured, beaten,' and it has come true." Omar could not believe it. And just then another man who was tied to another pole and had been tortured for one month continually, shouted, "Omar! Don't believe in this man, he's absolutely lying. I have not sent him as my last messenger"... because one month before this man had been caught declaring himself God!

These people are megalomaniacs. It is a certain mind disease. You want to be superior, higher than everybody else. You would like to be a president of a country, a prime minister of a country, a king, a queen, but it is difficult -- there is so much competition. And only one man can become a president in the whole country and the whole country is burning, deep down, everybody desiring to be higher, above everybody else's head, to be somebody special, unique. Now, these kinds of people can find very easy ways. Now, to declare oneself a messiah... there is no election for it, you don't need anybody's sanction for it. You can write a book in which you can declare that you are the messiah. This is a circular argument. The book is true because it is written by a messiah, and you are the messiah because it is written in a true book.

What other evidence has Jesus for being a messiah, except his own statements? What do Christians have to prove that Jesus is a messiah? -- because it is written in the New Testament, and the New Testament is nothing but this man's statements. Do you see the circular argument? They are true because they are from the messiah, and he is a messiah because it is written in the true book.

Jesus was not such a bad man that he should be crucified -- his only crime was that he declared himself a messiah. That too is nothing to be bothered about. If somebody thinks he is a messiah, he's doing no harm to anybody; let him enjoy. But the Jews could not tolerate it. So I will have to go deep into the whole concept and its history.

Moses is responsible for Jesus' crucifixion. Nobody has said it before because the distance between Moses and Jesus is three thousand years. But I say to you, Moses is

responsible for Jesus' crucifixion -- for two reasons. First, he declares that a messiah is going to come and he will solve all your problems, all your difficulties. This was pure politics.

Jews were slaves in Egypt. Moses was a great charismatic leader, certainly one of the greatest leaders the world has known. He convinced these slaves that they could be free -- not only that, but they were the chosen people of God. These slaves were, in a way, perfectly satisfied the way they were there. It was not a very comfortable situation. They were poor, their humanity was almost crushed. They were not treated like human beings, they were treated worse than animals. And continual labor... a futile kind of labor.

You see these pyramids... all these pyramids were created by the Jews. Even scientists today are puzzled how such huge stones were carried from miles away, because there is no quarry around; the quarries are miles away. How were such huge stones carried? There were no cranes; there was no technology possible. They were carried just by human beings, Jews. And then to put those stones on top of each other and to make a huge, sky-high pyramid was almost an impossible task. It was made possible by continually whipping the slaves.

So Jews were carrying the stones -- one stone may be carried by forty, fifty people -- and on horses all around them were Egyptians continually beating them so that they didn't stop. People were dying and being replaced immediately by other slaves. How many people died in creating one pyramid is difficult to calculate now. Millions

of people died in creating those stupid pyramids, which are utterly meaningless.

But the ego of man.... Each Egyptian king and queen wanted his grave -- those are graves -- his grave to be the biggest, the highest, the most precious. And each king and queen, because they were not certain that after their deaths their successors would make so much effort -- and a pyramid is not made in one day; Rome may be made in one day, but pyramids are not made in one day -- so each king and queen was making them. The moment they were enthroned they started digging their grave, preparing, because it would take thirty years, forty years, fifty years for the pyramid to be made. Millions of people would die. Moses must have been a tremendously powerful leader that he convinced these slaves, "You can drop out of this slavery, you are not made for this. On the contrary, you are a master race; you are the chosen few of God." This was such a great quantum leap -- from being a slave to becoming a master race. Moses did a miracle! But it is easy to convince people, to give them dreams, beautiful dreams, to give them hope, to give them utopias -- but to fulfill them is not so easy, and Moses recognized it very soon. He took the slaves out of Egypt, giving them the hope that, "soon we will reach our cherished land, Israel. There you will all be blissful and happy and you will have all the comforts."

Forty years they wandered in the Middle East desert. There was no Israel. In those forty years of wandering they suffered more than they had ever suffered in Egypt. You will be surprised to know that out of four persons, three persons died. By the time Moses decided to stop near

Jerusalem he had lost almost all the people; only one fourth of the original people were left. Forty years is a long time. The people who were young became old and died. In fact, these were new children who were born on the way and were now young people. They had no idea about Egypt, they had only seen the suffering of wandering in the desert. If you have wandered in a desert you will understand what it means to wander for forty years without food, without water, just begging whenever you can find some people somewhere, some caravan, some oasis. People died of hunger, people died of thirst. People simply died because they were dragging themselves in the sands year after year. Forty years is a long time.

And remember, it was not because Moses had found Israel that he stopped. He stopped because he was also now fed up; he had to stop somewhere. Now he understood it is very easy to provoke people, to give them beautiful dreams, to encourage them, to fill them with hopes, but it is very difficult to materialize them. So he had to give them new hopes again. That is the only opium that keeps people somehow dragging and living. So he said, "Don't be worried, our efforts are not wasted. We have reached the land."

And what land had he reached? Jerusalem is nothing; it is a desert. And people were thinking of rivers of honey and rivers of milk. They were thinking of paradise -- that's the way Moses had painted it to them. And when they stopped at Jerusalem, almost dead, because they were refusing to move any more... enough is enough. Forty years you have

been dragging them and pushing them and saying, "We are reaching, it is just close by, just a few days more."
A few people became so frustrated that they left Moses' group. That is what is called the lost tribe. It was not lost; they simply slipped away, seeing the futility of the whole thing. They slipped away, and by chance they reached a better place; they reached Kashmir, in India. Moses himself was tired, his people were tired. He gave them hope again -- that's all that leaders can do, and leaders have been doing always only that -- the opium called hope, that tomorrow is going to be better. "Forget the yesterdays, they are finished, and don't be too worried about today, it is fading away. Tomorrow, let tomorrow come and everything will be all right" -- but that tomorrow never comes.
Moses did the same. He said, "Don't be worried, we have found the place." He knew deep in his heart that he had failed, utterly failed; that knowingly or unknowingly he had cheated these poor people. They had been in poverty and they had been in suffering but not in such suffering and such poverty as they were now. But Moses could not confess it; to say it would have been really fatal. So what he did was, he said, "We have found the place. I am now old. The messiah will come soon, God has promised me; he will be sending the messiah, who will redeem you, who will be your salvation." And just to hide his face diplomatically he said, "I have to go back and look for the lost tribe."
It was a simple strategy to escape from the reality that was in front of them. No paradise had opened its doors and the people were becoming angry. Perhaps they would have killed Moses. There was a danger because this was the man

who had created the whole trouble. Otherwise they were living somehow and they were satisfied, and they had accepted their fate.

I know poor people, utterly poor, who have nothing; it is so difficult for them to even manage one meal a day. Sometimes they have to just drink water and sleep -- water to fill their empty belly so they can feel that something is there. But they are in a certain way satisfied, they have accepted it as their fate, they don't think that things can be better than this. You can provoke them. You can put the fire in their minds very easily -- just give them hope. But then sooner or later they are going to hold you by your neck: "Where are the hopes?"

And that was the situation after forty years when Moses left them. The excuse was, "I'm going to find the people who have got lost somewhere." He never came back -- he died in India. I have been to his grave. You will be surprised to know -- it is such a great coincidence -- that Moses and Jesus both died in India, and the graves of both are in one place in Kashmir.

The people who had escaped from the pilgrimage -- the caravan was miles long -- they found a better place. Perhaps if Moses had turned towards Kashmir he would have been able to tell his people that this was paradise. It is paradise. It is so beautiful, so utterly beautiful that the people who had escaped never bothered again where the whole company had gone, where Moses was. They simply settled in Kashmir. Kashmir is Jewish -- they were forced later on to become Mohammedans, and they became Mohammedans, but you can see by their faces, their behavior, and it is so apparent that they don't belong to

India. They are not Aryans and they are not Mohammedans; they are Jews. Just a few day ago Indira Gandhi was assassinated. She was a descendant of those Jews -- you can see by her nose.

Moses is solely responsible for giving the idea of a messiah who will come. And then many claim to be the messiah; Jesus was not the only one. There were many others, and they all suffered. Jesus was the most outrageous. And he claimed that he is the promised messiah, this was the crime. Why did Jews think it a crime? I feel perhaps they were right.

I cannot say they were right in crucifying Jesus -- I cannot support any violence and this was just absolutely unwarranted. They could have tolerated him, let him.... He was moving on his donkey declaring himself the messiah; you could have laughed and enjoyed, that seems to be right. And what following had he? Just a few people, uneducated, uncultured, who got caught in his net -- that he would redeem them, that he would show them the path and lead them to God -- but very few, not even hundreds. He could have been tolerated, he was not in any way a danger to Judaism.

But I can understand why the Jews could not tolerate this man. Otherwise he was just a buffoon -- they could have laughed at the whole thing: "Look at the messiah with his donkey and twelve stupid followers. He's the messiah, the promised one!" But there is a psychological reason why they had to crucify this man: they didn't want their hope to be disturbed. They will never accept anybody as a messiah, remember. Since Jesus a few others have also tried, but Jews will never accept anybody as the messiah, because to

accept somebody as the messiah means losing the hope, and they have suffered so much that the hope is the only treasure they have.

Jesus is a nice fellow, but not psychologically balanced; otherwise he would have tried to help people become more integrated, more grounded, more centered, more meditative. He should have worked to share, if he had anything. There was no need to declare himself a messiah and call down an unnecessary crucifixion.

There seems to be some kind of suicidal element in him. He was perfectly aware; the day he was crucified was not unexpected. He knew it before. In the last supper with his apostles he had said himself, "Tomorrow they are going to catch me. Tomorrow I am going to be crucified." Then what was the need to go to Jerusalem? If you had already known the fact that they were waiting there to crucify you.... There was no reason for him to go to Jerusalem at all. But he is pulled -- like a magnet pulling a piece of metal, he is pulled towards his crucifixion.

There seems to be a suicidal tendency in him, and I, at least, cannot forgive him for that. He was only thirty-three; after seventy it's okay, one can enjoy the idea of dying, but at the age of thirty-three... it is the prime of life. And he had only been teaching for three years -- what can you do in three years? How many people had he convinced? How many people had he with him? In three years he had not even been able to give a philosophic system, an entire ideology, a methodology for man's transformation -- nothing.

What he has given are very simple maxims which are more or less adopted from the wisdom of the ages. They are not

new, there is nothing novel in it. Yes, he says again and again, "The old prophets have said to you, 'Follow the law of tit for tat' -- or something like that -- but I say to you that if somebody hits you on one cheek, give him the other cheek. I say to you: love your enemy just as you love yourself." They look profound but they are not very original.

He had traveled up to his thirtieth year in Egypt, in India, in Ladakh, into the Himalayas. I have been to Ladakh, and I have seen the ancient library of Ladakh lamasery which has the record, which has a record of all the visitors who have visited the lamasery -- the lamasery is the Buddhist monastery in Ladakh. Jesus is one of the visitors. And his whole personality is described perfectly: his time, his age, how he looked, what essentially his teaching was, everything is described. And scientists have looked into these old pages -- they are leaves of a certain tree -- they are exactly two thousand years old, they are not new.

So he was gathering all this from outside sources, hence he looked very new to the Jews; but to me he cannot look new. Before him, Buddha had been talking about love, and Mahavira had been talking about love -- five hundred years before Jesus, Lao Tzu in China was talking about love. And what Jesus is saying is almost the same.

It would have been new if he had added something through his experience. For example, I would like to say to you... Jesus says, "Love your enemy just as you love yourself." Firstly, you don't love yourself, remember -- that is the last person in the world that you love. So to say to a person, "Love your enemy just as you love yourself," is strange, because nobody loves himself.

Have you ever thought about it? Do you love yourself? Have you any respect for yourself? Forget about love, forget about respect; do you even accept yourself as you are? There is condemnation; you would like to be somebody else, you don't want to be yourself -- not at all. Jesus has not thought at all about what he is saying. It is easier to love the enemy than to love yourself. It is not so difficult to love your enemy because it makes you feel so much higher, so superior, so special. But to love yourself... you don't become superior. You don't even look at yourself. You have not even looked within you at what you have been carrying from your very birth. What is it that you are? Have you ever tried to face it?

And secondly, anybody who is really original and thinking about love will have to know one thing: you can love only if you are capable of hate. You cannot love if you become incapable of hate. You can love somebody because you are capable of hating somebody else. You have a friend, that is why you can have an enemy. You cannot destroy hate completely and just save love; they are two sides of the same coin. When hate disappears, love also disappears. That is my experience.

Buddha also says love, and don't hate. Jesus also says love, don't hate; Mahavira also says love, don't hate. But I say to you: if you don't hate you cannot love. All these people are just talking intellectually. They have not looked into the energy of love and hate, that they are one energy. Love standing upside down becomes hate; it is just standing on its head, that's all. It is not a different thing. So when hate disappears -- I am saying it to you from my own experience

-- when hate disappears, love disappears too. And what is left is just compassion.
You cannot call it love -- love is too passionate a word, too hot a word. What is left when love and hate are gone -- for love and hate it would be better if I say love-hate and drop the 'and' because they are not two things -- when love-hate disappears, then the energy that is left is compassion. It has no attachment; it is neither love nor hate. It has no friends, and no enemies. Neither Buddha has understood it, nor Mahavira, nor Jesus.
So in three years what was he doing? In thirty years, whatsoever he has collected by roaming around the then known world, he was just saying parrotlike, without having any insight into it. But because he was saying so many beautiful words, he became hypnotized by his own words and started thinking that he was the messiah for whom the Jews had been waiting.
And Jews are never going to accept anybody -- even if Moses came again, they would not accept him as the messiah, for a simple psychological reason: to accept somebody as a messiah means dropping the hope for the future. Then there is no tomorrow. Then there is no more utopia. They had to crucify Jesus just to save their hope. The hope was far more significant than crucifying a Jew who was going to die anyway. But he should not be allowed to disturb the hope of the whole race.
So it will not be very correct to be absolutely against the priests of the great temple of the Jews who decided for the crucifixion of Jesus, because this man was destroying their hope, their dreamland. They had nothing. In the time of Jesus they were under the rule of Rome, they were again

slaves; they had escaped from Egypt for nothing. All that suffering, all those forty years of immense suffering and pain, and what have they gained? Israel was under the Roman Empire. They were again slaves, again paying taxes -- to the Romans; again being beaten -- by the Romans; again being treated like slaves, animals -- by the Romans... subhuman....

They had only one hope: a hope that "the messiah will come and he will redeem us from all our miseries." Now this man says, "I am the messiah." And they know he cannot redeem them from their miseries; they know him, who he is. And when they crucified him they were asking him, "Now redeem yourself! Ask your God -- ask the God you have been talking about continually, saying, 'I am the only begotten son of God' -- ask him now, 'Father, help me. This is the moment to do the miracle. When will such a moment come again, when your only begotten son will be crucified?' But the sky is silent; no answer comes, there is nobody to answer you."

They were telling Jesus, "It was your hallucination that you are God's only begotten son. It was your dream in which you started believing, because a few people, a few foolish people, started believing in your words, and you started believing in their belief in you." On the cross it became clear. They said to Jesus, "The sky is empty and there is no answer to your prayer." The Jews said, "Look, this is the messiah who was going to redeem the whole of humanity -- he cannot even redeem himself."

I am not a messiah. I don't give you any hope.

And I would like emphatically for you to remember that nobody else can redeem you -- the whole idea is wrong. You have created your bondage, how can I make you free? You throw your bondage and be free.

You love your chains and you want me to redeem you. You are asking an absurdity. You are the cause of your miseries, sufferings, and you want me to redeem you from your sufferings and miseries. And you will go on sowing the same seeds, continuing, being the same old person, watering the same causes. Who can redeem you? And why should anybody redeem you? It is not my responsibility to redeem you. I have not made you what you are; you have made yourself what you are.

My function here is not that of a messiah who simply says, "Believe in me and you are redeemed"... a very simple strategy: "You have nothing to do with your personality change, transformation; you have nothing to do at all, you just believe in me. Don't let any doubt arise." Now, this is the whole strategy of belief.

You cannot avoid doubt; wherever belief exists, doubt is simply suppressed. If there is no doubt you don't need any belief. It is because of the doubt that you need belief, to suppress it, to cover it. And the condition is that there should be no doubt; you should believe in me without any doubt and I will redeem you. Neither can you fulfill the condition, nor can you ask me, "Why am I not redeemed?" The condition is such that it cannot be fulfilled. And I am free to say that you have not fulfilled the basic condition; the contract has not been fulfilled from your side, what can I do? You agreed to believe in me indubitably, which is

absolutely impossible. Nobody can do it, it is not in the nature of things.

Belief always exists hand in hand with doubt. It exists for doubt.

I have no belief at all in anything because I don't have any doubt at all about anything. If there is no doubt, there is no need for belief. The disease is not there; medicine is not required.

You go on pouring belief, more belief; but you are simply suppressing doubt deeper and deeper into your unconscious. And the deeper it goes, the more dangerous it is because you will become unaware of it. One day you will think that you believe, that you are a believer, that you have attained to faith -- because your doubt has gone so deep in your dark unconscious that you cannot see it anymore. I would like you to see your doubt clearly. Rather than repressing it by any belief system, bring it out into the conscious mind, face it. And just by facing your doubt, it dissolves. No belief is needed, it simply evaporates.

Doubt is not to be substituted with a belief. If you substitute it with a belief, then you are in a very strange dilemma: just scratch your belief a little bit -- and there is doubt flowing, fully alive. The belief is skin deep and underneath your blood is flowing.

So basically my standpoint is: you are responsible for whatsoever you are. If you are miserable, you are responsible. Don't throw the responsibility on anybody else; otherwise you will never be free of it... because how can you be free if I am responsible for your misery? Then, unless I free you, you cannot be free; it is in my hands. And if it is in my hands, it can be in somebody else' hands.

Those who are with me have to understand, howsoever hard and painful it is, that you and you alone are responsible for everything that is happening to you, has happened to you, will happen to you. Once you accept all your responsibility in its totality, you become mature. You stop throwing tantrums, and you stop seeking for messiahs. Then there is no need for any Jesus to save you. Nor can any Jesus save you -- he was exploiting your situation. Jews did not allow him to disturb their hope, their dream, their future. Jews have suffered the most in the world, hence they need hope more than anybody else. And they have been clinging to the idea: "The messiah will come, and these are only a few days of suffering, and nothing to be compared with when the messiah comes and redeems you. And you will be the chosen few of God and all others, who are enjoying now, and are not suffering now, will be thrown into hell." A good consolation! Jesus was disturbing their consolation, their hope; naturally they became angry. Otherwise he was not a dangerous man at all. But he certainly has the mind of a megalomaniac.

I am just an ordinary man.

In the same reference I would like to tell you a few things which are related and have been asked of me again and again. Hindus have asked me, "Are you an avatara of God, an incarnation of God?" Just as Jews believe in the messiah, Hindus believe that their sufferings will end -- their poverty, their misery -- when God descends in the form of an avatara, as Krishna, as Rama.

They have been asking me, and I have been telling them, "No, not at all. Because you are so idiotic... Rama has been here, your sufferings have not changed; Krishna has been

here, your sufferings have not changed. Are you still asking? -- and I tell you neither was Krishna an avatara, nor was Rama an avatara. It is their megalomania and your hope mixed together that creates the whole thing."

The Jainas have asked me, "Are you a tirthankara?" That is their hope, their word for messiah, and you will be surprised... and that's what makes me very sick.... Mahavira is the twenty-fourth tirthankara of the Jainas. They have this fixed number of twenty-four. Now, there was so much competition in Mahavira's time: there were eight people, contemporaries of Mahavira -- Gautam Buddha is one of the eight -- who were all insisting, "We are the twenty-fourth tirthankara." And they were all criticizing the remaining seven.

Their criticisms are not rational, their criticisms are more abusive. For example, even Buddha... that's why I say it makes me feel sick. Even Buddha -- whom I respect in many ways, but in many ways I can't help it, I can't respect him -- was claiming that, "I am the real tirthankara, not Mahavira." Mahavira was old, Buddha was young; Mahavira was almost established, Buddha was making the ground. If he had criticized Mahavira rationally, scientifically, I would have loved it. But that is not what he does.

Buddha tries to make Mahavira a laughingstock, because Jainas say that the tirthankara is omniscient: he has all the qualities of God; omniscient: he can see all, past, present, future; omnipresent: he can be present anywhere, or can be present simultaneously everywhere; omnipotent: that he has absolute power upon everything.... Buddha could have criticized him by saying, "To claim such qualities seems to

be egoistic, and the ego is the first thing that has to be dropped on the path. Rather than dropping it, you are making it bigger and bigger and bigger -- so big that it is going to burst."

Buddha makes a laughingstock of Mahavira. He says, "What kind of omnipotence is it?"... because Mahavira's stomach had, in his old age, failed. He was eighty-two, walking, on his feet for forty years continually, eating only once in a while. One day he would eat and then seven days he would not eat. It was bound to happen that he would disturb his whole system of digestion, and that's what happened. At the age of eighty-two his whole digestive system simply collapsed. He died, perhaps of a stomach ulcer, cancer, something -- nobody knows, but something to do with the stomach. The stomach simply failed to function. He was responsible; nobody else was responsible for it.

In the night, the Jaina monk cannot drink water -- and in a hot country like India, and the hottest part, Bihar.... Even in the hot summer, the moment the sun goes down nothing can go down into your stomach: no food, no water, nothing. And only one time you have to eat, and that too standing, not sitting, because that is too luxurious and comfortable. If he looks at my chair he will go mad, he will simply freak out!

He used to eat standing, and he cannot use anything, only his hands -- no pot, no utensils, nothing, because that is possession, and he does not possess anything. So he has to use his hands as a cup, and the food is given into his hands and he eats it. It is uncomfortable, very uncomfortable, because both hands are full, now how do you eat? I have

tried and not succeeded... not really, just before a mirror, not with any food in my hands. But when your hands are both engaged in holding the food, then you have to eat just like an animal, directly from the mouth. He cannot eat much because he can only have his hands filled once. How much can he hold in his hands? He has to drink water that way. He was naked too. These were the qualities prescribed by the ancient tradition of Jainas for a tirthankara, and he was fulfilling each quality whatsoever the cost. The tirthankara cannot get food every day because in the morning, doing his meditation, he makes a note in his mind that, "today I will accept food at a certain house, only if certain conditions are fulfilled." Still, he can manage things... and he has to tell them to nobody: that two bananas should be hanging in the doorway, only then will he accept food, otherwise he will not accept it. Now, everybody can go bananas and nobody will be able to find any. So sometimes ten days will pass and he will go around the town and he will not find his condition fulfilled. That is thought to be, by the Jainas, a sign that existence does not want him to take food today.

Strange... then why did he feel hungry? Why did he go in the first place? If existence does not want him to take food today, there should not be any hunger -- why did he go in the first place? If I meet him somewhere I will ask him, "Why did you go? If existence itself does not want it, there will be no hunger and you will not have any urge to go around. You were hungry, it is absolutely certain. You went around the town but you had a strange condition, and that was in your mind. And people are not mind readers; now, don't throw the responsibility on poor people." Sometimes

by coincidence it would happen that the conditions were fulfilled, then he would take food. Now, this is a sure way to disturb your whole system of digestion, intestines -- and that's what happened. But he was a very strong man, so he could manage for a long time. But how long can you go against nature? Finally his stomach collapsed.

Now, rather than arguing the point, Buddha simply makes Mahavira a laughingstock, saying that if he is omnipotent then why cannot he cure his stomach, then why does the physician need to be asked? He is omnipotent! He is omniscient -- he must have seen it before it happened because he knows the past, present and future. And Buddha laughs and says, "I have seen Mahavira begging in front of a house in which nobody lives. He knows the past, present, and the future, and he does not know that the house is empty, that there is nobody inside! He has stepped -- in the early morning when it was not light enough to see -- on the tail of a dog; and only when the dog started jumping and barking at him did he come to know. And he is omniscient, he knows the past, present and future -- and he does not know that the dog is just in front of him!"

These are not arguments, these are below Gautam Buddha. But the same is the situation with Mahavira. Mahavira never criticized Buddha for the simple reason that Buddha had no established name yet. He was young, and Mahavira did not bother about this man. But about others, who were more established than Mahavira, before Mahavira, who were older than Mahavira, he was behaving in the same way, even worse. Makkhali Gosal was another competitor for the twenty-fourth tirthankara... because now the line

was going to be closed -- after the twenty-fourth, there was not going to be a twenty-fifth.

Once, I managed with one idiot... he is a Jaina monk -- he was, because the Jainas threw him out. I convinced him that if there can be twenty-four tirthankaras, why not twenty-five? What is wrong in being the twenty-fifth? And day in and day out I continued to argue about the twenty-fifth. I said, "You declare you are the twenty-fifth." And he declared. His name is Swami Satyabhakta. He declared, and the moment he declared, the Jainas threw him out saying, "You are not even a Jaina... twenty-fifth!"

He came running to me: "You convinced me that I am the twenty-fifth!"

I said, "I don't take any responsibility. I simply argued. It was you who became convinced -- that means you had been carrying the seed of it; you wanted, but you were not courageous enough to say it. And I simply brought it up. It was your desire, otherwise you would have said, 'I am satisfied. I don't want to be the twenty-fifth.' I have been trying it on other people also. They have not been caught, so I am not responsible."

Now he is very angry, because since then the Jainas have not allowed him back into the community. He has asked to be forgiven, but such a man to the Jainas... it is just like the Jews were against Jesus. Jainas at least have not crucified him; they simply threw him out, took away the symbols of the Jaina monk and said to him, "If you say it again we will drag you to the court, because in our tradition nobody can be the twenty-fifth."

But he is such an idiot.... I said, "You do one thing. You say that Mahavira was not the real twenty-fourth, you are the twenty-fourth."
He said, "Great! This idea never occurred to me."
I said, "But remember, I will not take the responsibility of it, because this time they will beat you. For twenty-fifth they have simply thrown you out because you are crazy. But if you say that Mahavira was not the real twenty-fourth, it was just a misunderstanding that for twenty-five centuries Jainas have believed in it.... And it was contested by eight people, so there is no problem, you can contest it. They were his contemporaries, so of course there is no guarantee that he was the twenty-fourth. But I will not take the responsibility now." So he has never done that, seeing the point that if he says he is the twenty-fourth they will really kill him.
But Mahavira himself had misbehaved with Makkhali Gosal, who was older than him and died before Mahavira died. And Mahavira has told a story which is so ugly that I cannot conceive where his nonviolence, his love and everything has gone.
He told a story that Makkhali Gosal died in a prostitute's home. Now, this is absolute fiction, created by him just to defame Makkhali Gosal -- that he died in a prostitute's home and that before death he told the prostitute, "I am not the real tirthankara, Mahavira is. But I was egoistic and jealous of him, hence I continued the whole of my life to fight for it. But now, at my dying moment, I want to declare the truth. And only you are here, so I am saying it to you; you declare it to others. And because my whole life I have been lying that I am the tirthankara when I was not -

- and I knew it -- please make sure, because it is my last will to you, that my body should be dragged naked in the street. It should not be carried on the shoulders" -- in India, dead bodies are carried, four persons carry the body on their shoulders to the burning place -- "my body should be dragged on the road and everybody should spit on it, so that the whole city comes to know that I was a criminal."

Now this is absolute fiction, because Buddha does not mention it when he mentions Makkhali Gosal's life. He had died, so there was no competition with Buddha. He does not mention it at all, nothing of it. And there are other sources of the contemporary times which don't mention it. Makkhali Gosal died amongst his disciples -- and he had thousands of disciples, and he received the same respect as Mahavira received when he died. But that is written in other books.

What Mahavira says in his statement is fiction, absolute fiction. And what will a man of eighty-five years old be doing in a prostitute's home? Just think of the absurdity of it. And who is this prostitute -- the name is not given -- so that she can be asked? Is there any eyewitness who saw his body being dragged? There is none. And it was the greatest city of those days: Vaishali, in Bihar, where Makkhali Gosal died. And the whole city was composed of his followers. Even the king was his follower; the king was one of the four persons carrying his body on his shoulders. So it is absolutely wrong and absolutely a lie -- and from a man like Mahavira who is talking about truth, nonviolence, love!

That's why I say all these people -- whether they call themselves messiahs, or they call themselves paigambaras

or they call themselves tirthankaras -- are somehow still rooted in the ego... very sophisticated, very polished, and very subtle, so that unless you have X-ray eyes, you cannot penetrate and see the ego.

Mohammedans have been asking me, "Are you a paigambara?" That is their word for messiah.... Mohammed was an absolutely illiterate man, and the Koran, in which his sayings are collected, is ninety-nine percent rubbish. You can just open the book anywhere and read it, and you will be convinced of what I am saying. I am not saying on a certain page -- anywhere. You just open the book accidentally, read the page and you will be convinced of what I am saying.

Whatsoever one percent truth there is here and there in the Koran is not Mohammed's. It is just ordinary, ancient wisdom that uneducated people collect easily -- more easily than the educated people, because educated people have far better sources of information -- books, libraries, universities, scholars. The uneducated, simply by hearing the old people, collect a few words of wisdom here and there. And those words are significant, because for thousands of years they have been tested and found somehow true. So it is the wisdom of the ages that is scattered here and there; otherwise, it is the most ordinary book possible in the world.

Mohammedans have been asking me, "Why don't you speak on the Koran? You have spoken on The Bible, on the Gita, this and that." I could not say to them that it is all rubbish; I simply went on postponing. Even just before I went into silence, a Mohammedan scholar sent the latest English version of the Koran, praying me to speak on it.

But now I have to say that it is all rubbish, that is why I have not spoken on it -- because why unnecessarily waste time? And this is from a paigambara, a messenger from God!

I am not to be included in any ego game -- messiah, avatara, paigambara, tirthankara; I have nothing to do with these people. I am just an ordinary man, just like everybody else. If there is any difference, it is not of quality; it is only of knowing. I know myself; you don't know.
As far as our beings are concerned, I belong to the same existence, I breathe the same air. You belong to the same existence, you breathe the same air. You just have not tried to know yourself The moment you know yourself, there is no difference at all.
It is just like I am standing and looking at the sunrise and you are standing by my side with closed eyes. The sun is rising for you too, just as it is rising for me. It is so beautiful and so colorful -- not only for me, for you too. But what can the sun do? You are standing with closed eyes. That is the only difference. Is it much of a difference? You just have to be shaken and told, "Just open your eyes. It is morning, the night is over."
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #5
Chapter title: To be Rebellious is to be Religious
3 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
YESTERDAY YOU WERE SPEAKING TO US ABOUT VARIOUS PEOPLE ASKING YOU IF YOU WERE AN AVATARA, A TIRTHANKARA, A PAIGAMBARA, ET CETERA. IS THERE ANYTHING MORE THAT YOU WISH TO SAY TO US?

Yes, there are a few things. I would not like to be put in the company of these people called messiahs, paigambaras, avataras, tirthankaras. I am just an ordinary man, and I feel their company is disgusting.
Let me give you a few examples: Hindus believe that Parasurama is one of the incarnations of God. Parasurama murdered his mother because his father was suspicious.... In fact, almost every husband is suspicious of the wife, every wife is suspicious of the husband. The very phenomenon of marriage exists because you cannot trust, hence you have to bring the law in between you. Otherwise, love would have been enough.
But nobody trusts love, and there is reason not to trust it. A real roseflower flowers, spreads its fragrance, and dies. Only a plastic roseflower is not born, never dies. Love, to be real -- you have to understand -- one day it arises, blossoms, flowers, but it is nothing eternal. It fades, it disappears, it dies. You cannot trust it.
You have to bring law, instead of love, between you. Law is a plastic thing. That's what marriage is: love become plastic. Now you can rest assured the law will prevail. Love will die sooner than it would have died if there was no

marriage. But you will go on pretending that it is there, hence the suspicion.

True lovers will understand it -- that there was something tremendously beautiful: it fulfilled them, it transported them to another dimension, but now it is gone. True lovers will be grateful to each other. They will not quarrel. They have given to each other a few moments of eternity -- they will remember those moments, but they will not have any grudge. And they will depart as friends, tremendously grateful to each other.

While love is there, everything is right. When love is not there, everything is ugly. A husband living with a wife whom he does not love, a wife sleeping with her husband whom she does not love, what are they doing? Is it not prostitution? The whole institution of marriage is nothing but the legalization of prostitution.

... Naturally, Parasurama's father was suspicious: his wife was immensely beautiful. He ordered Parasurama to behead her. While she was sleeping one night, he told him, "Go and cut off her head." And Parasurama -- just to follow the father's order, because that is what Hindus call a great religious quality: obedience -- cut off the head of his mother. Now he is respected as an incarnation of God.

Do you want me to be included in such company? And it is not only the one case that he murdered his mother and proved his obedience, which in Hindu eyes is one of the most religious qualities.... All religions believe that you should be obedient. No religion has ever said to you that to be a rebel is to be authentically religious.

That's what I say to you: to be rebellious is to be religious.

Obedience is a strategy of the priest, of the politicians, to exploit you, to keep you in slavery, in mental slavery. All religions praise obedience.

... And when he committed this murder -- and to kill one's mother is not an ordinary murder, and without even asking why, because true obedience never asks why -- then his father made him a professional murderer. His father was a great priest, and there had been a conflict between the priest and the warrior, the priest and the politician. So his father said, "You destroy all the warriors in the country, all the politicians in the country" -- so brahmins, the priests, become both temporal heads and spiritual leaders. It is just like the pope in his tiny empire of the Vatican, which is only eight square miles -- our commune is far bigger; one hundred and twenty-six square miles -- but in that eight square miles of the Vatican the pope has two things together. He is the temporal head and he is the spiritual head.

That was the effort that Parasurama tried to make. Naturally, brahmins have awarded him the title of avatara, incarnation of God. If Parasurama is an incarnation of God, then what will be the incarnation of the devil? The story may be exaggerated as all religious stories are: it says that thirty-six times he destroyed all the warriors on the earth, singlehanded. Perhaps Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Mussolini, Mao Zedong, all put together have not killed so many people as Parasurama has done; but still he is an avatara, an incarnation of God.

I am not an avatara. I would prefer just to be an ordinary man. And there is so much beauty in just being ordinary, so

much peace, so much joy, so much blessedness, that who wants to be a messiah? Who wants to be a paigambara? Mohammed is the paigambara. He had nine wives. It suits a paigambara, because in those days a person's prestige was counted by how many wives he had -- he had nine wives, and God has chosen him to be his messenger to the world? This man is behaving with the women as if they are cattle. He has no respect for women, he does not believe them to be human beings.

But this is nothing. If you look at his whole life, he was continuously killing, fighting. He was killing to spread the word of God, he was killing to spread the message of peace. The word Islam means peace; that is the name of his religion. He used to carry a sword on which these words were written: "Peace is my Message." On the sword, "Peace is my Message." But there is a condition: if you are converted to Mohammedanism, to Islam, then you are saved; otherwise, it is better for your good that you should be killed, because at least by killing you, you will be prevented from committing many sins. He was compassionate in killing you for your own good. Would you like me to sit with Mohammed?

Parasurama is thought by Hindus to be only an ansavatara -- that means the partial incarnation of God. The second most important incarnation is Rama, who is worshipped all over India. He is the most worshipped incarnation in India, but the reasons why he is worshipped are again the same. His father had four wives. Rama was his eldest son, and when he felt that he was getting too old and death was coming close, he wanted Rama to be enthroned as his successor. But his fourth wife, who was the youngest and

the most beautiful, whom he had just chosen.... Now this dirty old man, who knows that he is going to die, is almost on his deathbed -- why should he have married at this time? She persuaded him that Rama should be sent, exiled, into the forest beyond the kingdom for fourteen years -- because her own son by that time would be adult and she wanted her son to be the king. And this old man, so infatuated with that young woman, for no reason at all exiled Rama for fourteen years, for no crime he had committed. And Hindus worship him because he obeyed his father: obedience to tradition, to your father, to your forefathers; obedience to the past, obedience to the dead.

Rama's wife, Sita, followed him, because in India a woman is thought to be a true, authentic woman if she simply becomes a shadow to her husband, with no soul of her own. She followed like a shadow, but was stolen from the forest by another king, Ravana. For three years Rama had to fight, collect his friends, sympathizers, and fight with Ravana to take his wife back. He recovered his wife.

But the words he said to her are so ugly that I cannot conceive that a human being with any sense of dignity will utter such words. He said, "Listen, woman. Don't get this idea in your head that I have been fighting for you. It was a question of my prestige. I can get thousands of women like you, and before I can accept you, you will have to pass through a fire test. You will have to pass through fire. If you can come through it alive, I will know that you are pure, that you have not deceived me, that you have not cheated me. If you don't come out alive, it is settled."

Now, it is strange; it seems there are double standards. If Sita was to take this fire test, then he should have also gone

through the fire test. For three years he was also alone, living with thousands of other people. What is the guarantee of his character, his morality, his purity? No, it is a man's world. Man can ask the woman about her character, but the woman cannot ask.

The story is: Sita passed the fire test, came out of it alive. Still, when they came back home there was great suspicion in the kingdom: for three years Rama's wife had remained in the palace of Ravana, and Rama has accepted her back. He knows perfectly; she has even taken the fire test, which is absolutely unscientific....

You can try and you can find out. Two plus two are four. You say two plus two are four; you are saying a truth -- then put your hand in the fire. Is your statement true or false? It will be decided. Fire will decide it -- whether two plus two make four, or five, or six. And if you are burned then two plus two are not four; you are being untrue. Any small thing can make it clear that it is absolutely foolish. I can ask you, "What is the time?" You can look at your watch and say, "This is the time." And I can put your hand on a candle to find out whether you are saying the truth or not. Do you think your hand will not be burned? And if it is burned, then whatever you were saying was not true. It can be true only if your hand is not burned. Now, fire has nothing to do with your character, your mathematics, your watch. Fire follows its own law, it has nothing to do with your morality.

... Seeing the situation back in the capital of Ayodhya, Rama threw Sita again into the forest, because people were suspicious and that suspicion was dangerous to his power. This man is a politician, a third rate politician, and Hindus

have been worshipping him as the great incarnation of God! But he is still a partial incarnation. Hindus have a bigger surprise for you -- that is Krishna. He is the perfect, total incarnation of God -- purnavatara. And you cannot find a more cunning, more political character than Krishna. You were surprised that Mohammed had nine wives; now what will you do when you hear Krishna had sixteen thousand wives? And don't think that this is just a story; it is not, it is factual.

In India, just before India became independent, the Nizam of Hyderabad had five hundred wives. If in the twentieth century a man can have five hundred wives, it is not inconceivable that just five thousand years before a man could have sixteen thousand; just thirty-two times more than the nizam -- not much. And these sixteen thousand wives were not married socially, legally, conventionally -- no, most of them were stolen from other people. They were other people's wives, forcibly taken away. And this man is worshipped as a purnavatara!

No, I don't want to be in this company at all. I am perfectly happy just to be an ordinary human being like you. Don't put me in difficulties. If I have to be a messiah, then I have to walk on water. Jesus must have known where the rocks are in the lake of Galilee; otherwise there is no other way of walking on water. Then I will have to manage miracles, because without miracles, who is going to accept me as a messiah?

I have a friend who is now in Bangladesh. Before the partition of India into India and Pakistan, he was in Calcutta. He was known as a man of miracles, but to me he was a friend, and he used to tell me how he managed his

miracles. Just for example I will tell you one miracle that he managed, and became famous all over Bengal as the greatest living miracle man. What was the miracle? Very simple. On the station at Howrah, he gets into the express train going to Bombay. The ticket collector comes. He inquires of others, he also inquires of this man who is wearing the green robe of the Sufis; he is a Mohammedan.... Respectfully the ticket collector asks him, "Baba, where are you going? Will you be kind enough to show me your ticket?"

He becomes angry. He says, "Nobody asks me for tickets. I have been traveling my whole life -- you are the first man who has shown this disrespect towards me."

But the ticket collector is adamant, and he says, "I will not allow you to travel without a ticket. I was asking you respectfully, and now there is no question of respect -- you simply show me the ticket, otherwise get off the train."

The baba says, "I will not get off the train unless you drag me off." The ticket collector drags him off the train.

He stands there on the platform, and says, "Now I will see how this train moves." With his closed eyes he is standing there on the platform. The guard shows the flag, the stationmaster shows the flag; the driver is trying everything, but the train is not moving. The engineer looks into every possible thing; everything is all right, there is nothing wrong, but the train is not moving. And a crowd has gathered around the baba. All the passengers have come out and they have started saying that it is because of the insult to a religious man the train will not move. One man shouts that the train will not move unless the ticket collector touches the feet of baba, asks his forgiveness,

takes him back into the train respectfully, and promises him never to ask another Sufi with the green robe for a ticket. Even the stationmaster says to the ticket collector, "What to do?"

The ticket collector says, "I was absolutely legal; why should I touch his feet?" And he is a brahmin; for a brahmin to touch the feet of a Mohammedan.... "I will not touch his feet. And why should I let him on the train? That is an illegal act; I'm allowing him to travel without a ticket and promising him not only that he can travel without a ticket, others of his kind can also travel without a ticket. Then what is my purpose here? My purpose is to catch people who are without a ticket and throw them off the train."

But the driver comes running, the engineer comes running, and the guard comes running, and they all say, "Nothing can be done if the baba is against it. The train will not move."

And thousands of people who are traveling in the train, they catch hold of the ticket collector and they say, "You will have to touch his feet; you have insulted a great man." And the crowd is furious, so angry, so bloodthirsty, that the ticket collector, a poor ticket collector, touches the feet of the baba, takes him respectfully onto the train, apologizes and says, "I will never ask any Sufi traveling in the train for a ticket. Please forgive me."

The baba opens his eyes and says, "Okay, now the train can move." And the train moves.

He told me, "That made me famous all over Bengal. But the miracle was very simple: the ticket collector, the driver

and the engineer -- three people were bribed. How can the train move?"

I cannot do miracles; miracles have never happened. Nature never changes its rules. It is indifferent to you, whether you are Jesus, Moses, Krishna, Buddha. Who you are, it does not matter; nature is impartial, fair, it simply follows its own law. That law I call dharma, tao, logos. And a true religious man falls in harmony with the law of nature. The person who is trying to do the miracle is trying to deceive nature, deceive you. He is not in harmony with nature; he is trying to prove himself above nature, super-natural.

There is nothing above nature; nature is all and all. It contains godliness in it. You cannot do anything against it. But you can befool the fools who are waiting to be befooled, who are anxious to be befooled. Because they are so empty, they want to cling to someone who is powerful, so powerful that he can ride over natural laws, so powerful that he can go against the current of nature.

I am not teaching you to go against nature, I am teaching you to go with it. You dissolve yourself in it -- in a total condition of letgo. Let nature take over.

Don't try to go upstream, let the stream take you wherever it is going; don't fight with it. I teach you non-fight, I teach you harmony. And to me, this is the greatest miracle: to be in harmony with nature, totally in harmony with nature. When it is morning, you are with it; when it is evening, you are with it. When it is pleasure, you are with it; when it is pain, you are with it. You are with it in life, you are with it in death. Not for a single moment on any point do you differ from it.

This total agreement, this absolute agreement, creates the religious man.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
BISHOP JENKINS FROM DURHAM HAS BEEN EXCOMMUNICATED BY LORD HAILSHAM, THE LORD CHANCELLOR FOR ADMINISTRATION OF BRITAIN'S COURTS. IN ADDITION, A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT HAS CALLED THE BISHOP "A DANGEROUS JOKER" BECAUSE THE BISHOP HAD CHARACTERIZED THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST AS MERELY "A CONJURING TRICK WITH BONES," AND HAD SAID, "MY FAITH IN GOD FORCES ME TO RAISE THESE QUESTIONS ABOUT THE VIRGIN BIRTH AND THE RESURRECTION." LORD HAILSHAM COULD NOT SUPPORT THIS THINKING.

The first thing to understand about the resurrection -- it never happened, because in the first place Jesus never died on the cross; it was an arrangement.
Judea was under the Romans, and Pontius Pilate was the governor general, the viceroy of Rome in Judea. Pontius Pilate had nothing against Jesus. At the most he thought him a somewhat hot-blooded young man, which is very natural; that's how a young man should be. But he had not committed any crime, he had not induced anybody else to commit any crime; and to put him on the cross, which is the ultimate punishment you give to murderers, seems to be absolutely illogical.

And he was a cultured man. He tried to persuade the high priest of the Jews that, "I don't see what crime this man has committed. Even if he says that he is the son of God, let him say it. Nobody is harmed by his statement. At the most he is a little crazy -- but just to be a little crazy is not enough for crucifixion. If he says he is the messiah for whom you all have been waiting for centuries.... If you think he is not the messiah, don't accept him as the messiah; but he has every right to say what he thinks about himself. He cannot force himself upon you so that you have to accept him as the messiah. He is not killing people or saying of those who will not accept him, 'I will kill them.'" And to me Pontius Pilate was perfectly right.

So he and a rich follower of Jesus conspired the whole plot. He wanted this young man to be freed. In fact, he had fallen in a certain kind of love for the young man, because he had gone in disguise to many of his meetings, listened, and loved what he was saying. And more than that, he loved the way he was saying it, the authority with which he was saying it. He had heard many orators; he himself was a great orator. Jesus was not an orator. He was saying simple things, but they touched something in the heart. Pontius Pilate was influenced and impressed.

His wife also had gone to listen to Jesus -- of course in disguise, because viceroys and their wives cannot go to listen to a poor carpenter's son and sit with the ignorant, ordinary people. His wife was also very much impressed, impressed just by this man's very style. He had something charismatic, something magnetic, so that one even wanted to believe in his illogical statements. He had a certain kind of hypnotic influence. Don't be afraid of the word hypnotic.

The word hypnos simply means sleep. And when I say that he had a hypnotic influence, that simply means that while people were listening to him their reason went to sleep. They could listen to him without their head coming in. Pontius Pilate even called him to the viceroy's palace before the crucifixion, to persuade him that "there is no need to use these words, kingdom of God, because they create confusion. You are talking of the kingdom of God that is after death, somewhere in the heavens. But the politicians become afraid -- kingdom of God! -- and say you are gathering people to conquer the kingdom of God. It seems that you are using a code language and you are trying.... That's what the priest is trying to tell me" -- the viceroy told him -- "that 'He really is a revolutionary politician and he is trying to take over the country from the Romans.'" The priest said it just to influence the viceroy and convince the viceroy that the man was dangerous politically too, he should be crucified.

Pontius Pilate said to Jesus, "You drop these words. You can simply use...'I'm talking about the spiritual dimension, I have nothing to do with politics and the kingdom.' And why do you unnecessarily say that you are the son of God -- and the only begotten son of God? This creates jealousy in the rabbis, in the priests, that you are trying to pose yourself higher than them. They are only rabbis, and you are the only begotten son of God! So you are creating unnecessary enemies. Drop these words; say plainly what you want to say to people."

But Jesus was as much a fanatic as he was a nice man. They are not contradictory qualities; one can be a very nice fellow and yet, about certain things, very fanatical. And

Jesus was very fanatical. Whatever he was saying, he was not ready to listen to anything against it. At the last, Pilate felt that this young man was impossible. At the last he said, "I only ask one question: what is truth, about which you are continuously talking? What is truth?" Now that is a question which nobody can answer -- nobody who knows, nobody who has ever tried, a little bit, to search for the truth.

Socrates said, "I do not know what is the truth." Don't be deceived by the words.

Bodhidharma has said, "I do not know even myself." Don't be deceived by the words. These people have a certain glimpse. At least one thing they understand perfectly well, that there are things which cannot be said and talked about. Jesus remained silent, he did not answer. But this is his answer; silence is his answer. But for Pontius Pilate -- a man sophisticated, cultured, educated, a man of words -- this was not an answer. It simply proved to him that Jesus does not know. He agreed with the priest; but behind the curtain he also agreed with a disciple of Jesus, who was a very rich man -- because only a very rich man could have been able to reach the viceroy.

And this was a simple arrangement -- that the crucifixion should happen on Friday, that it should be delayed as much as possible, so almost on Friday afternoon.... The way the Jews used to crucify people was a very torturous method, torturous in the sense that it took sometimes forty-eight hours for the person to die... because it was not like an electric chair, or a gas chamber of Adolf Hitler where within seconds thousands of people evaporate. It was a very

crude method: nailing a person to a post. Now blood will ooze drop by drop, it will take time.

So this was the conspiracy -- that by the evening, when the sun sets, he will not be dead. He was only on the cross for six hours. Nobody has ever died on the Jewish cross in six hours. Twenty-four hours, thirty-six hours, forty-eight hours, people have even taken sixty hours to die. And what was the strategy? ... Because Saturday is the Sabbath, everything stops for the Jews; no work can be done. And the body of Jesus had to be brought down from the cross after six hours, because the sun was setting; now all work stopped. So he was perfectly alive; he had just lost a little blood. He never died on the cross.

So the bishop in the first place knows nothing. He is saying, "I cannot trust God conjuring with the bones and doing this miracle of resurrection." How can you conjure with bones? He knows nothing about the actuality, the facts. But at least he is an honest man. He risked his bishophood. I respect him for his honesty, but he is stupid also. He does not know the real story behind the facade of the resurrection.

Jesus is taken down from the cross, put into a cave, with a big rock as a door so he cannot escape -- because the people who brought him down knew perfectly well that he is alive. Even in The Bible it is reported that one soldier poked his sword into his side and blood came out. Blood does not come out of a dead man; he was just making sure that he was alive. And in the night he is removed from there. Now it will be only on the Monday morning that the cave door will be opened -- and the cave was found empty.

Jesus escaped from Jerusalem. At last something of sanity has come to his mind; he knew perfectly well that it is foolish... even his own disciples, when he was being crucified, had escaped; nobody was there except one disciple. All were afraid they may be caught and thought to be part of Jesus' conspiracy against Judaism and the Roman Empire.

At the last supper, when Jesus took his departure from his apostles... to me they are just foolish people. If they had any understanding they would have prevented Jesus: "What is the need to go to Jerusalem when you know that they are going to crucify you there tomorrow?" It was known all over that if he comes to this festival they are not going to leave him free: "He has done enough damage to the prestige of the priests, rabbis, and the established religion. Now to allow him more is dangerous, he will become more and more powerful. It is better to finish him right now. Right now he has no power, no following, nothing much to speak of."

But these twelve apostles simply allow him to go. Not a single apostle tells him, "There is no need. We need you alive, and we would like you to live as long as possible so that what you want to happen can happen." No, they were just dumb guys. I feel sorry for Jesus. Buddha was far more fortunate; he had really great giants as his disciples. Lao Tzu was fortunate. Jesus is the most unfortunate in this whole company of messiahs, avataras, tirthankaras -- most unfortunate. Fishermen -- what can they do and what do they understand?

Do you know what they asked him at the last supper? They accepted the fact that he was going to be crucified. They

asked him the question, "In the kingdom of God, of course you will be on the right hand side of God; what will be the position of us twelve fellows who have followed you?" In fact, a very Jewish question: one wants to make sure of one's position, where one is going to be, who will be second, the third, the fourth. And they were very ignorant people.

Jesus said, "At least tonight, when I am going to be caught, don't fall asleep. At least tonight, remain awake!" And hour after hour he is going to pray in the garden of Gethsemane; he will go into a corner to pray. What is he praying? He is praying, "God give me strength, that I can pass through this fire test that is ahead of me."

Just as I have always told you, every belief is carrying its doubt underneath. He knows perhaps he will be crucified and there will be no miracle to save him; perhaps there is no God. But he goes on praying, and hour after hour he comes back to see the disciples. Whenever he comes back, they are all fast asleep, snoring. They could not even remain awake one night. And the next day the master is going to die.

They could not even sacrifice one night's sleep -- people sacrifice it sitting before a television, looking at a Hollywood movie, any crap -- and they could not remain awake. And why was he insisting? -- because that's what he was telling them their whole life: "Be aware, be awake. Get out of this sleep in which you are walking and living. You are not awake; you are almost like a sleepwalker. On the last night...." But to try on the last night also seems to be unintelligent; now there is no time to teach these people how to remain awake.

All that he does is, he comes again and wakes them and shouts at them and tells them, "What kind of disciples are you? You cannot remain awake and I am going to be crucified, and they are coming to catch me at any moment." And when he comes after one hour.... So he moved the whole night between the God that he thought is going to do the miracle, and the disciples that he thought are his apostles, who will spread the golden word to the very corners of the earth. And both are bogus. Neither is there a God who is listening to his prayers, nor are there any disciples who are listening to his teaching of remaining awake.

He said to them, "When I am crucified, of course you will not be there."

One disciple said, "I will be there, master."

And he said, "No. Even before the cock crows in the morning you will have denied me three times."

And that's how it happened. He was caught, the people of the priests took hold of him -- they had found a stranger amongst them. They asked him, "Who are you? Are you with this madman who thinks he is the son of God?"

He said, "No, I don't know who this man is. I am a stranger in this city. And seeing the light" -- because they were all carrying torches -- "I have just followed to find some place. I don't know the city and its whereabouts."

And Jesus had said that time, "Remember that the cock has not crowed yet." And this happened three times. Before the first cock crowed to signal the morning, the disciple had denied him three times, saying that he did not know this man at all. These cowards, they had no idea.... But Jesus, seeing the situation on the cross, hanging for six hours,

must have considered the whole situation. He escaped from Jerusalem. He lived to the age of one hundred and twelve years in Kashmir.

So there is no question of resurrection, because in the first place the crucifixion did not materialize. And in Kashmir, as I told you, there is a grave of Jesus by the side of the grave of Moses. No Christian bothers... because that grave will endanger your belief in resurrection. On the grave it is written clearly -- of course Jesus is not the name mentioned there, because Jesus is the Greek translation of Joshua; Joshua is his real name -- that, "Joshua came here, lived here to the ripe age of one hundred and twelve years, died here. And in his memory we have changed the name of the place." The village where the graves are is called Pahalgam; it means the village of the shepherd.

But he remained silent. Only one disciple, Thomas, had followed him there; he was his most beloved disciple. He sent Thomas to South India, the other corner from Kashmir. And you will be surprised to know that Indian Christianity is the oldest Christianity in the world. The Vatican is not that old. The popes came into existence after Jesus' so-called crucifixion had happened -- three hundred years afterwards. But Thomas started working in South India, and must have been the only authentic disciple amongst the whole lot.

Thomas' body is still preserved. That is the only body preserved like this in the whole world. And science is absolutely at a loss to know how the body is preserved, because no chemicals have been used. The body is in Goa. Every year it is taken out from the church and remains open for one day for the visitors to see it. It has not deteriorated;

it seems as if he has just gone to sleep. I have seen Thomas. Two thousand years have passed, and he is almost in a deep sleep. This man seems to be the only one, amongst the disciples of Jesus, who had something.

Now, in India there are yoga methods, prescribed by Patanjali five thousand years ago, that if you practice them for at least thirty years -- certain breathing exercises which can purify you so much. And those breathing exercises are such that slowly slowly your breathing starts stopping for moments. And suddenly there is no breath going in or coming out. You are, more than ever, in that tremendous silence where even breathing is no more a disturbance. Then those gaps become bigger: minutes, hours, days. And there have been many people in India and many people in Egypt, which borrowed the science from India....

In Egypt one person lived, buried in the ground, for forty years. He was buried in 1880, and he told the people who were present there, and the government, "For forty years I should not be disturbed. My grave should be opened in 1920." In forty years almost all the people who were present died. Governments changed, and you know in forty years what can happen to a file.... Everybody forgot about the man; forty years is a long time.

It was just by coincidence that somebody, doing some research, found one old newspaper describing this incident. He informed the government. The grave was opened, the man was pulled out. They thought he was dead, because he was not breathing. And medical science knows only one thing: if you are not breathing then you are dead. His heart was not pulsating, his breath was not there, his pulse was not there. The doctors said he was dead. But within seconds

he opened his eyes; he started breathing, his pulse came back, his heartbeat came back. For forty years he had stopped his breathing. If breathing can be consciously stopped, without enforcement, with relaxation -- then forty years or four hundred years or four thousand years does not make any difference.

Thomas must have learned it in South India; and he was very much interested in learning. He lived like a brahmin -- you will be surprised. He used clothes that in South India the brahmins used, just a wraparound lungi. He used the Hindu thread. He had his hair cut in the Hindu style, leaving a small part just on the seventh chakra, with the Hindu skull sikha. He walked on sandals made of wood -- Hindu brahmins use wooden sandals; it is a difficult thing, one needs training to walk on them. He lived absolutely like a Hindu, just in order to understand every possibility that Hinduism had developed, particularly the yogic methods. He must have practiced the breathing exercises which can keep the body without any deterioration even after death.

So the bishop is courageous, but ignorant. He knows nothing about Jesus and his crucifixion. One thing he says, that he cannot believe in the virgin Mary giving birth to Jesus -- no sane man can believe that. Christians think it is the holy ghost who made the poor girl pregnant. Strange... I would like to say some unholy ghost must have played the trick with poor Joseph, the father of Jesus. Joseph is being betrayed. And if it is done by that 'holy ghost', then the holy ghost should be punished, because he made Jesus a bastard. But Christianity is based on these things: resurrection,

virgin birth, walking on water, raising the dead back to life, curing the sick, the blind.

The bishop says faith in God is enough. On that point he is absolutely wrong. What grounds have you for faith? These are the grounds, that's why Christianity continues to emphasize that the birth was from a virgin girl; that after the crucifixion Jesus was restored by God's miracle; that he walked on water; that he turned water into wine and he turned stones into bread. These things Christianity cannot drop, because if you drop these things -- and they have to be dropped because they are all nonsense and false -- then what ground is left to have faith in God? That's where the bishop is wrong. How can you have any belief? What is the reason to believe?

Then there is only one possibility that I have been teaching you: you meditate.

Meditation does not require faith in God as a necessary step -- in fact it is a hindrance. Meditation simply wants you not to begin with any belief, because any belief can become a hypnotizing factor. If you believe too much, and if you go on believing in a certain thing, you will start hallucinating about it.

Christians have seen Christ, Hindus have seen Krishna, Buddhists have seen Buddha -- and there is nobody to be seen. It is all their projection. Their faith creates the image and then the image strengthens the faith. That becomes a vicious circle. Then you have more faith because you have seen Jesus; then Jesus becomes more alive, then your faith is even deeper; then Jesus starts talking to you.... Your faith becomes absolute. But it is just a mind game, you're just playing with your own mind.

Meditation is without any faith, without any belief, entering into silence to see what is there.
There is no need to assume beforehand what is there. If you have assumed beforehand what is there, you will find it. That's the trouble. If you think Jesus is there, you will find him. Jesus says, "Believe and I am there." Belief creates the phenomenon.
Meditation is the most scientific method. It needs no belief, no faith -- just inquiry. And the inquiry, to be scientific, has to be without belief.
I am reminded of a Hindu professor, Dr. Bannerji. He is world famous for his work on reincarnation. He is head of the department of parapsychology in the university of Rajasthan, in Jaipur. He came to see me because he has been researching and meeting people who can give evidence that there have been past lives. I asked him only one question: "Before you inquire anything of me, I have every right to be acquainted with you. And this question will do. I don't want to know what is your name and your degrees, that is not your real introduction. My question will be your introduction to me, and then you can ask anything you want." I asked him a very simple thing, "What are you trying to do? What is this whole research for?"
He said, "I want to prove that there is a chain of births, that the soul goes from one birth to another birth to another birth."
I said, "Stop now. I will not answer any of your questions. You say, 'I want to prove....' It means you have already accepted the fact, and all that you want now is evidence. As far as you are concerned, you have accepted the fact that life goes on changing forms, death is not a real death; it is

only a changing of the clothes, a changing of the body, a changing of the house. Your Hindu mind wants to prove scientifically a Hindu belief. Certainly you will find evidence -- because you are looking for it. No Christian is trying to look for it, no Mohammedan is trying to look for it, no Jew is trying to look for it. Why are only Hindus concerned? What business is it of yours? Have you any remembrance of your past life?"

He said, "No, I don't have any remembrance."

Then I said, "What are you trying to prove? You yourself don't know. You must have been before... you don't remember, so it is not based on any experience -- just a belief. Now the belief is there and you are trying to put a scientific cover over it." That's what people go on doing. They start with a belief; that's a wrong beginning.

Start fresh: a clean slate with no belief, with no dogma, with no faith. Then there is a possibility that you may find what is the truth. And the truth is neither Hindu, nor Mohammedan, nor Christian. And the truth is not in The Bible, nor in the Koran, nor in the Gita.

The truth that you will find -- you will be surprised -- is nowhere written, cannot be written. It is impossible to write it. It has never been uttered by anybody and it is not going to be uttered by anybody. Only fingers have been pointing to the moon, saying nothing. And you should not get attached to the finger, because the finger is not the moon. You have to forget the finger completely and look at the moon. And the moon has nothing to do with the finger.

And the bishop says that his faith in God is enough. No, it will not be enough. His faith was based on those beliefs that he has now criticized. Soon, his faith will be gone. He

has taken the foundation of the house; the house will fall soon.
But just look at these religious people. Because he was honest and said what he felt, he is expelled, thrown out; he is no longer a bishop, now he has become a joker. Just the day before he was a bishop; now he is a joker. Just see how people change. They don't want you to be honest. If he had continued to say what he had been saying, and kept all that he has now said to himself, he would have remained a bishop. Perhaps one day he would have become the pope. They all are carrying the same nonsense. Now, the chancellor who has thrown him out of the bishophood, he will also be carrying the same thing. But people are not honest. They don't open their heart. And that should be the basic quality of a religious man.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #6
Chapter title: The so-called holy books are just religious pornography
4 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OASHO,
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE ATTITUDE OF THE MESSIAHS, AVATARAS, TIRTHANKARAS, PAIGAMBARAS TOWARDS WOMEN?

Just disgusting. These people, who have been thought to be messengers of God, who have been teaching compassion, love, have never considered at all that a woman is also human. They are born out of a woman. Still, they have all shown nauseating disrespect towards womanhood. The reason is very clear. The reason is: they are afraid of women.

And it is a psychological truth that you are afraid and at the same time fascinated. Fear and fascination exist together. In fact, the fear is the byproduct of fascination. They are fascinated, which is natural. There is nothing wrong in it, it is absolutely human. But if they want to be a messiah or a tirthankara or a paigambara or an avatara then they have to fulfill the conditions which the tradition prescribes for them to fulfill. And all the traditions are made up by man. Up to now we have lived in a manmade society in which the woman has not been taken into consideration at all.

Confucius -- and the whole of China is influenced by Confucius' thinking -- believes that there is no soul in a woman, she is only body. Killing a woman is not a murder. So for thousands of years in China, if somebody killed his own wife it was not a crime. It was just as if you want to destroy your chair, your furniture, or anything that belongs to you; you possess it, it is yours -- exactly as the woman is yours. You are the possessor; you can kill her. There was no law in China to prevent a husband from killing his wife. And there was no punishment either, because the woman was a thing, not a being. And Confucius is thought to be one of the wisest men in the world. Now, what kind of wisdom is this? He is the founder of Confucianism, but all

that Confucius has done is to confuse the human mind and nothing else.

Every religion is afraid of women, because every religion is afraid of sex. Every religion is repressive of sex, against sex. Naturally, it is a byproduct that every religion has to be against the woman, the woman has to be condemned. If you condemn sex you are bound to condemn the woman. If you respect the woman -- it is a corollary -- you will respect sex also, as a natural thing.

And why were these people against sex? They are different in their attitudes about everything except sex. About sex all religions agree; that seems to be the only agreement amongst religions. So it seems to be tremendously important that we should go deep into the whole phenomenon: why they are afraid of it. They are afraid of sex because it is the greatest energy in man, the most powerful pull of nature and biology. There is no way to destroy it. Either you can condemn and repress it, or you can understand and transform it. But the second is a long and arduous path and needs tremendous intelligence, awareness -- because sex is an unconscious force in you. Each cell in your body is made of it, is vibrant with it. Your conscious mind is nothing compared to your unconscious sexual energy; hence the fear that the unconscious can take possession of you any moment.

But to repress seems to be easier. Repression needs no intelligence in the first place; any idiot can do it. In fact, only idiots do it. I have been surprised, seeing hundreds of monks in India belonging to different religions -- they are all repressing their sexuality. My surprise was that the more they repress their sexuality, the more stupid they become,

exactly in the same proportion. Repressing nature is such an idiotic effort that it is bound to destroy your intelligence. The Jaina monk is the most repressive of all in the whole world. There are only twenty-two Jaina monks left in India who live like Mahavira: naked, following exactly the ancient path. I have met all the twenty-two, because I was roaming all over India, so it was not difficult to meet these people or anybody I wanted to meet; sooner or later, somewhere or other it was bound to happen. Strange... all twenty-two are in the same way, stupid -- no sign of intelligence. You cannot see a single ray of light in their eyes. They are dull, dead. It has to be so, because they have been repressing life energy, life force.

When you repress life energy you will become dull. And the methods you are going to use to repress life energy are bound to make you more and more stupid. For example, they cannot eat even twice a day. They have thousands of rules -- so they can eat only a few things, which cannot provide them with all the vitamins, proteins, which are needed for intelligence to function. They are starving. And intellect is a luxury. When all the needs of your body are fulfilled, only then intellect gets energy, because it is at the highest level of your being. If on the lower levels your energy is starving, then it cannot rise to reach to the higher levels.

A Jaina monk's food is absolutely devoid of proteins. He's not a meat eater, and I am not suggesting that he should eat meat. But I have suggested to them, "You can use soya bean, which is as good as meat, or even better." But those fools will not use the soya bean because it is not written in their scriptures -- at that time the soya bean was not

discovered. I have argued with them that it is not nonvegetarian, it is vegetarian. They say, "It is vegetarian, but it is not written in the scriptures. And Mahavira, who is omniscient, must have known better than anybody else what has to be eaten."

Now Mahavira is not a chemist, is not a physician, is not a physiologist; he knows nothing about the inner working of the body. He knows nothing about vitamins or protein, or anything that is absolutely necessary as a nourishment for intelligence. They cannot take milk because it is animal food. They cannot take anything made of milk -- it is animal food. And their logic is, "You are depriving the animal's kids -- that is violent." Naturally, they become dull, they lose gusto for life. In fact they want to lose it; they are afraid of it. If it is there, then who knows, in some weaker moment it may take possession of you. Hence, the fear of the woman.

No Jaina monk is allowed to touch a woman. What to say of touching a woman, the Jaina monk is not allowed to sit in the place where a woman has been sitting before, because she leaves her vibes there! What to say to these fools? Nine months they have been in their mother's womb, continually showering in the woman's vibe. Then for years they have been nurtured and nourished by the mother's milk. Their whole body is made up by the woman.

The father is almost an inactive partner in the business; I say almost -- any injection can do his work. He can be easily removed from the whole process of reproduction and he will be removed, sooner or later, because we can find better methods, better seeds. Right now it is all accidental. Now science has come to a certain maturity. About animals

we are not so accidental now; their breed has evolved. But about man we are not scientific; the breed is not evolving, because everybody and anybody is allowed to reproduce children. This is not going to be for long. This should not be continued for long. Man's business is finished. He only triggers the process, then the whole burden falls on the woman.

These fools are saying that you cannot sit in the same place where a woman has been sitting before. Jaina monks carry their own small rug with them, because who knows, by mistake you may sit in a place where a woman was sitting before. So they carry two things: a small brush with which they clean the place -- as if with a brush you can remove the vibrations -- then they spread their small mattress that they are carrying with them, always carrying -- you cannot touch it, you are not allowed to touch it -- and then they will sit on it.

I have asked these monks, "If you are really a little bit alert, then please, I will show you two places. In one place a man has been sitting and in the other place a woman has been sitting. You decide by feeling the vibration which one is the man's and which one is the woman's...?" Even science has not been able to discover any such detector yet.

And of course they decline: "We are not going to do any such thing."

But I said, "The reality is you cannot do it. You have just learned gibberish. Vibrations -- what do you know about vibrations? And what can those vibrations do to you?"

Now, the fear is the fascination. The woman fascinates, it comes into their dreams; they have been able to throw her out from their waking hours, but in their nights.... Mahatma

Gandhi was very much impressed by Jaina monks. He was a strange fellow -- born a Hindu, but not much of a Hindu: ninety percent Christian, nine percent Jaina, one percent Hindu. Many times in his life he was on the verge of converting to Christianity; one time he was ready to convert to Jainism. He accepted three persons as his masters: one is a Jaina, Shrimad Rajchandra; the second is Leo Tolstoy, who was a fanatic Christian; and the third is Henry Thoreau, who was also a fanatic Christian.

I have been talking to these Jaina monks and telling them the story of Mahatma Gandhi, what happened to him. In his ashram no love affair was allowed; even husbands and wives, if they wanted to become inmates of the ashram, had to take the vow of brahmacharya, celibacy. That was a basic rule. So there were husbands and wives but they were both celibate. It was not being followed; they were caught again and again. And Gandhi was a masochist, just as I have told you that Mahavira had masochism in him -- enjoying torturing oneself.

There is a certain mind disease which gives you pleasure out of pain. So what Mahatma Gandhi used to do, whenever a couple was found that had broken celibacy.... And it was such a sensitive affair that there was no need for an actual sex relationship to happen. Just holding hands -- if somebody had seen them, that was enough; or hugging each other -- one's own wife. What Mahatma Gandhi would do is, he would go on a fast, he would torture himself. He would not punish those people, but it was really a greater punishment than any you could have invented because the whole ashram would condemn the couple. The couple would be tortured by their own conscience: "It is because

of us he is fasting." They would weep and cry and persuade him, "Forgive us, we will never do it again; but break your fast."

He would say, "I am not punishing you; I am punishing myself. This is a symbol to me that I am not pure enough; that's why around me such impure things happen. I am simply purifying myself." Now this too is a very subtle way of the ego: you have done something and I decide to be responsible for it. On the surface it looks, "How saintly!" -- but deep down nothing can be more egoistic. Who am I? How does my purity or impurity come into your life? But he was just thinking in terms of the old scriptures -- that if you are a real saint then around you nothing impure can happen. But what is impure? A man loving a woman -- what is impure in it? His own woman, not against her will -- what is impure in it? And if it is impure, then everybody is born of impurity. Your very birth is in impurity.

I have asked these Jaina monks, "What happened to Mahatma Gandhi in the last years of his life?" ... Because his whole life he was repressing, repressing, repressing, and the moment came when it became too much, beyond his capacity to control it anymore. Then people find rationalizations. Then he started to sleep with a naked woman -- but he had a cunning mind, he rationalized it. He said he was just testing whether anywhere in his unconscious the woman still had some attraction. Does he still feel fascinated by a naked young girl? And he was beyond seventy and the girl he was sleeping with was only twenty.

This was not told to the public at large, because his disciples were afraid that he would lose his mahatmahood.

People will start thinking, "What is this?" It was suppressed, kept from reaching the public; only a few disciples, close disciples who could keep their mouths shut, knew about it. But in the eyes of those close disciples Gandhi had already fallen, he was no more the same mahatma he used to be.

I have been telling these Jaina monks, "Try to understand Gandhi, what happened to him. And this will happen to you. But you can remain so starved that there is no energy left in you." That was Mahatma Gandhi's mistake; otherwise this would not have happened. It was because he was eating well, nourishing food, milk, everything that was needed for the body. He was very concerned about the body, very careful about the body. That was the reason that it happened. Energy was there, and he was not a dull man. He was tremendously intelligent. But as the energy rises to intelligence, it also goes deeper, to your very foundation of sexuality. It goes to the roots. If the energy goes to the flowers, it has to go to the roots. There is no other way to reach the flowers; it has to go through the roots. But I have found these people so dull. I would be talking to them and I could see they have not heard anything; their eyes look almost dead, their bodies have shrunken. They look ugly. They have been against sex, that's why they have to be against the woman. Jainas believe that nobody can be liberated from a woman's body. Only man can be liberated, can attain to the ultimate -- their word is MOKSHA... but only from a man's body, not from a woman's body. What is wrong with a woman's body? There is no difference at all. The only difference is physiological, and that too is not

much of a difference -- not a difference that can make a difference.

Man's sexual organs are hanging out and woman's sexual organs are hanging in, that's the only difference. Just turn your pocket and let it hang out; the pocket becomes male. Put it back to its original position, it becomes female. This you call a difference? The same pocket? It is because there is not much difference that now science has discovered a man can become a woman just by simple plastic surgery; a woman can become a man just by plastic surgery. If there was some fundamental difference then it would not be possible. By plastic surgery you are just turning the pocket out or in, and nothing much is there.

Jainas say a woman is condemned by her having a female body. First she has to become a man. So there are Jaina nuns -- they are not striving for liberation, they are striving to be born in the next life as a man, then they will work for liberation. There is one step more for them than for a man. "Ladies first" does not apply.

One woman in the history of the Jainas must have been a woman of tremendous courage, intelligence, and a rebel; she rebelled against this idea. Her name was Mallibhai. She simply rebelled against this whole idea; she said, "This is just created by man." And she must have been a charismatic woman, certainly, to become a Jaina monk. She was not going to become a nun, because a nun has the goal to become a monk in the next life. She became a Jaina monk. A Jaina nun is allowed to have clothes, she is not to be in the nude; that stage will come in the next life, if she succeeds.

But this woman Mallibhai is a rare rebel. I have looked all around the world -- I don't find another woman of the same rebelliousness. She became a monk. She dropped her clothes and she declared to the Jainas, "I am a monk and I am striving for liberation, and I don't care a bit what your scriptures say." She was certainly charismatic, and she fulfilled all the requirements that are prescribed for a tirthankara, and the Jainas had to accept her as a tirthankara.

But they played a trick. When she died they changed her name: Mallibhai -- bhai designates a woman; they made the name Mallinath -- nath designates man. So if you read the history you will not find in twenty-four tirthankaras that there has been a woman, because for her name they don't say Mallibhai, they say Mallinath. And they have deceived the whole world, and they have continued on the old trip. One woman has proved it, and one woman's proof is enough for all women. But the cunning priesthood changed the name when she died. They not only changed her name, they changed the statue. It is a man's statue in the temples; in Jaina temples there are twenty-four tirthankaras' statues -- all men!

I used to go to Jaina temples and ask, "Who is Mallibhai?" And the priest would become shaky and he would say, "Er... Mallibhai? Are you a Jaina?"

I said, "No, I am not a Jaina. But I am not a male chauvinist. Who is Mallibhai out of these twenty-four?" And he would show me.

But I would say, "This is a man's statue. The sexual organs are hanging out and I am absolutely certain there was no plastic surgery at that time."

Soon they became aware, so whenever I would go to a Jaina temple they would say, "The temple is closed. You are not allowed in the temple."

In Indore, in India, there is one of the most beautiful Jaina temples, perhaps the most beautiful in India. It is made all of glass -- the whole temple. When you enter it you see yourself reflected in a million mirrors around you, because the whole temple is just small pieces of mirror. I love the place for its beautiful land, its quiet -- but they would not allow me to enter. Once I had been in, then the door was closed on me.

I approached the man who had made the temple and said, "This is strange. You allow even spectators who are not Jainas, you allow visitors; Christians can come, anybody can come in the visiting hours" -- because the temple was such a unique piece of art, up to twelve in the morning only Jainas could enter it to worship, but after twelve visitors were allowed -- "I am not even allowed in with the visitors. The moment the priest -- and he is always standing at the door -- the moment he sees me, he says, 'You are not allowed.'" I asked the man who had made it... and it was a very precious gift that he had given to the country.

He told me, "I know, and I myself wanted to meet you. The priest has informed me." And it happened because for six months I had to stay in Indore, because my father was very sick and he would not let me go. So I had to stay and the hospital was just five minutes walk from the temple, so whenever I had time I would knock on the door and the priest would hit his head with his hand and he would say, "I have told you again and again that for you, this temple is closed forever."

The man who had made it said, "I wanted to meet you. I can tell the priest you should be allowed in, but please don't ask questions which we cannot answer. Your question is valid; I know you are right. Actually Mallinath was a woman. But why disturb things? For twenty-five centuries we have maintained that he was a man, and now nobody asks about it. All history books have accepted it. You are a strange fellow. From where have you got this idea? We have made it absolutely clear in all the history books, in every possible way. In every temple the statue is of a man."
I said, "Don't be bothered from where I got the idea. The question is.... On the temple door you have written, 'Truth is the highest religion.' Inside, where the shrine is for twenty-four tirthankaras, you have written satyameva jayate: 'Truth is always victorious.' I am not concerned. Who cares? What business is it of mine to be bothered whether this was a man or a woman, whether this person existed or not, even? I am not interested in that. But you should erase these words: satyameva jayate. And just underneath you have the statue of Mallibhai as Mallinath -- and truth is the highest religion! Erase these two sentences, and I will never come to this temple again; if you don't erase them, I am going to continue this every day. You go on refusing, I will go on continuing."
And by and by many people became aware, because at odd hours I would go there -- sometimes in the morning when Jainas were worshipping -- and he would be closing the door and saying, "You cannot come in," and sometimes when spectators were going in he would close the door. And for six months I had no other business; my father was sick, and the temple was just five minutes away. I could go

two, three times, four times, as many times as I liked. Even in the night sometimes I would knock and the priest would wake up and he would say, "What! Even in the night...?"
I said, "Unless you erase those two sentences I am not going to leave."
Finally they had to erase those two sentences. I said, "I am finished with your temple. Now you can do whatsoever you want. You have accepted that even in the name of truth there is untruth; even in the temple of truth, you have been lying for twenty-five centuries. One rebellious woman -- and you have destroyed her completely. And you have been repeating the same again, that the woman cannot achieve salvation; and the woman has proved that she has become a tirthankara." Jainas had to accept Mallibhai. She must have been a tremendously strong woman to say that she is going directly to moksha, she is not going to be born in a man's body. ... Because bodies are left behind -- a man's or a woman's, they will be burned on the funeral pyre and the soul is not feminine or masculine. And it is the soul, the innermost consciousness, which is being transformed. "The woman had proved it absolutely and you had accepted her; and still, when she died, you started lying again."
It is a male chauvinist world. All Hindu avataras are men; not a single woman is accepted. Not that there have not been women of much more strength, of much more power than these so-called avataras, but they have not been accepted just because they are women, and it is a man's world.
A Mohammedan can marry four women, he is allowed to by the Koran. A woman is not allowed to marry four men. Now this is unjust. A woman cannot enter into the

Mohammedan mosque, she has to pray from the outside. She is filthy, just because she is a woman; she is not even allowed to pray inside the mosque. In a synagogue there is a separate place for the woman, partitioned; she cannot sit with the man. Mostly at the back she has a place, or on the balcony she has a place.

I am reminded of a story -- I don't know whether it is right or wrong. When Golda Meir was prime minister of Israel, Indira Gandhi, who was prime minister of India, went on a visit to Israel. She wanted to see a synagogue and how the Jews worship and what they do. So Golda Meir took Indira Gandhi and they sat on the balcony. Indira Gandhi asked Golda Meir, "Is it a rule of the synagogue that only prime ministers can sit on the balcony?" -- because Golda Meir and Indira Gandhi both were women. Golda Meir did not want to say that in the Jewish tradition the woman is kept separate. But Indira Gandhi thought, "It is because we are both prime ministers, so a special place is being given to us." Yes, it was a special place, but not for prime ministers -- it was for two women. Even though they are prime ministers, it doesn't matter; a woman is a woman.

The people I have spoken of in the past with great respect -- I have to confess to you that I had to drop many aspects of their life, otherwise you would not have been able to understand me at all. Now I want to make the whole thing complete. I want you to know them in their utter nudity -- good, bad, right, wrong. Many of my statements will look contradictory to my old statements. Don't be worried. What I am saying now is the right thing, and whatever I say tomorrow will be more right. The last sentence that I will utter on my death bed will be the ultimate right -- before

that you cannot decide. I am alive and I am not in any bondage with the past.

On Buddha, how much I have spoken! But he was very disrespectful about women. He wouldn't allow women to become nuns, he would not initiate them. There seems to be some fear of women deep inside him. And it is clear in his statement -- for almost fifteen years he continued to deny them: "I am not going to initiate women." What is the fear? Why not initiate a woman, when the women are asking to be initiated? Why prevent them from seeking and searching the truth? Is it man's monopoly? Truth also, is it a commodity and man's monopoly?

Finally, very reluctantly he agreed -- but not happily. He had to agree, because the woman who came to ask was the woman who had mothered him. His own mother died in giving birth to Gautam Buddha. His mother's sister remained unmarried, sacrificed her whole life to raise Gautam Buddha. And she gave him more love than any mother can give and she sacrificed her own life, naturally; she poured all that she had on him. When she came -- her name is Mahamaya -- old, tears in her eyes, and she said, "I know for fifteen years you have been rejecting women, but I am your mother. Just remember, I have sacrificed my whole life. Can't you even give initiation to me? Can't you share the truth that you have found?"

It was under compulsion; he could not refuse Mahamaya, it would have been too cruel. But what he said is still cruel. He accepted her, he gave initiation to her, sadly, without any ceremony, and said after the initiation, "My religion was going to last for five thousand years, now it will last only five hundred years, because I have allowed women to

enter. They will destroy it." How can women destroy it? I don't see the point at all.
In my commune there are more women than men; they work as hard as men, perhaps more lovingly than men. They have the capacity of love, more than man has. They have not destroyed, they have created the commune.
Why is Buddha so afraid? I know why he is afraid. He is afraid... his own fear, deep down, is that perhaps he is still fascinated with women. At least he is not able to trust his monks. He knows that they will be fascinated, and soon what he has been teaching -- celibacy -- will be destroyed. It is celibacy that will be destroyed, why the religion? What has religion to do with celibacy? In fact, with men and women together, the religion will grow. There will be children and there will be more children and it will become a vast tree.
If I was in his place I would have said, "My religion was going to last only five thousand years, now it is going to last forever; because a woman has entered, now it is complete. With only men it is incomplete. Now it is a real commune, alive, because it can give birth to living beings."
But the fear... and the fear is possible only if it is somewhere deep down in your own unconscious too.
As far as I'm concerned, I trust everybody, even those who have betrayed me. I still trust them, because my trust is unconditional. It does not depend on you, it depends on me. If you choose to betray, that is your business, but you cannot destroy my trust in you. Do you see the point? Because I trust unconditionally, you cannot destroy it; but if there are conditions, then certainly you can destroy it --

you don't fulfill the conditions and you have destroyed the trust. But trust with conditions is a bargain, it is not trust. Trust can only be unconditional, and its source is within me. It does not depend on you or your behavior or action. Even if you killed me, my trust in you would remain the same. You betrayed, really, yourself; you fell, really, in your own eyes. But for me you remain the same person.
Shiva had been my bodyguard for years. Then he dropped sannyas. Then he started speaking -- against me. He wrote articles in German magazines -- STERN and other magazines -- against me. But if he comes back and wants to be my bodyguard he will be again by my side. And I know perfectly well what he has done. That does not matter at all, it is his doing; he should be worried and concerned about it. As far as I am concerned, I have remained exactly the same. He can come again and be my bodyguard. Nobody else will accept him as a bodyguard, because that is the easiest place from which to kill a man.
Just now Indira Gandhi has been assassinated by her own bodyguards. Three bodyguards shot her -- eight bullets, creating sixteen wounds, because all the bullets passed through her chest, belly, from the back to the other side. And if the bodyguards want to kill, that is the easiest and the safest place from which to kill a person.
But if Shiva comes back and wants to be my bodyguard, I will be immensely happy to have him. It does not matter. He has to take responsibility for whatsoever he is doing, whatsoever he has done; he has to take the whole responsibility for it. But it is none of my business to interfere in his doings. If he feels it right to write against me, perfectly good; if he feels happy to write against me,

perfectly good. But for ten years he was sitting by my side. He must have a tremendously idiotic mind -- in ten years he could not see anything wrong. It took ten years for him, and now, after dropping sannyas, he becomes suddenly articulate. So what was he doing for ten years -- sleeping? No, it is not against me that he is writing those articles. It is just to console himself that what he has done by dropping sannyas is right, because the man was wrong. He has to prove it to himself that "the man was wrong, that's why I have dropped sannyas." Otherwise it will continuously be a wound -- that I loved him so much, trusted him so much, so unconditionally, and this is what he has done to me. I can understand his difficult situation. So writing against me, he is simply trying to cover up the wound that he has inflicted upon himself.

So remember that if Buddha is afraid of women, women are still fascinating to him. That's why he projects the idea... a simple arithmetic. He knows that "if even to me, once in a while, the woman becomes attractive, then what about my monks? They will be spoiled." But the idea of their being spoiled arises only if you deny sex; otherwise there is no spoiling, I don't see anybody spoiled. No natural instinct spoils you. But repress it, then it is perverted, and slowly slowly you are spoiled by the perversion.

You will be surprised -- there are Catholic monasteries where women have not entered for one thousand years. What to say about a woman, a six-month-old baby girl is not allowed to enter with her father or brother into the monastery. A six-month-old baby! Inside the monastery what do you think -- monks are living or monsters are living, who are afraid of a six-month-old girl? What kind of

people are living inside? So sexually perverted.... All sexual perversion has come through your religions. Ninety percent of mental diseases have come through your religions, because of sexual perversion.

You ask me what my attitude is about these messiahs, apostles, tirthankaras, avataras, paigambaras. What to say to you? I say: simply disgusting, nauseating. They have done so much harm to humanity that when humanity becomes aware, they are going to destroy all these synagogues and temples and mosques and gurudwaras and churches. These people are your real enemies, but hidden behind a facade, a mask.

The Christian trinity could not allow a woman in it. What was so difficult? They could have done, instead of the holy ghost -- what is the need of the holy ghost? I can't think what kind of phenomenon this holy ghost is, and what is his purpose, and what is the need. A woman would have been far better; father, mother, son -- it would have looked more logical. This holy ghost, is he man or woman? But no, even though millions of Christians worship Mary, she is not accepted in the ultimate hierarchy. A woman is, after all, a woman.

Jesus had not a single woman among his twelve apostles. And you will be shocked to know that when he was crucified, all those apostles escaped. Only three women did not escape: one was his mother Mary; another was Mary Magdalene, a prostitute, but she had fallen in tremendous love with this man Jesus; and the third was also named Mary, sister of Martha. These three women proved far more courageous, not afraid; thousands of enemies all around, everyone against Jesus; they were shouting,

rejoicing in his crucifixion.... All the apostles had escaped, afraid that if they were caught perhaps they would be crucified too. They may have said sometime to the master, "We will live with you and we will die with you." Saying is one thing, doing is totally another.

Only these three women were ready to dare, to be crucified -- if that is what is going to happen, then it is okay. It is worth dying with the master rather than to live without him. But this loving heart is very rare to find in a man. When it happens in a man then there is no difference. Still they were not apostles -- they should have been the only apostles. Those cowards who had escaped should have been rejected. But just the other day the lord chancellor in England, who has thrown one bishop out of the church, said, "I would believe more in Matthew, Luke, Mark -- the apostles whose words are in the New Testament -- because they were eyewitnesses." He's absolutely wrong, they were not eyewitnesses; they had escaped. The eyewitnesses were three women, but he does not mention them. Those three men have written the story, but they were not eyewitnesses. Those three women have not written; they must have thought: Who would bother about their writing? Who would listen to them? But the lord chancellor is absolutely wrong in making those three fellows eyewitnesses; they were not. And what they have written is different from each other. If they were eyewitnesses it would have been exactly the same.

To me, what Thomas has written -- which is not included in The Bible because Thomas was not available there; he had gone to India with Jesus, he had written his gospel in India; I have spoken on it -- his words seem to be truer, more

authentic, closer, for the simple reason that he himself must have attained to a certain state of light. That light filters through his words. It is not in the New Testament that you find that light.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #7
Chapter title: From Crossianity to Jonestown
5 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE BEEN ASKED AGAIN AND AGAIN BY JOURNALISTS AND POLITICIANS: 'IS THERE SOME POSSIBILITY OF ANOTHER JONESTOWN IN YOUR COMMUNE?'

It is absolutely impossible. Even to think of it is absurd, because my whole philosophy of life is just the very opposite of Jim Jones'. What happened in Jonestown can happen anywhere in the world -- but not here. One thing is completely forgotten: Jim Jones was a Christian priest. He was a reverend, and nobody has tried to discover the roots of his philosophy in Christianity -- where they are! If he is related to anybody, he is related to Jesus, not to me. Because you have been brought up conditioned in Christianity.... To me, Christianity is not Christianity, but Crossianity. Its symbol is the cross, not Christ. It is based in the crucifixion. If there had been no crucifixion there would

have been no Christianity; nobody would have remembered even the name of Jesus. It was the foolishness of the Jews that they crucified him and created Christianity. If he had been simply ignored by his people... and there was nothing much in it. What he was saying were very simple truths which have been known for thousands of years. There was nothing new in it, there was nothing dangerous in it.

To crucify him was absolutely baseless. But it seems Jesus wanted it to happen, because before the crucifixion he was aware that he was going to be caught if he went to the festival; if he went into Jerusalem he was going to be caught and crucified. He was fully aware, it was known to everybody. There was no need to go there, but he was pulled towards Jerusalem as if pulled by a magnet, irresistibly. He was filled with this idea that "crucifixion will prove my messiahhood."

You have to understand the background. Jews have certain things that a messiah has to fulfill; one of them is crucifixion and resurrection. But resurrection is possible only if crucifixion happens. And Jesus was declaring himself to be the messiah, the awaited one, for whom the Jews have been waiting for centuries, who will redeem them from their suffering, their misery, and who will open the doors of heaven for them. They could not believe that this poor carpenter's son, utterly uneducated, is the messiah -- that "he is going to redeem us, he is going to redeem the whole of humanity from suffering."

And that's why they were insisting that the only test will be the cross. Jews were insisting for the cross, because that would prove whether he is a messiah or not. And Jesus was hankering for the cross and crucifixion, because unless

crucifixion happens, resurrection is impossible. It may happen, it may not happen after crucifixion, but it cannot happen without crucifixion -- that much is certain. So when he heard the news that he is going to be crucified at this year's festival he started moving towards Jerusalem.

He was a fanatic. In fact, all old so-called religions are fanatic because their faith is not based in reason, in science. Their faith is based in absolutely unprovable beliefs. Faith requires that you should not ask why. But the question why is absolutely natural. So to force the 'why' into your unconscious, to destroy your reason completely, you have to be a fanatic -- utterly stubborn; otherwise those questions will arise. If you are flexible, those whys will come up, and they will destroy your faith.

What grounds has Jesus got to prove that he is the messiah? He has not got any certificate from God... just because he says so. Jews wanted to bring this stupid young man to his senses. If he had a little intelligence and rationality he would have not gone there; there was no need. But then there was no need even to declare yourself a messiah or son of God -- which are all foolish. You cannot prove you are the son of God; nobody can prove it. Nobody can prove that God exists, what to say about the son! God is an unproved hypothesis. From one unproved hypothesis, another unproved hypothesis -- the son. A fanatic mind is needed, almost a madman. He really believed that he was the messiah. You can go to any madhouse....

When Winston Churchill was the prime minister of England, there were eight Churchills in the madhouses of England -- and each absolutely certain of it. And there was no way to disprove it -- that they were not Winston

Churchill. How to disprove it? The man says, "I know I am Winston Churchill."

A strange incident happened that brought this fact to light. Because of the war, after six in the evening everybody had to move into the houses; nobody was to remain outside. After six there was a strict curfew order. One day Churchill went for a walk and forgot that he had to return exactly at six. By the time he heard Big Ben, he was afraid: the house was still too far, he would not be able to reach it -- and if he was caught...! So he thought the best would be to knock on the first house rather than to be in a police station. And you know the British mind: they would have dragged him to a police station. Even if the man had recognized that he was Winston Churchill, it would have been of no help in Britain. He would have to prove it in the police station, and unless he proved it he would not be released. He thought it better to knock at the first door and ask, "Can I stay overnight?"

He knocked on the door. The man opened the door and he asked, "Can I stay overnight?"

The man who had opened the door asked, "Who are you?"

He said, "I am Winston Churchill, prime minister of England. You must have heard about me."

The man simply grabbed him and pulled him in. He said, "Come in. I have heard about you."

Churchill could not understand why he was behaving that way. He said, "What are you doing? I am really Winston Churchill."

He said, "I know. Three others are already here. This is a madhouse."

The whole night Winston Churchill had to remain there. He asked again and again, "Let me phone and inform your higher authorities that I am REALLY Winston Churchill." But the man said, "They all say that they are REALLY Winston Churchill, and they all want to phone to higher authorities. Who do we listen to? You four can discuss and argue and decide."

The whole night Winston Churchill had to live with three other Winston Churchills, who were absolutely, as absolutely certain as he was. Even he became suspicious: "Perhaps I have gone mad, perhaps these people are right."

And this is not the only case, it has happened many times. It happened in India when Jawaharlal Nehru was prime minister. The biggest madhouse in India is in Bareilli. Jawaharlal was going to visit the madhouse, and the authorities of the madhouse thought, "It will be good if we can release someone as cured. And one man, the psychologist and the psychiatrist have found, is completely cured." So they thought this would be good: from Jawaharlal's hands this man can be released from the madhouse, cured. He will be happy -- and certainly he was happy. Jawaharlal gave him a hug and told him, "I am happy that you are cured."

He said, "Yes, I am also happy. And believe me, if you remain here for three years you will be cured also. When I came I also used to believe that I am Jawaharlal Nehru -- just like you."

Now, these messiahs are basically insane. And Jesus believed totally that crucifixion was going to prove him right. That's why I say there must be a hidden current of a suicidal wish, which nobody has bothered to look into. He

went to the cross, and on the cross also he was still asking God, "Now is the time. Have you forsaken me?" He was asking for the miracle, for the resurrection, so he could prove to the Jews that he was their messiah. If anybody was responsible for the crucifixion, he himself was responsible. He asked for it.

And no Jewish source says that there was a resurrection, no contemporary source says that there was a resurrection. Only the New Testament, the four disciples of Jesus, say that there was a resurrection. It is fictitious. If there was a resurrection, then what happened? If Jesus resurrected, then when did he die? Where did he die? Where lies his body? Christians don't have any answer for that. There was no resurrection. But because of the resurrection and the crucifixion, the cross became the symbol of Christianity. I call it, therefore, Crossianity. It became death-oriented. It became anti-life. In fact, all the religions have been anti-life. They are all looking for a better life -- after death.

You know the Jewish and Christian story, why Adam and Eve were expelled from the paradise of God. What was their crime? For what were they punished? God had told them that they were not to eat fruits from two trees. Ordinarily, Christians only mention one tree. That is not true. God had told them not to eat from two trees. One tree, that Christians mention, is the tree of knowledge. And the other tree, that Christians don't mention, are afraid to mention, is the tree of life, eternal life.

And what kind of God -- who is preventing his son, his daughter... telling you to remain ignorant, not to eat from the tree of knowledge, and remain lifeless, without the juice of life, eternal life, flowing in you -- what kind of father is

this? This man seems to be the enemy, not the father. And that's why it was very easy for the serpent to persuade Eve. You would have been persuaded, anybody would have been persuaded. The argument that the devil gave to Eve was, "God wants you to remain ignorant, and also wants you to remain unaware of the eternal possibility of life energy, because if you know these two things, you will be yourself equal to God; and he is jealous...."And it makes sense, because the Jewish God is very jealous; he does not want Eve and Adam to become equal to him. They should remain dependent. For wisdom, for life, they should always remain dependent on him.

No, this is not love. This is not compassion. This is not like a father. But you see, he is dividing them from two things: knowledge -- which today we call science, science means knowledge.... All that you have today, all your comforts, your luxuries, your health, your long life, is because of science. Take away whatever science has given to you and where will you be? What will you be? -- just a naked animal, far weaker than any animal around. You will not be able to survive.

Knowledge is not a sin. And to feel life and to live life in its totality, and to live it with such passion and intensity that each moment becomes a moment of eternity -- that should be the goal of a religion. And that is what I have been teaching to you: eat from the tree of knowledge. Become a knower. All ignorance and darkness should disappear from you. You should become more conscious, more knowing, more aware; that's what I have been teaching. And live life so passionately, so lovingly, so totally, that you can taste something of eternity in it. And

whenever you live any moment, forgetting the past, forgetting the future, that moment gives you the taste of eternity.

Exactly what God has told to Adam and Eve, I am telling you just the opposite: those are the two trees you have to search for and eat their fruit.

If I have to write The Bible, then I cannot make God say, "Don't eat the fruit of knowledge, the fruit of life." Then what is left? Just to vegetate like animals? Then what is the difference between animals and man? But God was very angry. It says he drove out Adam and Eve. I don't know what model of car he was using -- must have been a Ford, Model T. He drove them out! What was their crime? Disobedience. But it was worth it.

I teach you that disobedience.

If Adam and Eve had not disobeyed, there would have been no humanity. You would have been still in the jungles, naked animals. You would not have been able to create the world that you have created.

Reverend Jim Jones is a Christian priest. He is against knowledge, he is against life -- as all Christians are, whether they know it or not. You can look at the whole tradition of the popes. They have been fighting, at each step, any progress of science. They have been trying to cripple science, to destroy science. This is the same story: the fruit of knowledge should not be eaten.

The popes are all criminals, because to stop knowledge, to stop the growth of science, is far more criminal than to murder man. Nothing can be more criminal than that. But even today, any progress in science and every effort is made to stop it; because it is dangerous to the vested

interests of politicians and the priests it has to be stopped. Man should not become too wise; otherwise you will not be able to make humanity a feeding place for slaves.

On small things the popes have been reluctant... very small things. The Bible says the earth is flat. Of course, it looks flat -- because it is so vast you can't see its roundness. Just standing on the earth you can see it is flat. Don't believe your eyes, they can deceive you many times. So when for the first time it was said that the earth is a globe, it is round, immediately the pope comes in -- that it goes against The Bible. So what?

If it goes against The Bible, throw The Bible away! It proves The Bible is wrong. It proves that The Bible is not written by God; otherwise he would not have been so stupid. At least God sitting in heaven could have seen the roundness of the earth. Human beings cannot see it; they are standing on the earth itself, their vision is not so vast. But God, sitting in seventh heaven.... You can see the roundness of the moon, the roundness of other planets -- cannot God see the roundness of the earth? It is a planet.

If The Bible was listened to, America would not have been discovered. It was discovered against The Bible, remember; it stands as proof against The Bible. This man Columbus did not listen to the priests, to the popes, did not listen to all the advisors, and jumped and risked his life. "Because," he argued, "if the earth is round, then how many days it takes does not matter; if I go on and on and on, I will come back to the same point -- if the earth is round." It was through tremendous courage, rebelliousness, disobedience, that he discovered America. He thought it was India -- hence the Red Indians; he thought he had discovered India. It was

only later on that he found that this was not India, this was absolutely a new place, a new world.

The Bible says the sun goes around the earth. Yes, it appears so, because we are on the planet earth, and the earth is moving so fast we cannot feel its movement. And to feel movement you have to see something unmoving; only in comparison can you feel the movement. When you are moving in a train, you know that you are moving because the trees are standing by the side, the stations are standing there, and you are passing them by. But sometimes, if two trains are moving together in the same direction, with the same speed, you may for a moment become confused as to whether your train is standing or moving, or whether the other train is moving or standing, unless you see something static to compare with. Because we are on the planet earth and everything is moving with us -- the trees, the mountains, the oceans, everything is moving with us with tremendous speed -- we cannot feel it.

But Galileo was forced to change his statement. The pope dictated to him: "You have to write in your discoveries that the sun goes round the earth, not vice versa" -- because if the earth goes round the sun, then The Bible is proved wrong. It is so idiotic. As if we are here just to prove everything in The Bible right! Truth nobody is concerned about; The Bible has to be proved right by the Christians, the Koran has to be proved right by the Mohammedans, the Gita has to be proved right by the Hindus. Nobody is interested in the truth.

My whole interest is truth.

And truth is every day expanding, opening new dimensions. And of course the old books and old messiahs

are bound to become outdated -- but they don't. The dead go on ruling over the living.
They have all taught that this life is a punishment. Hindus say it is a punishment, Buddhists say it is a punishment, Christians say it is a punishment. Hindus, Jainas, Mohammedans, they all say it is a punishment. And if it is a punishment, if you are imprisoned in life, then naturally suicide should not be condemned. That's a way out.
I say to you it is a reward, not a punishment. You have been rewarded with life and consciousness. You are unique in this existence. Trees have life, but not consciousness. Animals have brains, but not the possibility of awareness. Man is the supremost in this whole existence.
How can I say destroy yourself? Reverend Jim Jones can say it: it is a punishment. If it is an imprisonment, get out of it -- any way! The way does not matter. And after life is the 'real' paradise. All these religions have been anti-life, against life. Then naturally they have been teaching you, some way or other, "Accept the misery, accept the suffering. Soon death will come and all will be over, and you will be in heaven."
And you should look at their contradictions. Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Do you see the contradiction? Blessed are the poor -- for what reason? Poverty is the source of all kinds of crimes, miseries, sufferings. But blessed are the poor -- good consolation, to keep the poor drugged. This consolation is far more successful than any LSD, because LSD wears out within hours. This drug has not gone out of the system of man for thousands of years: blessed are the

poor. And what is the reason that they are blessed? -- because they are going to inherit the kingdom of God.
I would like you to see the contradiction: if the kingdom of God is the reason that makes them blessed, then poverty is not a blessing. It is just a means to the kingdom of God, where all pleasures will be available, all your fantasies will be fulfilled.
Jesus says, "It is possible for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, but it is not possible for a rich man to pass through the gates of heaven." Ninety-nine percent of the people on the earth have been poor. And these people, Jesus or Buddha or Mohammed, have no idea how to destroy this poverty. Only science is capable of destroying it, and only a scientific mind can manage to make the earth rich, and can make it a blessing. But the unscientific religious mind goes on interfering.
The pope is continually interfering. He will not allow birth control; it is a sin -- sin against God. And what kind of God is this who can't see that the earth is overburdened with the population? People are starving and dying and he goes on sending people. He should send with each person a small piece of earth and other things too -- just naked he sends them. And the pope is there, the shankaracharya is there, Jaina monks are there, Mohammedan imams are there -- all against birth control, because it is against God.
Now these are the people... if some day this whole earth dies out of this explosion of population, then these people will be responsible for it. They are against abortion. Now, without birth control, without abortion, there is no possibility for this earth to be rich. And all these religions go on praising poverty. When you praise poverty, how are

you going to destroy it? When you respect and praise poverty, of course you are going to protect it. It is something respectable -- they don't condemn it. They can't condemn it, because they are living off it, exploiting it. Now Mother Teresa... where will she be, and who is going to give a Nobel prize to a Mother Teresa if there are not orphans dying in the streets? Those orphans are needed for a Mother Teresa to be. Those orphans are absolutely needed, otherwise the Nobel prize will be missed by Mother Teresa. So she is against abortion, against birth control. Let orphans come; let them come more and more -- because these are the people who are being turned into Christians.

You will be surprised -- in India I have been watching for thirty years -- not a single rich man is being converted to Christianity. I was amazed. Not a single rich man, not even a middle-class man; not a single educated person, cultured person; not a single brahmin, not a single Jaina is converted to Christianity. Who is converted to Christianity? Orphans, aboriginals who are living almost five thousand years back, and to change them to Christianity is so easy.

I am reminded of an incident that happened in front of my eyes. In central India there is a state, Bastar -- it is absolutely populated by aboriginals: no schools, no hospitals, no education, nothing. They lived naked. With much difficulty they manage one meal a day, and what is that meal? -- just a little rice and fish, that's all. These people are being converted to Christianity. You don't need great argumentation with them. How do you convert these people? I went to see one conversion. I had to walk twenty-

five miles to reach that place, because no road goes there, no train goes there.

How was the conversion being managed? A Christian priest was talking to the aboriginals. I listened, sitting at the back: a cold winter night, so there is a bonfire, and in that light -- that is the only light and the only warmth -- those people are naked and shivering. And the Christian priest takes out from his bag two statues, one of Jesus and one of Rama. Those aboriginals believe in Rama, the Hindu avatara, the incarnation of God according to Hindus.

He has a bucket full of water by his side and he says, "Look, I will do a simple thing for you. This is Rama and this is Christ." Both statues look exactly the same. He puts both the statues in the bucket of water. Rama's statue drowns, of course, because Rama never walked on water. Jesus' statue remains floating and the aboriginals all clap, and they say, "Great!"

And the missionary says, "Jesus saves. How can Rama save you? He cannot save himself. You are seeing it in front of your eyes...."

I had to stand up, and I said, "Wait." I asked the aboriginals, "Have you ever heard of a water test?"

They said, "No."

"Have you ever heard of a fire test?"

They said, "Yes!" The fire test is the only real test. When Rama had to test his wife's purity, she had to pass through fire.

I said, "Okay, the bonfire is there, now bring both those statues." The priest started hesitating. I said, "You stop, and don't try to escape from here. The fire test has to be taken" -- because I can see the statue of Jesus is of wood and

Rama's statue is of steel. I threw both the statues in the fire. Of course, Jesus -- poor Jesus! -- burned; Rama came out alive. And the aboriginals were very angry; they were ready to beat the priest. I said, "No, there is no need to beat him." But poor people, uneducated people, who know no argumentation, are being converted. And they are being told to go on creating more and more children, because there is this politics of numbers. How many Catholics, how many Christians, how many Mohammedans -- that is going to decide who is going to rule the world. They are not interested in humanity. And they are all promising these people that in future, after life, you will be getting all that rich people are getting here. It's strange: all that the rich people are getting here is possible here for everybody. Why wait for death? And what basis have you got, that after death you get these things? Has anybody returned and told? In India there is a place, Surat, and in that area is a Mohammedan sect. Its high priest lives there. It is a very rich sect, the Boharas. And the high priest has been exploiting those poor, rich Boharas for centuries. When a Bohara dies, he has to donate a large amount of money to the high priest. And the high priest gives him a certificate, and promises him -- just like a promissory note -- promises him, "You will get back a thousandfold when you will show this note to God." And people have been giving millions of rupees and getting those certificates. Those certificates are put with them in their pocket, and they go into the grave believing that when they show it to God....
I was staying at a Bohara friend's house. His father had died just a few days before, and they had donated a lot of

money. They were really rich people and he said that this type of certificate had been given.
I said, "Do one thing: take me to your father's grave tonight, and we will see whether the certificate is still there or not."
He said, "But what is the point of it?"
I said, "I will tell you the point later on. First let us see." Of course, the certificate was there. I said, "Look. Your father is gone, this is only the dead body. And he has not taken the certificate with him. Now what is he going to show to God? -- and you are an educated person, and putting a certificate in a dead man's pocket...!" But it continues, it goes on.
I have met the high priest who is a Ph.D., D.Litt. from Oxford -- a very educated man. I said, "At least a man of your education should not do such exploitation."
He could not look me in the eye. He said, "Whenever you come to me, you disturb my sleep. For a few days it becomes difficult to sleep, you create such inconvenient questions."
I said, "It is not me creating them, it is you. You drop all this nonsense. A man of education, a cultured man, should come out, should say to people, 'You have been deceived.'" There is no life after death, as you know life. And if there is any life you have to learn to live now, and you have to live it so totally and intensely that if there is any life after death you will be able to live there too. If there is not, there is no question. That should always be the rational person's approach.
I don't say anything about heaven or hell, punishment or reward. I simply say to you: go on dying to the past so it is

not a burden on your head. And do not live in the future, which is not yet. Concentrate your whole energy here now. Pour it in this moment, with totality, with as much intensity as you can manage. And that moment you will feel life. To me that life is equivalent to God. There is no other God than this life. Of course, if after death you survive, you will know the art of living and you will continue. If you don't survive, there is no problem.

So it is impossible in my commune, absolutely impossible, that anything like Jonestown can happen. But journalists go on searching for sensation. Their whole business depends on sensation. They exploit the lowest instincts of humanity. Journalism has not yet come of age. It has not become mature yet. So if there is a rape, it is news. If there is murder, it is news. If there is suicide, it is news. Anything ugly, disgusting, criminal, is news, and anything beautiful is not news. If a dog bites a man it is not news, it is natural; but if a man bites a dog, then it is news. Then the journalist is not interested whether it is true or not; then it is enough, the rumor is enough.

There is an old definition of a philosopher: a philosopher is a blind man in a dark house with no light, on a dark night, looking for a black cat which is not there. This is an old definition of a philosopher. Let me add something more to it. The journalist is the man who finds it. Then it is news.

This commune, which knows only love, life and laughter; this commune, which does not believe in any heaven, in any hell; this commune, which does not believe in following, in believing, in faith -- how is a Jonestown possible here? This is the only place where it is impossible. Anywhere else it can be possible, because death

everywhere is worshipped, glorified, and the world beyond death is emphasized continuously: that you have to sacrifice this life for that life which is to come after death. My emphasis is just the opposite: sacrifice that for this. Sacrifice everything for this moment. Rejoice this moment, and if you are capable of rejoicing this moment, you will be able to erase the suicidal instinct from your being completely.

If you can rejoice in this life totally, you will not be bothered at all what happens after death -- because so much will be happening now that you cannot imagine that more is possible.

And you say journalists and politicians have been asking you the question. Journalists are poor people -- just living, exploiting the lower instincts of man and the lower curiosities of man. They are not very harmful, they are not dangerous. At the most they create amusement and people just enjoy. They themselves cannot rape; they enjoy a rape story. They would like to murder, but they cannot murder, it is too risky; they enjoy the murder story. They have thought many times to commit suicide -- remember, it is very difficult to find a man who has not at one time in his life thought of dropping it all, and being finished with it all -- but they have not been able to gather courage. It needs a little courage to commit suicide -- just a little courage, not much. Real courage is needed to live. Just a little courage is needed to commit suicide -- a momentary emotional courage, just for a moment, for a flash. But they have not been able to do it themselves. Somebody else has done it; they enjoy the story.

People enjoy only that which they would like to do but are not capable of -- their circumstances don't permit, whatsoever the cause -- but they can at least enjoy it. They can get identified. In a movie, in television, in a story, in a novel, in a newspaper, they get identified with those people that they would like to become but they cannot. They may condemn, that is their mask; deep down they are enjoying it. Otherwise, why so much interest in Jonestown? He was mad. And who were his followers? All uneducated, mostly black people, not understanding anything -- what kind of congregation had he got? But he managed to draw the attention of the whole world just by committing suicide. Otherwise nobody would have ever known the Reverend Jim Jones and his people. By committing suicide he has managed good publicity. And that's all he wanted: to become famous.

One university has done research in my commune. Sixty percent of people are graduates from some university. Twenty percent have postgraduate degrees -- one M.A., two M.A.'s, three M.A.'s. Ten percent of people have Ph.D.'s -- one Ph.D., two Ph.D.'s, three Ph.D.'s. Three percent of people have D.Litt.'s, B Sc.'s, Doctor of Education, LL.D.'s. Now, this kind of people you compare with Jonestown? You cannot find such a caliber anywhere in one commune. These intelligent people have not gathered here to commit suicide -- that they could have done anywhere. They have gathered here to share life with me, to have something of the eternal, to taste it.

But the politicians are dangerous people. Journalists are nothing to be much worried about, but politicians are dangerous people. It can never become a Jonestown, but

politicians can make it a Dachau, Auschwitz, Buchenwald. Politicians can do that, they have already started doing it. They declare the city illegal. Now, where seven thousand people are living without any crime, without any drugs, without any problem, without harming anybody, the city is illegal! No illegality is committed -- the city is illegal. And the illegal cities, which are committing all illegalities, are legal.

They want this city to be demolished because of their land use laws. And none of those idiots has come to see how we are using the land. Can they use it more creatively than we are using it? And for fifty years nobody was using the land; they were happy, that was good use. Now we are creating out of it. We are a self-sufficient commune. We are producing our food, our vegetables, our fruits; we are making every effort to make it self-sufficient.

This desert... somehow it seems to be a destiny of people like me. Moses ended up in a desert. I have ended up in a desert and we are trying to make it green. We have made it green. If you go around my house you cannot think it is Oregon; you will think it is Kashmir. There was not a single tree when I arrived. There was no greenery. I was simply shocked when Sheela brought me here; the house was standing naked. And I have always lived in beautiful gardens; wherever I have lived, I have created a beautiful garden.

We have turned the place, with great effort, into fertility. Our people are working twelve, fourteen hours a day; and they don't come to see what has happened here. Just sitting in the Capitol they decide that it is land-use, and it is against land-use laws. If this is against land-use laws, then

your land-use laws are bogus and should be burned. But first come and see, and prove that this is against land-use laws. But they are afraid to come here.
They would like to come one day, for which they are trying.... The county asked for the city plan, it incorporated the city plan -- and then the pressure from above, and the city plan is rejected, it is taken out. But in their own county plan there are many places where Rajneeshpuram is mentioned that they forgot. So just two days ago, they have again crossed it out everywhere, because they want that no place like this exists.
Seven thousand people are living here and no place like this exists! First they will cross it out from their books, from their maps, because it has come onto their maps -- because for two years it has been a legal city and the government has been giving it every support that a city needs. But now suddenly it has become illegal. Now from maps the name will be removed, from geography books the name will be removed, from road signs the name will be removed.
I have heard that it used to happen in Soviet Russia: Stalin removed all those names that he did not want. When the Russian revolution succeeded, Trotsky was the second man to Lenin, not Stalin; Stalin was nowhere. But Trotsky was killed, murdered, in Mexico, because he had to escape. Then there is every possibility Lenin was poisoned.... And then Stalin started writing the whole history again. Then pictures of Trotsky disappeared, and Stalin's pictures started appearing in place of Trotsky's pictures, second to Lenin -- all tricks with photography. All history books were changed. When Khrushchev came to power he did the same with Stalin -- his name was removed, his books were pulled

out, burned. Not only that, his grave, which was made by the side of Lenin, near the Kremlin wall, was removed. His bones were taken out and sent back to his village where he was born.

I have heard: Khrushchev was addressing the presidium, and was telling them that Stalin has committed a great crime against communism. He has murdered millions of men. One man from the back said, "But you were with Stalin all this time, why did not you say anything?" Khrushchev said, "Please stand up and tell your name." Nobody stood. Khrushchev said, "Do you know now why I was silent?"

I have always respected America as a country of democracy. I have always appreciated the respect for the individual, for freedom, freedom of expression. I have always loved the American Constitution. And now I feel it would have been better if I had not come here, because now I am feeling absolutely disappointed. That constitution is bogus. These words: individual, freedom, capitalism, freedom of expression, are all just words. Behind the screen it is the same politician, the same ugly face, the same mean mind -- because in my opinion only the meanest people in the world are attracted towards politics; the meanest, the lowest, because they know they can only do something if they have power. You need power only to do something harmful; otherwise love is enough, compassion is enough. And for compassion you need not be a president of a country, for love you need not be a prime minister.

So I say to you: this commune by itself can never become a Jonestown -- that is impossible. But these politicians can bomb it, can destroy it. They have been talking in those

exact terms: that we should be thrown out of America, that we should be slaughtered. It is possible, because for the politician everything is possible -- because every politician is a potential Adolf Hitler, a Joseph Stalin, a Benito Mussolini.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #8
Chapter title: Will-to-power: The Cancer of the Soul
6 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY ARE YOU AGAINST THE POLITICIANS?

I am not against anybody. I have no grudge, no competition, no jealousy. Why should I be against the politicians? I am not a politician. But my statements can be misunderstood.
I am against the disease called wilI-to-power. This is the greatest disease, as far as man's consciousness and its growth is concerned. It is just like cancer; it is the cancer of the soul. Will-to-power can express itself in many ways. The easiest is politics, because it does not need much intelligence. All that it needs is the capacity to create false hopes in the masses, hopes which have never been fulfilled, which were never meant to be fulfilled; their purpose was something else. And the masses are in suffering. They are poor, they are ignorant. They also need all the comforts of

life, they also want to live like human beings, with dignity. The politician gives them the hope, and exploits the hope for his own purpose, because once he gets the power, once he becomes somebody -- a prime minister, a president -- then something in him feels at ease. It was his psychological need.

These people are basically, deep down, impotent -- hence the urge to power. They feel their weakness and powerlessness; they know they are nobodies. But if they can convince the mediocre mob that they will be fulfilling their needs, then it is a mutual understanding, a bargain. Then the masses give them power. Once they have got the power, they forget all their promises; in fact, they never meant them, and once they have the power, then you see their real face.

Lord Acton was absolutely right when he said, "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." But he was not aware of why power corrupts, how power can corrupt. The man must be carrying the seeds of corruption already but was incapable of doing anything; he needed power. Once he has the power, then slowly his mask starts falling away and you will see within him the egoist in its utter nudity. The politician is nothing but an egoist. Inside he feels empty -- and afraid of that emptiness. He wants to be somebody so that he can forget his own emptiness. Power gives him the chance. He can see that millions of people are under his thumb. He can convince himself that he is not a nobody, he is somebody special. And he starts behaving that way. He starts misusing the power. Once he is in power, then he never wants to be out of it. Then he always wants to remain in power, because now he knows

perfectly well that out of power he will be more aware than ever of his emptiness and his impotence.

What I am against is the game of the ego. Who plays it, in what subtle ways one plays it, is a totally different matter. The politician is the most apparent player of the game. The religious messiah, avatara, tirthankara, paigambara -- Jesus, Mohammed, Krishna, Buddha -- they are on the same trip, it is the same number; but it will need tremendous intelligence to see their power game. The politician is nothing compared to them. The politician is playing a very trivial game.

But when Jesus says, "I am the son of God, the only begotten son" -- what is it, if not a power trip? He says, "I am the awaited messiah of the Jews and I have come to redeem the whole of humanity from suffering, misery. Those who follow me will enter into the kingdom of God, and those who do not follow me will fall into hell's darkness for eternity" -- this is the same will-to-power, but in a religious garb. It is difficult to detect it; it is more subtle, more refined, more polished. When Krishna says to Arjuna, "Leave everything aside and come to my feet; I am your deliverance" -- what is he saying? What is he asking? It is the same need.

When Mohammed says, "I am the messenger of God, and I am the last messenger; after me no messenger will be coming again. I have brought you the ultimate word. Yes, before me there have been a few messengers, but because humanity was not prepared, their messages were incomplete. I bring you the complete message, the absolute message; all that you have to do is to believe in me." One God, one messenger of God -- that is Mohammed -- and

one book of God -- that is Mohammed's written book, the Koran -- these are the three fundamentals of a Mohammedan. One God, one messenger, one book -- nothing has to be added. These power-hungry people have always been afraid that somebody later on may prove better.

Mahavira says, "I am the last tirthankara of the Jainas. Now the message is delivered in its total completeness, and there will be no more tirthankaras. What is he saying? Twenty-five hundred years ago he closed the door. Darwin had not happened yet, Freud had not happened yet, Marx had not happened yet, Einstein had not happened yet -- and he closed the doors. The message was complete.

In fact the whole of science has happened within three hundred years, and the last religion is Sikhism, which is five hundred years old. After Sikhism there has not been any great religion. And in these three hundred years everything has gone upside down. Up to three hundred years ago, Aristotle was the father of logic and the last word in logic. Not any more. His logic has not proved true to the latest discoveries of science. It was such a great problem for the scientists when they discovered phenomena which went against Aristotle's logic. They had never thought that anything could happen contrary to Aristotle's logic. But Aristotle cannot dictate to existence. These people tried in every way somehow to fit things into the Aristotelian system, but it was impossible.

And then, finally, they had to accept non-Aristotelian logic. They had to accept a simple fact -- that nature, existence, has to be listened to. What we impose upon it may be true for the time being; tomorrow we may discover more, it may

be proved wrong. Three hundred years ago, Euclid's geometry was the only geometry, and a complete science. It is not any more. Non-Euclidian geometry has taken its place. Because of the great discoveries in science, it became absolutely necessary that we think contrary to Euclid, contrary to Aristotle.

Mahavira, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Moses, Mohammed -- they all happened before science had even started scratching the very beginning of things. But they all thought that with them evolution stops, with them time stops. No, time does not stop with anybody. Evolution does not stop with anybody. These are all egoistic claims. The ego would like to say that "everything stops with me -- I am the ultimate happening. Nothing more, nothing better, nothing higher is going to happen." Even Gautam Buddha forgets completely. He declares, "I am the highest awakened person, the suprememost awakened person. Nobody has been so awakened before, and nobody will be so awakened again. Nobody is higher than me, and nobody will ever be higher than me."

And these people, on the other hand, go on teaching, "Be humble. Drop the ego." It seems to be a beautiful arrangement. To the people say, "Be humble" -- and you be the only begotten son of God! To the people say, "Be egoless" -- and you declare yourself the suprememost awakened person! Not only are you the highest up to now, you are even closing it for the future -- nobody can transcend you.

In India there is a religion, Radhaswami. They have a list; they think there are fifteen stages of the evolution of the soul. Mohammed is on the third stage -- I am just telling

you as an example -- Jesus is on the fourth stage, one stage higher; Krishna is on the fifth, one stage higher; Buddha on the tenth. They have put all the names in categories. Their guru, who is not known outside India, not known outside the city of Agra -- it is a very small sect -- he has reached to the fifteenth, the last. There is no other stage above it.

I was visiting their temple -- they are making a temple just according to the same power trip. Agra has the Taj Mahal, one of the most beautiful creations of man; they are making a better temple, just to defeat the Taj Mahal! They have been working for almost sixty years on it; only one floor, the ground floor, is ready. It will take at least two hundred years more. But the way they are doing it... even from the incomplete structure you can see that, if they succeed -- which seems to be difficult -- if they succeed in making it they will defeat the Taj Mahal. You can see, just whatsoever they have done is superb. That was their guru's wish: that his samadhi, his memorial, should be better than the Taj Mahal, "Otherwise don't make it. If you make it, then it has to be better than the Taj Mahal. If you cannot manage...."

It was difficult. The Taj Mahal was made by a great emperor, Shahjehan, who ruled over India. Perhaps at the time Shahjehan ruled, India was four times bigger than it is today, because his empire spread beyond, far beyond the boundaries of today's India. Afghanistan was part of it, Burma was part of it, Ceylon was part of it. Shahjehan's empire was certainly four times or more bigger than India is today.

And he was making this memorial for his wife -- that too, again, the same game. You will be surprised: it was not out

of love. He had many wives; Mumtaj Mahal was just one of them. Perhaps she used to meet him once a year, because if you have four or five hundred wives.... And I don't think he would have recognized her if he had suddenly met her in the marketplace. He may not have seen her more than a half-a-dozen times in her whole life. But she died. She was the first one in the whole army of his wives, so he decided to make a memorial which would be the best in the world. He forgot at the time... what about his memorial?

Twenty thousand people continued to work for twenty years to make the Taj Mahal. All the best artists who could work on marble, from all over the known world, were brought to Agra. And when the Taj Mahal was complete.... Taj Mahal is so named because the wife's name was Mumtaj; hence Taj Mahal, the palace of Taj -- 'Taj' he used to call her lovingly. Then he started making his own memorial before he died, because he was absolutely certain that his son would not be able to put so much energy and so much money into it.

And now it was a great problem before him -- he recognized it only when the Taj Mahal was complete -- that "my memorial has to be better than the Taj Mahal." Of course the husband's memorial has to be better than the wife's, the male chauvinist is everywhere -- but it is the same power trip. So on one side of the River Yamuna is the Taj Mahal; it is made of white marble. He started to make another memorial on the other side of the river with black marble, and it was going to be better than the Taj Mahal. It is only half complete, but you can see it would have been better if Shahjehan had lived to complete it. He died -- he

was old -- and his son simply dropped the whole project, it was too costly.
So there lies an incomplete memorial which was going to be bigger than the Taj Mahal. And then, with these Radhaswamis, there is again another which is certainly better -- if it succeeds, which is almost impossible because it is such a small sect: very rich, very creative, but to compete with Shahjehan is not possible. And do you know what Shahjehan's son Jehangir did? Not only did he discontinue the project, he cut off the hands of the best artists so that nobody could make anything comparable to the complete Taj Mahal or the incomplete memorial of his father. That was the reward given to those people who had worked almost three generations. Ego trips....
So I was invited to this temple. They told me, "Our master has taught us that there are fifteen stages, and this is the way he has described who is where -- who is who and who is where. What do you think?" they asked me.
I said, "Your master is right, because from the fifteenth I can see him trying to reach to the sixteenth, but he goes on slipping, it is very slippery -- this is the last. The poor fellow goes on falling -- I know him." These stupid people! But, in the name of religion, it is the same will-to-power. You will find it very refined in the poets, in the painters, in other artists, singers, dancers -- but it is the same.
So I am not against the politicians, I am against the will-to-power, because the will-to-power is nothing but ego projection, and that is the greatest barrier between you and existence. The bigger ego you have, the farther away you are from existence. If it is not there... the meeting, the merger.

But I will not tell you to drop the ego. I am fully aware how cunning the ego is. It can even play the game of dropping itself, and you can say, "Look, I am the humblest person in the world, the most egoless." It has come in from the back door again; now you are the humblest, the most egoless -- but you have to be somebody special and extraordinary.

I only say to you: if you try to drop it, it will come in from the back door. Just try to understand its games, that's enough. Just try to see how many games it can play, in how many ways it can deceive you. Just be alert. And if you are aware of all the possible ways of the ego, it disappears just like darkness disappears when you bring a lighted candle in. And you start looking with the candle where the darkness is. And you go on looking... and wherever you go it is not... wherever you go it is not.

When the light is there, the darkness disappears. It is not that darkness escapes; darkness does not exist at all. It is only an absence of light.

Ego is just like darkness; it has no existence of its own. It is only the absence of awareness. So I don't say drop the ego, I say watch it. Be watchful, observe it -- and you will find it in so many layers that you will be surprised. The politician is a gross egoist. The saint may be a very subtle egoist. He is in more danger than the politician, because the gross can be caught very easily. I know both. I know the grossest politician and I know the subtlest saint, and I know all the categories in between. I have met all these people.

My whole life's work is to find out the basic problem of humanity. And once we know the basic problem of humanity, it is not difficult at all to dissolve it. In fact, in

the very finding it dissolves, because your awareness becomes a light unto itself.

I cannot say I am a messiah, I cannot say I am the avatara, because I know those are subtle ego games. All that I can say is: I am just as ordinary as anybody, or as extraordinary as everybody.

In existence, the smallest blade of grass has the same significance and the same beauty as the greatest star. There is no hierarchy. There is nobody higher, nobody lower.

I am not against anybody. But my basic work is to expose before you all the diseases, the bondages, so that you are not caught in them, so you can remain free, so you can have a merger with existence, without any barrier. And ego is the only barrier. It can come in so many ways that unless you are really alert it will deceive you. It can become so subtle -- almost like a shadow -- that it will follow you, and you will not be aware of it.

I would like to tell you a small story. Two monks, Buddhist monks, are returning to their monastery; they come to a ford. The current is very powerful. It is a hilly place. A young, beautiful girl is waiting there, waiting for somebody to help her to cross. She is afraid to enter alone.

One monk, who is the older one of course... because he is older, he walks ahead -- all games of the ego. If you are older, you have to walk ahead; younger monks have to walk a little back. They cannot walk parallel to the older monk; of course, they cannot walk ahead. And these are the people who are talking continuously of dropping the ego! Even physical age is used to fulfill a certain ego. The older monk comes first. The young girl asks him, "Bhante" -- Bhante is the Buddhist equivalent of 'reverend' -- "Bhante,

would you help me; just hold my hand? I am afraid, the current is so strong and perhaps it may be deep."
The old man closes his eyes -- that's what Buddha had said to the monks: that if you see a woman, particularly if she is beautiful, close your eyes. But I am surprised: you have already seen her, then you close your eyes; otherwise how can you determine she is a woman, and beautiful? You are already affected, and now you close your eyes. And remember, with closed eyes the beautiful woman will become even more beautiful -- she will become a dream girl. And Buddha had said, "Don't talk, don't touch a woman" -- because just talking, you may get caught; touching, you may forget that you are a monk.
So he closes his eyes and enters the ford without answering the woman. You see the ugliness of it. And these people are saying, "Help, serve"and that poor girl was simply asking, "Hold my hand, just for a few seconds, so I can pass the ford." And the man closed his eyes.
Then the second, younger monk comes. The girl is afraid, but there is nothing else to call upon: the sun is setting, soon it will be night. She cannot go back, the town is far away. She has to go ahead, then only can she reach her home before it becomes too dark. But how to pass this ford? So under compulsion she asks the young monk, "Bhante, will you please hold my hand? The ford seems to be deep and the current strong... and I am afraid."
The monk says, "It is deep, I know, because we pass through it every day. On the other side is our monastery, so to beg food we have to come to this side to the village. It is deep, and it is good that you have not entered alone, otherwise you would have gone with it. And just holding

hands won't do; you just sit on my shoulders and I will carry you to the other side."
The young girl jumps on his shoulders; he carries her to the other side. When they are just in the middle of the ford, the old monk remembers that a younger fellow is coming behind, and he is too young and too new, he may get caught in the devil's net -- the woman is the devil's net. Perhaps it is the devil himself standing in the form of a young, beautiful girl. He opens his eyes, and what he sees he cannot believe: the young monk is carrying the beautiful girl on his shoulders. Now he is tremendously angry, shaking with anger.
The young monk leaves the girl on the other shore and follows the older monk towards the monastery. When they reach the monastery door -- it must have been two or three miles from the ford -- on the steps the older monk stands and says to the young one, "You, fellow, you have committed a sin and I am going to report to the Buddha that not only you touched a woman, not only you talked with her, you carried her on your shoulders. You should be expelled from the community; you are not worthy of being a monk."

The young man simply laughs and says, "Bhante, it seems although I have dropped that girl three miles back, you are still carrying her on your shoulders. Three miles have passed, and you are still bothered by it?"
This is what happens if you start fighting with anything -- it may be sex, it may be ego, it may be greed, it may be fear, it may be anger, whatsoever -- if you start fighting with it. And how will you drop it? Other than fight, how are you

going to drop it? You will push hard but where will you push it? Anything pushed goes deep down into your own unconscious. And anything in the unconscious is far more powerful than in the conscious, because conscious is only one part; the unconscious is nine times bigger than that. And in the conscious mind at least you are aware what is there. In the unconscious mind it is so dark, you don't know what is there; and it is nine times bigger, more powerful. It can take over your conscious effort any moment.

Now, what is happening to this old monk? Many things at the same time. The girl was beautiful; he has missed a chance. He is angry. He is jealous. He is full of sexuality. He is what he is saying the younger one is -- really in a mess. The younger one is completely clean. He took the girl over and left her on the other shore, and that's that, the thing is finished. But the younger monk must have been of tremendous awareness.

That awareness is my teaching. Never fight with greed, ego, anger, jealousy, hatred -- all those enemies that the religions have been telling you, "Fight with them, crush them, kill them. You cannot kill them, you cannot crush them, you cannot fight with them; all that you can do is just be aware of them.

And the moment you are aware, they are gone. In the light, the darkness simply disappears.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF COMMUNISM?

Yes and no. First let us discuss the no. I am against the communism that exists in the Soviet Union, in China, and in other communist countries. I am against the communism that Karl Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao, these people, have given birth to, because what they have given birth to is not communism; that's why I am against it.

What they have given birth to is a dictatorial, inhuman, slave society -- undemocratic, with no respect for the individual and no recognition even for the individual. He is only a number, just as in the army numbers exist. One man dies: on the army board, number eight is killed, or number eight is lost, not found. But do you see the psychological difference? Number eight has no wife, no children, no mother, no old father, no old grandmother. Number eight is just number eight: arithmetic. It has nothing to do with humanity. But if you replace it with his real name, then you feel differently. You start thinking, what will happen to his wife? He was a friend to someone -- what will happen to his mother, to his old father, who were looking to him and depending on him? What will happen to his children? Hence, in the army they don't use names -- they will create psychological disturbance in other people -- only numbers, and numbers are replaceable. Number eight has fallen, let him go; somebody else becomes number eight. He will not become the husband of number eight's wife, and he will not become the son of number eight's father. The army is not concerned about that. Numbers are replaceable; human beings are not. The communism that has arisen out of Karl Marx is inhuman, because it does not take account of your individuality at all.

Marx says you are nothing but matter. And if you are nothing but matter, then what does it matter whether you live or die? So it was very easy for Stalin to kill millions of people in Russia. It would not have been so easy if Marx had not said that you are only matter. There is no problem; Stalin feels no prick in his conscience destroying millions of people: they are not people, they don't have any souls. They are only mechanisms.

I am not going to be a supporter of this idiotic ideology, which takes humanity from man. His humanity has to be enriched, his individuality has to be sharpened.

They destroy everything that is individual. They want you just to be a part of the collective whole -- just a part, a cog in the wheel, which is always replaceable. And I know that no human being is replaceable, because every human being is so unique, so utterly unique, that there is no way to replace him. In Marxian communism there is no respect for the individual. What are they closing, do you know? They are closing the door to your own being, and if the door is closed to your own being, you are separated from existence totally. Then there is no question of seeking and searching the truth; there is no question of knowing thyself, of being thyself. In fact it is dangerous, being thyself, knowing thyself. It is better to be just a cog in the wheel, with no self.

Marx's idea is not based on any inner search. I pity the man; he was intelligent, but he remained only intellectual, bookish, a bookworm. In the British Museum library he entered every day, the first man, and he had to be forced out every night because the museum was going to be closed. And sometimes he had to be taken on a stretcher,

because reading the whole day and smoking cigarettes -- that was all that he was doing -- he would become unconscious. For forty years continually the British Museum had to deal with this man. But they became aware that "we have to accept him. He is the first man -- before the door opens, he is standing there -- and he is the last man. If you find him conscious, you can take him out; if you find him unconscious, you carry him on the stretcher to the hospital."

This man never even for a single moment meditated. He knew nothing of the inner; he was just concerned with books. What he has written in Das Kapital... no communist reads it. I have met hundreds of communists; no communist reads it. Every communist keeps it in his house, just as a Christian keeps The Bible. It is the bible of communism -- and they have created the trinity exactly: Marx, Engels, Lenin; and the bible is Das Kapital -- but nobody reads it. I have gone through it, from the first page to the last. It is all words, no experience; quotations from other books, but no authentic experience, not a single experience of his own.

What kind of man is Karl Marx? Jews give a strange type of people to the world. First they gave us Moses, who for forty years drove the whole Jewish community... seventy-five percent of his people died in forty years, searching for Israel. And what a coincidence, that he passed over all those places which are now the richest -- the Middle East, all the oil sources, he passed all those. He is God's chosen prophet, and he knows nothing about the oil! And he stopped at Israel, where there is nothing -- just a desert. If he had stopped somewhere before, Jews would have been immensely happy; they could have created a paradise.

Then comes Jesus, another Jew. And because of Jesus, Jews gave birth to Christianity. They are responsible. If they had not crucified Jesus there would have been no Christianity. And what has Christianity done to humanity, do you know? In the past twenty centuries, how many million people Christians have killed, burned alive? -- in the name of God, and the holy ghost, and the son. They could burn people alive because they were absolutely certain that what they were doing was right. Jesus has given them the right to bring everybody to the fold. So there were crusades going on continually against the pagans.

And you will be surprised: the pagans are far closer to existence than anybody else. The pagans are the people who worship nature, trees, mountains, oceans, rivers, stars. The pagans are those who accept this whole that surrounds you as divine. They are far closer to me than these so-called religious people.

They were killing pagans because they did not believe in a creator God. And the pagans were being killed by everybody. Jews were killing them because they were not believing in the Jewish god, Christians were killing them because they were not believing in the Christian god, Mohammedans were killing them because they were not believing in the Mohammedan god -- and there are so many gods.... It is good that Hindus never started killing, because Hindus have thirty-three million gods! If they had started killing, then there would have been no humanity at all. Thirty-three million gods... the idea is so old that at that time there were not thirty-three million people even on the whole earth, what to say about Hindus. The whole earth had not thirty-three million people, but the Hindus had

thirty-three million gods. Why did these Hindus have thirty-three million gods?

Because Jainas have twenty-four tirthankaras, Buddhists, just not to be left behind -- that ego goes on -- invented.... They have only one Gautam Buddha, but they invented... It is a fiction, but they had to compete with the Jainas; they were their competitors, their contemporaries. Jainas authentically had twenty-four tirthankaras; Buddha was alone. First he tried to say that he was the twenty-fourth tirthankara. When he was not accepted by the Jainas, and Mahavira succeeded in being accepted, he created the fiction that there have been twenty-four Buddhas -- twenty-three before him. In fact, those twenty-three were his lives; he has been twenty-three times before as a Buddha in the world, and this is his twenty-fourth life.

Now this is pure fiction; just to compete with the Jainas there had to be twenty-four. But Hindus at that time had the idea of only ten avataras. Seeing that Jainas and Buddhists had twenty-four, they immediately changed their number; so any scripture that is written after Gautam Buddha and Mahavira says, "We also have twenty-four avataras." But then, to defeat this competition forever, they managed this idea of thirty-three million gods.

Marx is another gift of the Jews to the world -- and really a Jew! And the reason that he is the founder of communism is not any compassion for the poor. No, not at all -- it is jealousy of the rich. This you have to understand clearly, because that will change the whole attitude. His father was poor, his father's father was poor. He was poor; he remained dependent on the support of a friend, Frederick

Engels, who was a rich man who went on giving him money.

Frederick Engels is not a great intellectual or anything, but because he was supporting him financially, Marx went on putting his name with his own on every book he wrote. Nothing is written by Frederick Engels, it is just Marx showing his respect. In fact it is in a way right, because without him Marx would not have been able to write; he would have starved and died.

And to be a Jew and poor is a very difficult situation. I know because I was born in a Jaina family -- Jainas are the Jews of India. You will not find a single Jaina beggar all over India; all the beggars are Hindu, not a single Jaina beggar. I have searched all over India, I have not been able to find a single Jaina beggar. They are not poor; everybody is comfortably rich, and most of them are the richest people in the country.

Now, to be a Jew and poor, when all other Jews are rich, naturally creates jealousy. It is not compassion for the poor. Nowhere in Das Kapital, The Communist Manifesto, and other books of Marx can you find a single statement which shows compassion for the poor -- no, not at all. It is jealousy of the rich.

So if I have to define it exactly the definition will be: Marx's communism means, destroy the rich, divide the riches equally. That's what they have done in Russia, in China. The poor are still poor, but in a way satisfied because the riches have been distributed. The rich people have been destroyed. The comparison has disappeared; now there is nobody rich to make you feel poor. You are still poor. The poverty, of course, is equally distributed.

Everybody is equally poor, so nobody can compare, nobody can feel jealous. Nobody can think that things can be better than they are.

I am not in favor of distributing poverty, of destroying the rich. So I say no to the communism that exists today, the Marxian communism. But I say yes to a totally different concept of communism. To me communism is the last and the highest stage of capitalism.

It is not against capitalism that communism can succeed. It is in the fulfillment of capitalism that communism happens. Capitalism is the first system in the world which creates capital, wealth. Before, there was feudalism -- it never created wealth; it exploited people, it robbed people. The wealth that the kings had in the past was a crime. It was exploited, forcibly taken from the people, from the poor; it was not their creation.

Capitalism is the first system which creates wealth. It needs intelligence to create wealth. And unless we create so much wealth that wealth loses all meaning, unless we create a standard of wealth so high that the poor automatically start becoming richer.... Nobody can eat wealth -- what are you going to do with it? There comes a point of saturation. And when capitalism comes to the point of saturation, then only comes the flowering of communism. Hence I call my community a commune. Communism, the word communism, is made from 'commune'.

I believe in capitalism. Perhaps I am the only person in the whole world to say so clearly that I believe in capitalism, because this is the first time in the history of man that a system is there which creates wealth, and can create so much wealth that with science and scientific technology

added to it, there is no need for poverty. There is no need for distributing wealth, it will be distributed automatically. There is no need for any dictatorship of the proletariat. Capitalism can remain perfectly in tune with democracy, with individuality, with freedom of speech. It destroys nothing.

So my approach is that we have to spread the idea of creating wealth rather than distributing it. What are you going to distribute if you don't have it in the first place? Even Marx never said that communism would happen in Russia or China, because these countries are so poor -- what are you going to distribute? Even Marx's idea was that communism would happen first in America. But it happened in Russia. Of course, it is something false. It is something not exactly making people happier and richer and freer, but spoiling all that they have and giving them a false hope that, "Soon you will all be rich." When will that 'soon' come? Sixty years have passed, more than sixty, since the revolution. All the revolutionaries have died. All were hoping that it is coming. Russia has remained poor, is still poor.

Even the poorest man in America is in a better position than a well-salaried person in Russia. And what they have lost is of immense value. They have lost freedom, they have lost individuality, they have lost freedom of expression. They have lost everything. They are living in a vast concentration camp: no justice available, nowhere to appeal, no possibility to be heard.

I am against this kind of communism; this is so destructive. But I have my own idea of communism; hence I say yes and no. 'No' for the communism that you are aware of, and

'yes' for the communism of which I am continually talking to you.
Create wealth, richness. And now that science and technology have given you all the means to create it, it is simply foolish to think of distribution. Forget about distribution. Create it so much that it comes to a saturation point. Then from there it starts spreading to everyone. Communism is the ultimate flowering of capitalism.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #9
Chapter title: Just to be Born is Not Enough to be Alive
7 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE PEOPLE VISITING THE COMMUNE ASK US AGAIN AND AGAIN, WHY DO WE LEAD SUCH A RICH LIFE?

I wonder why they do not ask why we live at all. That should be the right question.
Life means abundance, richness, in every possible dimension. Just look at existence. Do you think it is poor? Look at the millions of flowers, their fragrance; look at the millions of stars. Man has not been able yet to count them, and I don't think he is ever going to be able to count them. With your bare, naked eye you only see, at the most, three thousand stars -- and that's nothing. And these stars are

expanding. Just as a flower opens up and the petals start going away from the center, the universe is continuously flowering, blossoming, opening -- and with a tremendous speed. The stars are going farther away from the center. We don't know exactly where the center is; but one thing is certain, that the whole universe is running fast, moving, alive.

Those people who come to visit here don't know what life is for. They have never lived. Yes, they have been born; but just to be born is not enough to be alive. They will vegetate and think they are living. And one day they will die, without ever having lived at all. These are the miracles that go on happening all around the world; people who have never lived, die -- such an impossibility! But it happens every day. And many have recognized it at the moment of death, and have said it is so, that "it is strange; for the first time I am realizing that I missed life."

If you live, for what? To love, to enjoy, to be ecstatic -- otherwise why live at all?

And what is 'richness'? -- just making life more and more enjoyable, more and more lovable, more and more comfortable, more and more luxurious.

The man who knows nothing of the great world of music is poor; he is missing one of the greatest luxuries of life. The man who does not know how to enjoy Picasso, van Gogh, does not know anything about the colors. If he cannot enjoy Leonardo da Vinci, how can he enjoy a sunrise, a sunset? Millions of people go on living, never recognizing a sunrise, never stopping for a moment to look at a sunset and all the colors that the sunset leaves behind in the sky.

Millions of people never raise their eyes towards the sky and the splendor of it.
Living can only mean one thing: living life multidimensionally -- the music, the poetry, the painting, the sculpture... but it is all luxury. I am not a worshipper of poverty; I worship luxury. And existence is luxurious, abundantly luxurious. Where one flower will do, millions of flowers blossom. Have you ever felt that existence is miserly? What is the need of so many stars?
If these fools who ask you the question, if they meet the creator they believe in, they will ask, "What is the need of so many stars? Why this luxury? A few less won't do? What is the need of so many birds, animals, human beings?"
And do you know, now the scientists have recognized the fact that on at least fifty thousand planets life is existent. We don't know what colors it has taken there -- what shape, what beauty, what kind of beings have evolved there -- but one thing is certain, that existence is overflowing. With everything it is luxurious. It is not a poor existence, no. Poverty is man's creation.
And the people who come here to see the commune must be coming with a certain idea in their mind. Perhaps they have just seen the film "Gandhi" -- they have heard about the ascetics of the East. I am not an ascetic. I am not that stupid. I am not a Mahatma Gandhi. I am absolutely against him. People like Mahatma Gandhi are responsible for poverty in the world.
Yes, nobody can ask such a question in Gandhi's commune. If you go there you will simply feel sad and sorry. Still the small ashram exists where Gandhi used to live. Gandhi's

son Ramdas was very much interested in me, so once he invited me. I went there -- it was after Gandhi's death. Thirty, thirty-five people were there -- the whole group was there that had lived with Gandhi -- and I told Ramdas, "Why are you torturing these people? This is sheer masochism and nothing else. In the name of poverty, in the name of simplicity, you have deprived these people of life completely." What they were eating was absolutely tasteless, because taste, in India, for the religious man, is one of the things to be abandoned. Mahavira has given five great principles: one of the five great principles is tastelessness. Great principles! With truth, nonviolence, nonpossession, nonstealing... TASTELESSNESS.

And of course Mahatma Gandhi improved upon it. It is not only tasteless, it is nauseating. In India there is a tree called the neem, which is the bitterest tree in the whole world. Its leaves are so bitter, once you have tasted it you will never forget it for a few lives at least. Now, it was a rule in Gandhi's ashram that neem chutney -- neem sauce -- should be provided for everyone. Another rule for the ascetic in India is that nothing should be left on your plate; you cannot leave anything, you have to eat everything. So it was not possible that you could leave that big cup full of neem.

When one American, Louis Fisher, was visiting Mahatma Gandhi -- and he was very much attracted to his philosophy; he wrote the most beautiful book on Gandhi -- he was a special guest, so Gandhi himself took him to the kitchen. That was a great privilege -- somebody sitting by the side of Gandhi to eat. He saw this cup full of something green; he asked, "What is it?"

Gandhi said, "This is the most precious thing. Taste it." He tasted it; he had never tasted anything like this. And he saw Gandhi eating it so happily, and everybody else eating it happily.

So he thought, "It is better to keep silent about it, not to say anything; it will look bad." And he thought that rather than spoiling the whole food -- because all these people were dipping their bread in it and eating -- he thought, "It is better to finish it in one gulp and then take the food; that is easier." So he took one gulp, with closed eyes, with closed breath -- just somehow to finish it, because nothing could be left. And do you know what Gandhi did? Gandhi called the cook and said, "Look how much he liked it! Bring another cup; he loved it!" So the cup was filled again.

To live the life of the poor, Gandhi would not allow anybody to use a mosquito net; that is luxury. And the place where he used to live, Wardha, is a very hot place, exactly in the middle of India, exactly in the center -- one of the hottest places. And so many mosquitoes all around, that even in the daytime you had to use a mosquito net and sit inside it if you wanted to do any work: reading, writing, or anything. Even in the day, hundreds of mosquitoes are all over your body; how can you sleep in the night? But the idea of poverty... how can you use a mosquito net? That is a great luxury.

So Gandhi had discovered -- and he was a great discoverer of such things -- he discovered that kerosene oil, if you put it on your face, your hands, then mosquitoes cannot come close to you because of the smell. Certainly they don't come, they are not so foolish as you are; but because of the smell you cannot sleep! I simply refused to stay there. I told

Ramdas, "This is not the place for me. What kind of nonsense is going on here? And you are torturing these thirty-five people in the name of asceticism. You are glorifying all this."

Gandhi was doing this his whole life. He was absolutely a masochist, who enjoyed torturing himself -- and also a sadist. It is a rare combination, very unique. There are people who are masochists, there are people who are sadists, but to be a sado-masochist is a very unique phenomenon. There are very few people -- but there are some -- who enjoy both: torturing themselves and torturing others. In the name of religion it is very easy because you can give a motivation to people -- that if you torture yourself, you will gain much in the other life.

That motivation, that greed... they don't call it motivation or greed, and they don't call torture what I am calling torture -- they call it tapascharya, sadhana, 'spiritual discipline'. But just giving a good name to an ugly thing does not change its nature. It is not a spiritual discipline, it is simple torture. But under the name of spiritual discipline you can torture yourself.

Down the ages, in how many ways have religious people tortured themselves? If you come to know the whole story you will be simply amazed. There have been Christian ascetics whose practice consisted -- still consists, they are still in existence -- in beating themselves, early in the morning, naked. And the person who managed to beat himself the most was thought to be the greatest saint. The blood would be oozing out of the body, and they would go on flagellating. And the crowd would gather around their monastery to see this scene. And that crowd would support

them, appreciate them, clap them, and help them to beat themselves more. And of course when a big crowd is appreciating you, you can go to any limit. Many times a person would die beating himself. Then he would be declared a saint by the pope. These people are still in existence.

There has been a Christian sect which uses shoes with nails inside, going into the feet, so there are wounds in the feet, and the nails are going into the feet, and they will walk on these shoes. And those nails will keep those wounds alive, bleeding. They cannot heal; there is no way of their healing, nothing is being done to heal them. On the contrary, the nails are put in the shoes in such a way that they go on and on creating the wound, so the wound may not be allowed to heal naturally.

They used belts also around their waist, with nails going into their body... with wounds all around. And these people have been worshipped. You have been worshipping mad people; these people needed psychiatric treatment. They were not religious; they were simply mental cases, tremendously sick, suicidal. And the person who was their leader was a unique person. He was torturing himself, and he was the leader because he tortured himself more than anybody else; that was the only criterion of who was going to be the leader. And he was teaching others to torture themselves in every possible way.

All around the world poverty has been respected for the simple reason that people had no idea how to get rid of it. And why was it respected? If you are born poor, then nobody will respect you; if you are born a beggar, nobody will respect you. But if you are the son of a king and you

renounce the kingdom and become a beggar, then the whole country will respect you. Do you know that all the twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas are kings who have renounced their kingdoms? Why does not a single one come from another profession? -- for the simple reason, if you are already poor what can you renounce? First you have to have it to renounce. And these kings were respected because they had never walked; they were carried in golden chariots. They had never suffered anything, and now they were standing naked in the hot sun of India, burning.

The Jaina tirthankara is not allowed to take a bath; that is considered to be a luxury. A bath is a luxury! And in India, where you are perspiring the whole day.... And a naked monk perspiring the whole day, and India is a country full of dust -- he remains in filth. Only once in a year -- and then too, he is not to take the bath -- his followers pour water on him... not to give him a bath, because that will be a sin, to drag him into luxury. No, that is not the purpose; the purpose is that they want that holy water. You cannot find more unholy water. A man who has not taken a single shower in the whole year -- has been naked, perspiring, collecting all kinds of dust, and all kinds of germs -- is now being given a bath, and that water is collected. And people, the followers, drink it, because it is the purest water, from a tirthankara!

These people have strange ways. In India, to avoid luxury these people are walking in the nude, eating once a day -- and very little food; they are starving. You see their bodies, their faces, their eyes -- everything has faded, has lost color and life. And what kind of life are they living? What are they doing? They don't create anything. They don't paint,

they don't compose music, they don't create poetry, they don't make beautiful sculpture. They do not make anything. They do not discover: they are not scientists. They do not help humanity in any way. They are simply burdens, exploiting the poor and making them even more poor.

How many Hindu monks do you think there are? Five million right now. Five million Hindu monks, continuously exploiting the poor masses... because they have to be fed. The masses themselves are starving, and they have to feed these parasites. But these parasites are respected, for the simple reason that they give consolation to the poor.

Each religion has found some way of consoling the poor. Jainas, Hindus, Buddhists -- these three great Indian religions, they say to the poor, "You are poor because in your past life you committed sins. Accept your poverty, just as a punishment. If you try to avoid it you will be spoiling your next life too. It is better to be finished with this in this life so that in the next life you will not be in such pain, in such suffering. The rich people are not rich because they have created wealth, or exploited, or done something; they are rich because in the past life they were virtuous. And what is virtue? To be poor, to torture yourself, to commit a slow suicide -- that is virtue. "So you are fortunate that you are born poor; you have been given a great opportunity to exercise virtue. Don't miss it; accept it."

Hence, there has been no revolution in India. India must have been the oldest country which has been suffering for thousands of years in poverty -- but not a single revolution from the poor, not even the idea of a revolution. Nobody in ten thousand years has even mentioned the idea that the

poor should rebel against their situation. No, if you rebel against your situation you are missing an opportunity.
You will be surprised: there is a Jaina sect still alive, and very prominent -- Terapant is the name of the sect. They have seven hundred monks and one head, Acharya Tulsi, who is just like a pope to the sect. I have been fighting with him for years on each and every point. Their philosophy is the logical conclusion of the theory of karma, so nobody can speak against them; I must have been the only person who has challenged Acharya Tulsi. He was surprised. He said, "But this is what the whole country believes, we have just brought it to its logical conclusion."
What is the logical conclusion? You will be surprised. They believe that if a person is drowning in the river, and shouting, "Help me! Save me!" you simply go on your way. He is suffering because of his past life's bad actions. Don't disturb him, because if you save him he will have to suffer again. Let it be finished, once and forever. If you save him, in his next life maybe he will again have to fall in a river and drown. So why prolong his suffering? Let him close the chapter. He had done the bad action, now he is reaping the crop. He has sown the seed somewhere in the past, who are you to disturb and interfere? You simply go on your way.
And moreover, they say, "If you save him you have disturbed his life pattern; you have disturbed his whole opportunity of being finished with a bad, evil act. And you have done something more: if this man saved by you tomorrow commits a murder, you will be also responsible." Naturally -- if you had not saved him, who would have committed the murder?

So you have disturbed his life, you are disturbing your life, and you are disturbing the life of somebody else, who can be murdered. He may rape a woman, he can do anything, and his whole life he will be doing something or other. You will be responsible for everything he does, you will be a partner in it. Knowingly, unknowingly, you have become an inactive partner in his life that you have saved, so why take such a risk? You are not helping him, you are not helping yourself, you are not helping anybody. You just go on your path, and let him go through whatever is his fate. Jainism, Hinduism, Buddhism, all have been teaching India that poverty is a byproduct of your past life. So is richness. It has nothing to do with this life. So, revolution...? The question does not arise. Against whom? You cannot undo your past actions, you have to suffer them; you have to fulfill the existential law of karma. You committed the sin, now who is going to suffer the punishment? You are responsible for it. Against what are you going to revolt? Against whom? The past is no more there, you cannot undo it. You have to simply accept whatsoever you have done and whatsoever it brings to you. Hence there has been no revolution, no possibility at all.

The Christians, the Mohammedans, the Jews, they all have been giving some explanation. It is not an explanation; it is just to explain away the situation, and make people feel that whatsoever is happening is destined to happen. Nothing can be done about it. It is God's will in some religions. In some religions it is your fate, which is written before you are born. In some religions it is your past life. But all the religions agree that it has nothing to do with the present, because once you raise the question that something has to

do with the present, then something can be done. Then the situation can be changed.

And all these people have been giving respect to poverty. Why this respect for poverty? Why this respect for suffering? This is just to satisfy the poor man's ego, to make him feel that although he is poor, he is in a respectable situation. So condemn the rich, respect the poor: in this way you keep the poor remaining poor and you keep the rich becoming richer. The rich understand perfectly well: "Go on condemning, that doesn't matter; in fact it is needed." That condemnation takes away the possibility of revolution.

And what is the condemnation? The rich will not be allowed in the kingdom of God. And the rich are far more educated than the poor, far more sophisticated; they understand. Most of the rich people don't bother a bit about your kingdom of God. They may go to the church, just to show that they are good Christians; to the synagogue, just to show they are good Jews; but they know perfectly well that it is just social conformity.

Synagogues and churches are nothing but social clubs, like the Rotary club, the Lions club. They help you. They are good meeting places, and they give you a certain respect. The rich man comes to the synagogue, and the poor man feels that although he is rich he is so humble: bowing down before the cross in the church... how humble. And to the rich man it is all hypocrisy. He knows it is good diplomacy: to go on pretending to be religious, to go on giving some donations to the churches, to the temples, to the mosques. It helps in every possible way. It helps his taxation problems, it helps his otherworldly problems, it helps his

respectability. The poor people think that he is really a nice, good man.

And the rich man also says, "Although I am not so capable, I am a weak person, at least I can respect the saint who has renounced, the saint who has renounced things which I cannot renounce." So he goes to touch the feet of the saint who has renounced. Kings go, rich people go to touch the feet of the saint in India -- just to show to the crowd that, "Although we cannot renounce, we are not strong enough, or perhaps it is not yet time for us, deep down this is our goal. If not today, tomorrow; if not in this life, then in the next life -- but this is our goal."

Sheela, those people who come to visit here, they come with an idea, a fixed idea. They think this is a religious commune, so it must be like a Catholic monastery or a Hindu ashrama. And when they find it just the opposite they are shocked, and they ask you, "Why do you live so rich a life?" you have simply to tell them, "It's because we cannot manage a little richer life, that's why. The day we will be able to manage a little richer life, we will live that life. For the time being, forgive us."

I teach you to live tremendously, ecstatically, in every possible way. On the physical level, on the mental level, on the spiritual level, live to the uttermost of your possibility. Squeeze from each single moment all the pleasures, all the happinesses possible, so that you don't repent later on that, "that moment passed and I missed." Do not think of the past, because in thinking about the past you will be missing the present moment, which is the only moment, which is all that exists. And don't think of the future: of another life, of the kingdom of God -- all sheer nonsense.

Tomorrow does not exist at all. It is always today -- always and always today.

It is always this moment. So squeeze it. Don't leave any juice in it. Once you learn to squeeze all the juice out of it, you will never think of the past. What is there left to think of? Then the past leaves no traces on you. It is only the unlived past which becomes your psychological burden.

Let me repeat: the unlived past... those moments which you could have lived, but you have not lived... those love affairs which could have flowered, but you missed... those songs which you could have sung, but you remained stuck to some stupid thing and missed the song.... It is the unlived past which becomes your psychological burden, and it goes on becoming heavier every day.

That's why the old man becomes so irritable. It is not his fault. He does not know why he is so irritable -- why every thing and each thing irritates him, why he is constantly angry, why he cannot allow anybody to be happy, why he cannot see children dancing, singing, jumping, rejoicing, why he wants everybody to be quiet -- what has happened to him.

It is a simple psychological phenomenon: his whole unlived life. When he sees a child start dancing his inner child hurts. His inner child was somehow prevented from dancing -- perhaps by his parents, his elders, perhaps by himself because it was respected, honored. He was brought before the neighbors and introduced: "Look at this child, how quiet, calm, silent; no disturbance, no mischief." His ego was fulfilled. Anyway, he missed. Now he cannot bear it, he cannot tolerate this child. In fact it is his unlived childhood that starts hurting. It has left a wound. And how

many wounds are you carrying? Thousands of wounds are in line, because how much have you left unlived?
So the people who come here, they come here almost dead, carrying their own dead bodies here. When they see you alive, they are shocked. They would have been immensely happy if they had seen ascetics sitting under juniper trees, naked, starving, praying to God, who does not exist. They would have been immensely happy, because then you were far more dead than they were; in comparison they have managed better than you. They would have respected you because you helped them to feel better. When they come to visit here, seeing you, they feel themselves empty, spent -- meaninglessly. It hurts. It hurts deeply, hence the question, "Why do you live so rich a life?"
But richness is your birthright.
You have not come with anything written on your forehead. You can go to the surgeon and let him look into your forehead. Nothing is written there, and nothing is written in the lines of your hand. You come in this world absolutely like a plain, unwritten, open book. You have to write your fate; there is nobody who is writing your fate. And who will write your fate? And how? And for what? You come in the world just an open potentiality, a multidimensional potentiality. You have to write your fate. You have to create your destiny. You have to become yourself.
You are not born with a readymade self. You are born only as a seed, and you can die also only as a seed. But you can become a flower, can become a tree. And out of one seed there can come millions of seeds. Do you see the abundance and richness of existence? One seed can make the whole earth green, the whole universe green -- what to

say of the earth! Just one seed... how much potential is carried in a single small seed! But you can keep it in your safe, bank account, and live a life which is not life at all.
I am all for richness in every possible way. And remember that richness is possible only if you allow it in all the ways. Do not be deceived by the old idea that you will be spiritually rich if you starve your body; if you physically torture your body you will be spiritually rich -- no. It is absolutely unscientific. I have seen people who have tortured their body their whole life, but I have not seen their soul being enriched by it. In fact their soul has died long ago.
Your body and soul are not enemies. They live in harmony. You are a harmonious whole. Everything is integrated with everything else. You cannot make one part rich and another part poor. The whole becomes affected, becomes either poor or rich. You have to accept your wholeness.
So live, and live intensely. Burn the torch of your life from both the ends together. Only such a man can die blissfully, smiling.
A master was dying... it was just the last moment. His disciples had gathered. One disciple asked, "Master, you are leaving us. What is your last message?"
The master smiled, opened his eyes, and said, "Do you hear the squirrel running on the roof?" Then he closed his eyes, died. The disciples were at a loss... what kind of message is this? "Do you hear the squirrel running on the roof?" But that was his whole life's message: just the moment. At that moment he was enjoying the squirrel. Who bothers about death? And who bothers about the last message? He was in the moment, herenow. And that was his message: don't

move anywhere else, just remain here and now. Even at the moment of death... the sound of the squirrel on the roof, and he enjoyed it.
Now, such a man must have lived immeasurably, immensely, incredibly. No regret, sheer gratitude... smiled -- what else do you want as a last message? A smile is enough. And to smile at the door of death is possible only if there are not unlived moments standing in a row behind you, pulling, asking you, "What about me?"... those incomplete moments.
But if there is nothing incomplete, every moment has been completed, there is nothing; it is just silence. And if every moment is completed, there is nothing in the future either, because it is only the incomplete moment which asks for tomorrow: if you have not been able to fulfill it yesterday, fulfill it tomorrow. But if there is no yesterday incomplete, then there is no projection for tomorrow. Then this moment is all.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO PEOPLE ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN AWAY THE NATURAL JOY AND HAPPINESS OF THOSE AROUND YOU, BY TRYING TO ATTRIBUTE IT TO SUCH THINGS AS BRAINWASHING, HYPNOSIS OR DRUGS?

The same thing that I was saying to you: they cannot believe that people can be so happy. They cannot believe it, they have to find some explanation: "Perhaps these people are drugged? Perhaps they are hypnotized? Perhaps they

are only pretending? Perhaps they have been trained, so that when visitors come they suddenly enjoy themselves, dance, sing, hug each other, become immediately loving." And the moment visitors go you are in your hell again. So once in a while, just to deceive the visitors, you come out of your hell.

That's what they are doing. They project the same thing onto you. The husband and wife quarreling... a neighbor knocks on the door; immediately something changes. The quarrel stops, they start smiling. The neighbor cannot see that they were just a moment before ready to kill each other; he cannot conceive of it. And he knows that's what he has been doing, but still he cannot conceive of it.

He is deceiving his neighbors; everybody is deceiving everybody else. He kisses his wife every day when he goes to the office, and he knows the kiss is phony, it does not mean anything. He has to do it. If he does not do it, then there is trouble. So it is better to do it and get finished with it -- the sooner the better. He rushes to the office, as if there is something great going to happen. There is nothing great going to happen, only an escape from that ugly home: the wife, the kids, and the whole business of continual quarreling, nagging, jealousy, fighting. He is not going to the office, he is escaping from the house.

The office is good, a tremendously good help. At least he can fool around with the secretary, who looks as if she is of another world: no nagging, no quarreling. But get married to her... and people do that. In America, I think three years is the average time for people to change their job, to change their wives, to change their husbands. In fact, even three years is a long time. The honeymoon finishes very soon.

And after the honeymoon it is all hypocrisy. Those people smile; those people laugh; those people go to parties with beautiful clothes, hiding, just wounds inside.
When they come here and see you all happy, how can they believe it? And when they stay here for longer times, two days, three days, four days, then they are even more puzzled, because for one hour you can pretend -- they know how to pretend, and how to be nice -- but two, three days continuously? And three thousand people? Impossible! There must be some trick behind it. These people are hypnotized.
But if hypnotism can give so much happiness, why don't you get hypnotized? It is strange, because if hypnotism can give so much happiness, then what is wrong with hypnotism? It is a simple process. Get hypnotized! Who is preventing you? You want to be happy, and hypnotism is a very simple method.
But have you seen people who are hypnotized? They walk like zombies; their eyes don't have any luster. They may smile, but their smile will be just like Jimmy Carter's -- just an exercise of the lips. I don't know whether it is right or not, but I have heard that his wife used to close his mouth every night, because even in sleep... the whole day practicing, the muscles have become accustomed. Have you seen his picture lately? No smile at all -- he looks like another man, suddenly aged at least ten years. Where has that smile gone? It was phony. It was American.
Hypnosis can give you a smiling face, it can give you a sad face, it can give you an angry face, because hypnosis is only a simple method of putting your conscious mind to sleep. Then you are under the power of the person who has

hypnotized you. Then whatsoever he orders... he says "Smile," you smile; he says "Weep," you weep. But who is hypnotizing anybody here? Who is ordering anybody, "You smile, you laugh, you weep, you do this, you do that"? They don't know what hypnosis is.

Drugs can make you happy; they can also make you unhappy, because no drug is guaranteed to give you happiness. The drug can only magnify your mood. If you are unhappy, you will be more unhappy with the drug; you will have nightmares. If you are happy, you will be more happy, madly happy. But a man who is happy under a drug you can immediately detect, for the simple reason that his happiness will be tense. It is just forced by chemicals on him. His face will be smiling, but as if somebody is putting a gun behind him and ordering him, "Smile, otherwise I am going to fire."

Chemicals can force you, but the forced smile, the forced happiness will show the tension. And it can last only for hours, and then you will fall back into a ditch, deeper than you were before, because all that tension has tired your whole system. All that happiness, which was false and forced and chemical, has taken even the little bit of natural happiness which was in you. And once it is gone you will fall into a deep darkness. And with drugs you will become addicted, so soon you will need more quantity, then more quantity, then more quantity, and a moment comes....

In India, we have experienced everything in these thousands of years. There are monks in India who can drink any amount of alcohol and it does not affect them, any amount of marijuana and it does not affect them at all, they remain just simply the same. The only thing that in the end

they have to try when nothing else affects them is a cobra snake bite. So they keep cobra snakes with them. On their tongue they will take a bite by the cobra which can kill you -- but to them it just gives a little.... What drugs give to you, only cobra poison can give them -- and sooner or later they become accustomed to it.

In ancient India every kingdom used small girls, beautiful girls -- they were called vishkanyas, poison girls; from the very first day of their birth they started to give them poison, small doses with the milk. By the time they became young women their whole blood was poisonous. Snake bite will kill the snake, not the girl. And these girls were kept as detectives, or as murderers. If the king wants to kill another king, the neighboring king, he simply sends the girl, and the girl is so beautiful that the king is bound to get interested in her. Just one kiss from the girl and that is enough; the king is finished -- not even a bite, just a kiss.

These people in your question cannot believe it, for the simple reason that they have never known happiness, simple happiness. They have known happiness which is caused by something: they win a lottery -- for a few moments they are happy; they fall in love with a beautiful woman -- for a few days they are happy. But they have never seen anybody happy without any reason -- no lottery, no falling in love... and people are simply happy. Yes, I can understand their difficulty. But you have to help them to understand that happiness needs no reasons. Unhappiness needs reasons; happiness is simply natural.

It is one's very nature that one should be joyous.

To be unhappy, reasons are needed; but just to be happy, no reasons are needed. Happiness is enough unto itself. It is

such a beautiful experience that what more do you need? Why should you need any cause for it? It itself is enough; it is a cause unto itself.

But it will take time for them to understand. Don't be angry with them if they cannot understand; just feel compassion for them, be loving to them. Help them to be happy with you, so they can have a little taste of happiness without drugs, without hypnosis, without any reason.

And remember, happiness is infectious. So just, if you are happy, pull them within yourself; when you are dancing, pull them within yourself. And perhaps, without their knowing, they may start dancing, and may catch themselves dancing, and be surprised by what has happened.

When you are singing, pull them within yourself. Let them stand; if they stand like a dead pole for few minutes, don't be worried. They are not dead, life is still there. You just dance around them, then fresh life may start arising in them; they may start dancing and singing with you. And unless you make them experience that happiness happens without any cause, they cannot understand. There is no way to convince them logically -- but existentially you can convince them. And that's the whole purpose of the commune.

Three thousand people are a tremendous force. Pull those people within yourself. In the beginning they will be resistant; don't be bothered, don't take any note of their resistance. They are doing it without knowing that they are doing it. Don't take any notice, don't pay any notice. They think that to be serious is something respectable; let them think that.

You just dance and sing and enjoy, and soon they will be taken over. That's how we are going to take over the whole of America!
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #10
Chapter title: Your Childhood -- an Education in Psychological Slavery
8 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BELIEF IN A MESSIAH AND TRUST IN A SPIRITUAL MASTER?

Belief is blind. It has no rational proofs for it. It is based in your psychological need, it has no objective proof. You want to believe because without belief you feel empty, just a driftwood going nowhere. Without belief you feel empty, so utterly empty that you can't even dare to live. Look withinwards; that emptiness looks like death.
It is your psychological need that somebody should give you a hope, a belief, some kind of opium, so you can go to sleep. At least for the time being you can put aside all your fears. You have the messiah with you, the son of God -- now, what fear is there? Or the messenger of God -- now, what more do you need, to have a meaningful life? He gives you meaning, he gives you hope, and he has

authority. But these are all projected by you... and exploited by him. It is a mutual phenomenon.
The messiah, the tirthankara, the avatara, the paigambara, they know your psychological need, everybody's psychological need; they exploit it. They say, "You need not be worried. You have only to believe in me." They make it so simple -- no risk. You have nothing to do, other than believe -- can't you do even this much? And in the bargain, what are you getting? Everything that you always needed: a hope, a future, a meaningfulness... otherwise you are bored, otherwise you start thinking, "Why go on living?"

The messiah shows you the way, shows you the goal, makes you feel significant, that you are not an accident, that God has something special to be fulfilled through you. He fulfills your psychological need. He does not destroy your fear, your meaninglessness, your hopelessness. He simply gives a beautiful cover; he covers your psychological vacuum.
And you fulfill his psychological need. The more you gather around him, the more followers are there, the more he is convinced that he is not insane. Otherwise the suspicion is bound to be there: "What proof have you got that you are the son of God? It may be just your mind projection." But now he has got some proof: the believers. As they go on increasing, as the following becomes bigger and bigger, now he has solid proof: so many people, millions of people, cannot be wrong.
Do you see the vicious circle? He becomes more authoritative, more determined, more fanatic. And the more

he becomes authoritative, determined, fanatic, the more people are bound to fall in the trap because they need authority. They need a father figure, somebody to lead them. On their own they don't know where to go, what to do, what to be.

That's the way every child is being brought up, so that the psychological need arises, is bound to arise. Everything is told to the child, that he has to do this, not to do that. Of course the parents think they are doing it for the child's own good; it is not so. It is just the opposite. They don't mean it. They really mean that they are doing good for the child, because how can the child decide what is right and what is wrong? So they have to decide. And naturally, the child is so small and in his eyes the father, grandfather are so big, so powerful, so wise -- he can believe in them.

So from the very beginning the child is not taught, not brought up, to be an independent individual. He is brought up to be a follower. He is brought up to remain a mental slave for his whole life. His father was brought up in the same way. His father's father was brought up in the same way. He will do the same to his children. That's how stupidity goes on from generation to generation: one generation passes it to another generation -- that becomes your inheritance.

So you are waiting, waiting for Godot... somebody who should come and fulfill all your psychological needs. He will be a father, a guide, a philosopher, a wise man; and then you can relax, you need not worry. You need not use your intelligence, you need not use your reason. You can put all your intelligence aside, you can now be blind -- and follow the messiah. And when you see more and more

people are coming, of course that becomes for you too a proof that the man must be right.

Put the messiah alone, and you will see him wavering, all his authority gone. Put the believer alone: you will be surprised that in just twenty-one days of absolute isolation you will go mad. Not more than that is needed for you to go mad. Just twenty-one days of absolute isolation -- disconnected from the world of your belief, of your religion, of your society, of your club, of your university, of this and that -- completely cut off for twenty-one days, just alone, and you will see slowly slowly underneath your feet the earth is disappearing; fear is arising, trembling is arising. In twenty-one days you will be insane.

Hence people are afraid to be alone. They will do anything not to be alone. They will go to any rotten movie, just not to be alone. They will play any stupid game, they will watch any idiotic thing: a football match.... Now, can you think of anything more idiotic? A few idiots kicking a football beyond a line to the other side, and a few other idiots kicking it back... and millions of idiots watching as if something of immense significance is happening. No, the psychological reason is that they want somehow to forget themselves, to forget that they are alone. In the crowd they feel good, healthier, saner, because people just like themselves are all around. Millions of people are watching the game -- it cannot be idiotic. Even the president of the country is watching -- it cannot be idiotic.

Everybody is supporting everybody else to remain sane. Just twenty-one days of absolute isolation -- no newspaper, no television, no radio, cut off from your world completely; no wife, no husband, no children, no love affair -- and you

will be amazed, seeing yourself in your utter aloneness, that what you have been doing your whole life was nothing but covering holes in your being, wounds... of course with beautiful flowers. But those wounds don't heal. Perhaps uncovered, they may have healed. Covered, they gather more pus; covered, they become more canceric. Belief is blind. All belief is blind.

Trust is a totally different thing. Trust has the same meaning as belief in the dictionaries, but the people who have been writing those dictionaries have not tasted trust, they don't know what it is. For one thing there is no messiah, no avatara, no one claiming, "I am God's only begotten son, I am the only messenger, the true messenger."

When I say I'm just an ordinary man, I'm cutting the very root of belief.

I don't want you to believe in me, because believing has destroyed millions of people down the ages. It is time that believing should be destroyed. From my side I am saying I am just an ordinary man. I don't give you any support to believe in me. In fact, I make every possible effort for you not to believe in me.

Look: Mahavira fulfills the conditions that Jainas ask of a tirthankara -- painful conditions, arduous conditions. But to be so special, a tirthankara... the word tirthankara means one who makes his way to the other world, or to the other shore. He is the last tirthankara. Now, for millions of years people will be treading on the path that he is making. For millions of years now, he is going to dominate millions of souls -- so he is ready to fulfill any condition. If they say that the tirthankara has to live naked, he lives naked. If they

say he has to eat once a day, he eats once a day. If they say he has not to take a bath, he does not take a bath. If they say he should not clean his teeth, he will not. He must have been stinking.

I have known Jaina monks... it is so difficult to talk to them. And you know, I am a straightforward man, I will say simply, "You stink. You sit twenty feet away. I cannot talk sitting that close to you." Their breath smells, it is bound to; their whole life they have not cleaned their mouth. Their body stinks. But they are ready to fulfill any stupid demand, because what they are gaining in reward is tremendous psychological fulfillment. It is only psychological, just ego fulfillment.

I am saying to you, I am an ordinary man, just like you, with no difference at all.

I am cutting the very root of your believing in me; hence my insistence on being ordinary.

I don't want you to cling to me in any way. I am not your enemy. I don't want you to remain crippled, blind, dependent, a slave, because of me. I don't want to take that responsibility. So from my side I am completely clear. I don't give you any support. And from your side I am continually hammering you, sometimes even hurting you, because whatever you think is meaningful may not be so, and I have to destroy it. Before I can make you completely clean I have to remove many many rocks that are in the way of my reaching you and are not allowing you to reach me.

Trust is a totally different matter. It has two steps. First is hypothetical trust. 'Hypothesis' is a scientific term. When you start an experiment you hypothetically take it for

granted that it will succeed -- only hypothetically, there is no guarantee. It is not a belief, you are not risking anything on it. Just to do the experiment you hypothetically accept that perhaps this is the case -- let us look into it, go deep into it, experiment with it. It may turn out right, it may not turn out right. The hypothesis does not close the door. The hypothesis is not the answer, it is only the beginning of the search. It is a question mark.

Belief begins with no doubt; hypothesis is full of doubt. A man who has no doubt cannot experiment. For what reason is he going to experiment? It is the doubt -- he wants to find the truth. Now, the doubt can be covered by a belief, or it can be removed by the search for the truth. These are the only two ways. If you believe, then there is no need for experiment. So anybody who does not want to risk anything, who has not the intelligence to search -- any mediocre -- is bound to believe. Only mediocres believe. The greater their stupidity, the bigger is their belief The greater their mediocrity, the stronger is their fanaticism.

The other way is to start with the doubt, don't cover it. But to start you need a hypothesis. If I say that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen -- now, either you can believe me or you can take it as a hypothesis. If you take it as a hypothesis you are not believing in me. What I have said, you have accepted only to experiment whether it is true or not.

So the first part of trust is the willingness to experiment. The master's function is not to make you believe. His function is to create the atmosphere around himself, the vibe, that attracts a person to experiment, that pulls you towards him, not to believe but to go with him; not to

follow but to go with him, "because," he says, "I have seen something. I have seen a door and through the door I have seen the vast sky."

The master has to be a certain magnetic force, a tremendous impact. And this comes easily. If I have seen the open sky, something of that open sky will be carried by my eyes. If I have seen the stars, then something of those stars is bound to be reflected in me. I need not claim it.

In fact, those who claim it don't have it; hence the claim. Jesus calling himself the son of God -- what is the need of it? If you are the son of God, will it not be enough for people to feel the vibe of it? When the sun rises there is no need to declare itself. Even the birds start singing -- the sun has not knocked on their doors: "Wake up! It is morning and I have come back." No, there is no need. Even flowers know that the sun has risen; they start opening. For the night they had closed; now they would like communion with the sun again. It is life! The whole existence understands the sun is there, becomes vibrant with its energy.

What is the need for Jesus to continually claim that "I am the son of God"? He must be suspicious of himself, he must be doubting himself -- and it is absolutely understandable. Nor has he seen God... nobody has ever seen God. On what grounds can he be without doubt that he is the son of God? The doubt is there. It is to dispel the doubt that he has to claim and shout. He has to convince others in order to be convinced himself that he is the son of God.

A real master claims nothing.

His very being, his presence, is enough to create in you a desire to explore -- remember, not to follow, but to explore

-- to go with this man, perhaps a few steps, and to look on your own whether the sky is there or not.

All that the master does is to create in you a desire to walk with him, to experiment with him with an open mind. Because he knows -- there is no need to tell you to believe in it. The need to tell someone to believe in something arises only when the person himself knows that unless you believe, you are not going to find the 'truth' -- because the belief is going to create the truth out of your imagination. It is the belief that is going to project the hallucination. The master tries in every way so that you should not believe, because belief is a barrier in the search. Yes, you should be receptive, ready to explore, available for the new, the unknown, to happen. That I call the first part, the hypothesis.

I have said that my religion is scientific, and every science is based on hypotheses. It is not necessary that every hypothesis will prove right. But for the explorer it is not a sad affair if one hypothesis fails. In fact he rejoices that now there is one hypothesis less: "My search is becoming narrower, closer to the truth."

Edison was working on electricity. It took three years for him... all his colleagues became frustrated. Many left; many thought, "He is mad, and we will go mad with him." Only a few remained. But they were also hesitant whether to remain with this man or not, whether he is sane or insane -- "because every hypothesis that we have tried has failed." But this man begins the search again next day with the same zeal, enthusiasm, as they had seen in him on the first day -- no difference. It was this quality that was holding them back from going away.

It is said that nine hundred and ninety-nine times they failed. And the last colleague -- because all others by that time had left; it was enough -- the last colleague said, "Now what? Nine hundred and ninety-nine times we have failed. In three years it has been nothing but failure, failure, failure. But you are a strange man; you begin next day again with the same gusto."

Edison said, "I am more enthusiastic than the first day we began. You are wrong, it is not the same gusto; it is much more, because I am aware that nine hundred and ninety-nine hypotheses are rejected. Now truth is very close. If there are one thousand doors, nine hundred and ninety-nine doors we have knocked on and found empty. Now only one is left." He was just saying it as an example, and by coincidence it was so. That day they succeeded.

Hypothesis simply means readiness to experiment -- that is the half part of hypothesis: readiness on the part of the disciple, openness, acceptance that "we don't know: perhaps we may discover, perhaps we may not. Perhaps we are moving in the right direction, perhaps we are not. But in any case, whether we succeed or fail, we never failed, because even if we fail, that simply means one direction is not right -- try another direction; one method has not worked -- try another method. Somewhere, someday, in some moment, the door is going to open."

On the master's part, the business is not to create belief in the disciple but only this enthusiasm, this gusto to go on searching in spite of any failures.

A master is an inspiration. He is not a belief. He does not support any of your psychological sickness. He simply shows you how he has arrived. He explains to you the way,

the method, the experiment that has been fulfillment to him. His being gives you the feeling of fulfillment, contentment, the feeling that he has arrived -- that is something in the air around him that you breathe. And he gives you the way, the method, how it has happened to him. He never says that it is going to happen to you exactly in the same way. All that he says is, "It has happened to me, so there is no impossibility of it happening to you. I am just an ordinary man, just as you are. If it can happen to this ordinary man, then why not to you? Perhaps from a little different angle you will have to move; perhaps a little different method you will have to use. Perhaps you will have to go a little longer, perhaps from your side the mountain is a little arduous, but -- it happens! So it can happen."

The second part of trust arises when you experience something that the master has given you through his vibe, which is invisible. So only those who are very sensitive and very receptive will be able to feel it. What the master had given you as something felt in the heart -- that is not the end, that is only the beginning of the journey. Now you can accept some hypothesis. The second part of trust will happen the day you also taste something the master has been telling you about, talking about, being about.

The day you taste something, that day it will not be a belief, it will be a trust. Now you know. Now you know that you were with a man who knew it. And that was the only difference; now that difference has disappeared. The trust is complete when the difference between the master and the disciple disappears, when the disciple knows the same way

as the master knows. He has seen the light, he has smelled the flower. This is the moment of gratitude.

No believer has real gratitude towards these messiahs, avataras -- no, because what have they given to you? Just beliefs... unfounded, ungrounded. How can you feel grateful to them? You may pray, and you may praise them, and that is just a policy. Perhaps by their grace, by your praise and prayer -- which is nothing but a kind of bribery -- they may feel a special compassion for you, they will grant you some miracle. But no miracle ever happens. Yes, truth happens, love happens, but miracles don't happen. You cannot really feel gratitude towards these people. On the contrary, if you search within yourself you will feel anger. You will be surprised when I say that all Christians, deep down, are angry with Jesus. He promised to redeem them, and nothing is redeemed. He promised, and he was saying, "Soon you will be in the kingdom of God, soon you will be with me in the kingdom of God." And two thousand years have passed; that 'soon' has not yet been completed. When is it going to be completed?

There is anger in every Christian against Jesus. And because of this anger he shows too much fanaticism for Jesus, so that nobody knows that he is angry. In fact he himself does not want to know that he is angry, that he has been deceived, that he has been given a bogus belief, that for two thousand years millions of people have lived with this belief and died with this belief -- attaining no growth, reaching nowhere, finding nothing. One is afraid of this anger, this rage. To suppress it, he goes to the church, he prays to Jesus, or to Krishna, or to Mohammed. But every believer, sooner or later, is going to be frustrated because

belief is not going to give him the truth. It is not going to give him the living waters of life.
What Judas did, every Christian would like to do. It is another thing that he does not; it is because he has not that much courage. Nobody has tried to understand Judas, because even to try to understand Judas seems to be against Christianity. But the man has to be explored. He was the only one who was educated, cultured -- more than Jesus and more than any of his apostles. And naturally, as an educated, cultured man, he must have been full of doubts. I can't think of Judas believing that Jesus is the son of God. He was with Jesus. The man had a certain charismatic personality, but that is not anything to do with truth. Adolf Hitler had a great charismatic personality, and do you know... at the end of his life he started believing that he is the reincarnation of the old biblical prophet Elijah. His whole life he killed the Jews! In his gas chambers, millions of Jews simply evaporated into smoke. And at the end of his life he started thinking himself Elijah, one of the very significant Old Testament prophets.
You will think he is mad, but there are still people in the world.... I received a letter from somewhere here in America, from the president of the American Nazi Party, threatening me, saying that I should not speak against Adolf Hitler because "it hurts our religious feelings." I was simply amazed. Religious feelings...! But I was immensely interested too. What religious feelings are hurt? And the man goes on, saying, "Perhaps you do not know that Adolf Hitler was no ordinary man, he was the reincarnation of prophet Elijah. So please don't speak against Adolf Hitler because it hurts our feelings, and it is not good of you to

hurt anybody's religious feelings." Adolf Hitler, a religious leader! But there are people who still believe it -- what can you do?

And what must have happened to Adolf Hitler in the end? The defeat was absolutely certain. He was kept unaware; he was continually told lies because he was not ready to listen to any truth. He was not ready to listen to the fact that "our forces are being destroyed, we are being defeated." No, he was not ready. Anybody who brought this news to him was shot dead immediately: "It is impossible! -- the man must be lying." He killed his own generals for bringing him the advice that "we should step back. Going ahead is simply killing our people." He shot them, then and there! He said, "We are here to be victorious. This is our destiny, the destiny of the Aryan race, of the Nordics, to rule over the world. Nothing can go against it."

So by and by his people understood: let him live his fiction. He was living in an underground shelter. All was lost -- Russian, American, British armies were entering Berlin -- and he was still believing that his forces were in Moscow, in London. When he heard the bombs falling nearby, he could not believe what was happening. He inquired, and they said, "What can we do? If we say the truth to you, you shoot us. The truth is we have failed. We are defeated, these are enemy forces; Berlin has fallen."

At that moment the idea arises in him, perhaps as a repentance that he killed so many Jews.... How man's mind works! Perhaps he feels repentant and wants to compensate for it: he becomes the prophet Elijah. That was his last stupidity. He did many in his whole life, but that was his last. But there are people everywhere, even in America,

who are forming parties around the religious prophet Adolf Hitler.

Judas remained with Jesus. Jesus certainly had some charisma. There are people who are born leaders, just as there are people who are born poets, there are people who are born painters. Everybody is born with a certain quality. He may know it, he may not know it. The sooner he knows the better, because then he starts moving in the right direction for his fulfillment. Unless he finds the right direction which leads to the fulfillment of his inborn quality he will never feel content.

So the function of the master is not to make you just like himself; his function is to help you discover who you are. You are not like me. There is no need of a duplicate, a carbon copy. But these messiahs and paigambaras and tirthankaras, they are all trying to make everybody a carbon copy. They are the original. And by belief, you can become a carbon copy very easily.

Judas remained with Jesus, but he was full of doubts. Again and again he raises questions which are full of doubts. And Jesus always pushed away his doubts, because nobody else was creating doubt. All were believers. They were unsophisticated people, ready to believe, and very happy that they have become apostles. A really great achievement: God's only begotten son, and they are his apostles, his messengers. What more can you expect? So they were simply believing, no question of doubt. But Judas was continuously doubting. And Jesus nowhere tried to understand this man, his doubt. Rather than giving him a belief, he should have been given a way, a door, so that he could trust.

My own feeling for Judas is very different from anybody else's feeling in the world. I am sorry for that man. He was perhaps one of the most genuine seekers amongst Jesus' followers. But Jesus never gave any rational ground to him. It was Jesus' fault if the man became frustrated, fed up with all this game of believing. And in this game of believing he was being defeated by fools, because those fools were absolute believers.

It was his doubt that forced him to deliver Jesus into the hands of the enemies -- because this was the only way now, to know whether he is really the son of God or not. He gives no proof, he gives no way to experience. Now, this is the only way: deliver him to the enemies and let him be crucified and that will be the proof. He will be resurrected and then there will be no question of doubt.

Jesus is responsible for forcing him to take this drastic step. But the resurrection did not happen. And Judas felt really sad, repentant that he had unnecessarily committed a sin, he unnecessarily betrayed him. There was no need; if he was not ready to believe in him he could have left him -- what was the need to put him to the cross? He became so repentant that after twenty-four hours he hanged himself, he committed suicide.

Nobody bothers about his suicide. It is as significant as Jesus' crucifixion, perhaps more significant; it has much more mystery in it. Why did Judas commit suicide? If he was really an enemy, there was no need to repent. He should have been happy and rejoicing. But he was not an enemy, and this was not his purpose, that Jesus should be killed. He had not imagined it.

But Jesus never gave him any rational ground and pushed him to take this drastic step -- because this will be the only proof whether he is the son of God or not. If resurrection happens, then he is the son of God, and that will prove everything. Then whatsoever he says is true; then there is no need to doubt, then there is no need to think about it, then there is no question. In fact he was not thinking to help the enemies crucify Jesus; he was trying to find a rational ground to trust, which Jesus has failed to provide.

The master never gives you belief; he gives you a sharing of his atmosphere, so that a hypothesis arises in you, a desire to experiment.

And once that desire is there, he gives you the way that he knows, that he has walked. And you will not find another crazy master like me, for the simple reason that I have traveled on almost all the paths. It is simply crazy, because one path leads to the goal; there is no need to travel on other paths.

There have been masters that traveled a path; they reached the goal, they helped a few people to imbibe their spirit, and if there was somebody ready to experiment, it was okay.

I have never been a follower of anybody, in any of my lives. But I have been traveling with many people, on many paths. One path is enough to know the truth, but my search was not only for the truth, but whether there is only one path to truth, or whether there are many paths also which are as valid as this.

So I have gone to the goal, come back; moved from another direction, come back; moved from another direction, come back; and I have not left a single path untraveled. Hence I

say to you, it is simply crazy. I don't want you to follow all these paths, unless that urge arises in you and is authentically yours. Otherwise one path is enough.
The moment you experience, then the trust is complete; then it is no more hypothetical, then it is existential. In that moment there is no master, no disciple; just two flames have come so close to each other that they have become one flame. The disciple starts smelling of the same fragrance as the master. His eyes start showing the same raw light as the master. His vibe becomes the same as the master. And then the tremendous gratitude: the gratitude that this man did not give me a belief, otherwise I was lost. This man did not make me dependent on him, otherwise I was lost. This man did not exploit me psychologically in any way, for his own ego, otherwise I would not have been able even to find what is happening. Because I was sick, I was needful, he could have easily exploited my needs for his own ego. He could have created the vicious circle of fulfilling the ego: you fulfill the master's ego, the master fulfills the disciple's ego.
It happened that I was invited by one of the shankaracharyas in Faridabad; he was holding a big, world religious conference. He must not have known me at all. I became aware of it, he became aware of it; the moment I spoke, within two minutes it was clear he did not know me. His secretary was interested in me, he was reading my books. He had persuaded him to invite me, and of course it was going to be a world religious conference, so many religious leaders were invited -- there was no harm. And the secretary must have done the whole paper work, and the

shankaracharya may not have been actually aware of who I am, or what was going to happen.

But when I reached there -- I reached in the early morning -- the shankaracharya wanted to see me, because in the evening the session would begin and there were at least fifty thousand people gathered, so then there would be no time. And he was to preside at the conference. So I went to his temple where he was staying, from the guesthouse where I was staying.

He was sitting on a wooden platform, three feet higher than everybody else was sitting. By his wooden platform there was another platform, one-and-a-half feet above the floor, one-and-a-half feet below his platform. There, another monk was sitting, very dignified. And on the floor, all the guests who had come to participate in the conference, and address the conference -- Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Sikhs, Jainas, Buddhists -- all were sitting there. I was also sitting there. The shankaracharya said -- he started the conversation: "Do you know the man who is sitting by my side, on a lower platform, who he is? He was the supreme court's chief justice. As he retired, he renounced everything. And he is so humble... I asked him to sit by my side on the same platform, but he refused. He says, 'No, you are my guru, my master. How can I sit with you?' That's why he sits on a lower platform."

I asked the shankaracharya, "I understand -- he must be very humble, as far as you are concerned, because he is one-and-a-half feet below you -- but what about me and all the people sitting in this room? He is a great egoist, one-and-a-half feet above us. Why cannot he sit with us? If he is so humble, then what is the need of this middle stage? He

can sit with us. But he is not sitting with us, he is sitting higher -- and don't be deceived that he is humble. He is just waiting. When you die, he will be sitting where you are sitting. He is just waiting for your death." And I said to the man, "If you have any sense of dignity, come down from that platform and sit with everybody."

And I told the shankaracharya also, "It is not a meeting which you are going to address; we are your invited guests, and you are sitting higher, and we are sitting lower. Who is the host here? And who is the guest? Neither is he humble -- because insistently I have been telling him, 'Come down,' and he is not coming down -- nor are you humble. I am saying to you, 'Come down, sit with everybody.' But you are not coming down. This is all a bogus show.

"You cannot sit with all these people, Mohammedans, Christians. A shankaracharya and sitting with Mohammedans, Christians, Sikhas, Jainas, Buddhists?... although you have invited these people. You are the host, you should behave like a host. But you don't have the courage to come down. And it is not a meeting which you are going to address -- otherwise it is okay, you can be above. It was going to be a small conversation, a friendly conversation, but you have disturbed the friendly conversation. You get down, otherwise I will get up!"

Then too that fool did not get down. Then I had to get up on the platform and sit by his side. And I asked the other people, "Whosoever wants can come. As many as there is space for can come here -- otherwise, the second platform. Be humble, sit on the second platform. I am not a humble man. I am perfectly happy here, I will sit here."

These fools... he has no respect, nor has the man he named. And why did he start this conversation in the first place? I asked him, "You wanted to tell us you have a disciple who was chief justice of the supreme court of India, and if he is your disciple, what to say about you! And you wanted to impress the fact that he is very humble because he refuses to sit with you. Neither you are humble, nor is he humble; you both are playing on each other's psychological need, and exploiting."

Now he became afraid that he had invited, unknowingly, a dangerous person. He tried in every way to arrange that in the open session, where fifty thousand people or more would be present, somehow I should not be allowed to speak. And the arrangement that he had made was this: he kept three persons just behind me with sticks in their hands, so that everybody was aware of them. The secretary who had invited me and was interested in me, came to me and said, "It seems to be strange, but these three persons are criminals, dangerous people, murderers. And they have been put behind you so that if you speak they can start attacking you and disturb the whole meeting. You will not be allowed to speak."

I said, "Don't you be worried. I know my business perfectly well. Just don't be worried." I looked at those three people. I told them, "Are you all ready?" They looked at each other. I said, "Be ready, I am going to start." And without the shankaracharya announcing my name, I went to the mike and said to the public, "You can see three persons standing behind me with sticks. And you must know these three people; they are from this place, Faridabad. They are criminals and murderers. They have been put there by the

shankaracharya so that I cannot speak. If I start speaking they will start attacking me. I would like you to raise your hands: do you want to hear me, or don't you want to hear me?"
Fifty thousand hands were raised. Then I told the shankaracharya, "I don't care about you at all. Now you are no more the chairman of this conference. These hands have refused you." And I told those three people, "Be alert. If you do anything, neither you nor your shankaracharya, nor anybody, will leave this stage alive. These fifty thousand people are there."
And they shouted, "We are here. If any harm is done to you, we will burn everybody on that stage." I spoke. I said whatsoever I wanted to say, and those three criminals simply slipped away. And this man was talking about humbleness...!
Humbleness arises only, gratitude arises only, when you have experienced what the master has been trying to express through words, through actions, through silence, through every possibility -- because that experience is something inexpressible.
Okay Sheela, one question more.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU SAY YOU ARE JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON. IS YOUR COMMUNE JUST AN ORDINARY COLLECTION OF PEOPLE?

I am an ordinary person. That's why my commune is absolutely extraordinary, because never around an ordinary

person has there been any commune. Yes, there was a small commune around Jesus -- but he was the son of God. There was a big commune around Buddha -- but he was the supremost awakened person, past, present, future... nobody is going to transcend him. Of course he had a big commune around him, but he was an extraordinary person. There was a commune with Mahavira -- but he was the twenty-fourth tirthankara, a very unique status.
I have no status at all, I am an ordinary person. Hence I say my commune is absolutely extraordinary, because when has it happened that a commune functioned around an ordinary person? This is for the first time. And to be with an ordinary person like me needs tremendous courage, because I don't fulfill any of your childish desires, I don't fulfill any of your fantasies, I don't give you any hope, any promises.
To be with me is enough proof that my commune is absolutely extraordinary -- but I am an ordinary person.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #11
Chapter title: Yes, I Teach You Selfishness
9 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU TEACH YOUR SANNYASINS TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES BEFORE THEY TRY TO TAKE CARE OF OTHERS. THIS SEEMS TO GO AGAINST

MANY OF THE RELIGIONS IN THE WORLD THAT TEACH SERVICE TO HUMANITY AND IT MUST APPEAR A VERY SELFISH ATTITUDE TO THEM. CAN YOU SPEAK ON THIS?

It not only goes against many religions, it goes against all the religions in the world. They all teach service to others, unselfishness. But to me, selfishness is a natural phenomenon. Unselfishness is imposed. Selfishness is part of your nature. Unless you come to a point where your self dissolves into the universal, you cannot be truly unselfish. You can pretend. You will be only a hypocrite, and I don't want my people to be hypocrites. So it is a little complicated but it can be understood.

First, selfishness is part of your nature. You have to accept it. And if it is part of your nature it must be serving something very essential, otherwise it would not have been there at all. It is because of selfishness that you have survived, that you have taken care of yourself; otherwise humanity would have disappeared long ago.

Just think of a child who is unselfish, born unselfish. He will not be able to survive, he will die -- because even to breathe is selfish, to eat is selfish, when there are millions of people who are hungry and you are eating, when there are millions of people who are unhealthy, sick, dying, and you are healthy.

If a child is born without selfishness as an intrinsic part of his nature, he is not going to survive. If a snake comes close to him, what is the need to avoid the snake? Let him bite. It is your selfishness that protects you; otherwise, you are coming in the way of the snake. If a lion jumps upon

you and kills you, be killed. That is unselfishness. The lion is hungry, you are providing food -- who are you to interfere? You should not protect yourself, you should not fight. You should simply offer yourself on a plate to the lion. That will be unselfishness. All these religions have been teaching things which are unnatural. This is only one of the things.

I teach you nature. I teach you to be natural, absolutely natural, unashamedly natural. Yes, I teach you selfishness. Nobody has said it before me. They had not the guts to say it. And they were all selfish; this is the amazing part of the whole story.

Why is a Jaina monk torturing himself? There is a motivation. He wants to attain to moksha and to all the pleasures therein. He is not sacrificing anything, he is simply bargaining. He is a businessman, and his scriptures say, "You will get a thousandfold." And this life is really very small -- seventy years is not much. If you sacrifice seventy years' pleasures for an eternity of pleasures it is a good bargain. I don't think it is unselfish.

And why have these religions been teaching you to serve humanity? What is the motive? What is the goal? What are you going to gain out of it? You may never have asked the question. It is not service....

I have loved a very ancient Chinese story: A man falls into a well. It was at a big gathering, a big festival time, and there was so much noise, and people were enjoying, dancing, singing, and all kinds of things were going on, so nobody heard him fall. And at that time in China wells were not protected by a wall surrounding them, at least four or five feet high so nobody falls in. They were without any

protection, just open. You can fall in the darkness without being aware that there is a well. The man starts shouting, "Save me!"

A Buddhist monk passes by. Of course a Buddhist monk is not interested in the festival, is not supposed to be interested -- I don't know what he was doing there. Even to be there means some unconscious urge to see what is going on, how people are enjoying: "All these people will go to hell, and I am the only one here who is going to heaven." He passes by the well and he hears this man. He looks down. The man says, "It's good that you have heard me. Everybody is so busy and there is so much noise that I was afraid I was going to die."

The Buddhist monk said, "You are still going to die, because this is your past life's evil act: now you are getting the punishment. Get it and be finished! It is good. In the new life you will come out clean and there will be no need to fall again into a well."

The man said, "I don't want any wisdom and any philosophy at this moment...." But the monk had moved on.

A Taoist old man stops. He is thirsty, and looks in the well. The man is still crying for help. The Taoist says, "This is not manly. One should accept everything as it comes -- that's what the great Lao Tzu has said. So accept it! Enjoy! You are crying like a woman. Be a man!"

The man said, "I am ready to be called a woman but first please save me! I am not manly. And you can say anything that you want to say afterwards -- first pull me out."

But the Taoist said, "We never interfere in anybody's business. We believe in the individual and his freedom. It is your freedom to fall in the well, it is your freedom to die in

the well. All that I can do is just suggest to you: you can die crying, weeping -- that is foolish -- or you can die like a wise man. Accept it, enjoy it, sing a song, and go. Anyway, everybody is going to die, so what is the point of saving you? I am going to die, everybody is going to die -- perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the day after tomorrow -- so what is the point of bothering to save you?" And he moves on.

A Confucian comes and the man sees some hope because Confucians are more worldly, more earthbound. He says, "It is my good fortune that you have come, a Confucian scholar. I know you, I have heard about your name. Now do something for me, because Confucius says, 'Help others.'" Seeing the response of the Buddhist and the Taoist, the man thought, "It is better to talk philosophy if these people are to be convinced to save me." He said, "Confucius says, 'Help others.'"

The Confucian monk said, "You are right. And I will help. I am going from one city to another, and I will try and protest and force the government to make a protective wall around every well in the country. Don't be afraid."

The man said, "But by the time those protective walls are made and your revolution succeeds, I will be gone."

The Confucian said, "You don't matter, I don't matter, individuals don't matter -- society matters. You have raised a very significant question by falling in the well. Now we are going to fight for it. You be calm and quiet. We will see that every well has a protective wall around it so nobody falls into it. Just by saving you, what is saved? The whole country has millions of wells, and millions of people can fall into them. So don't be too selfish about yourself, rise above the selfish attitude. I am going to serve humanity.

You have served by falling into the well. I am going to serve by forcing the government to make protective walls." And he walks on. But he makes a significant point: "You are very selfish. You just want to be saved and waste my time, which I can use for the whole of humanity."

Do you know if anything like 'humanity' exists anywhere, if anything like a 'society' exists anywhere? These are just words. Only individuals exist.

The fourth man is a Christian minister, a missionary, who is carrying a bag with him. He immediately opens the bag, takes out a rope, throws the rope; before the man says anything, he throws the rope into the well. The man is surprised. He says, "Your religion seems to be the truest religion."

He says, "Of course. We are prepared for every emergency. Knowing that people can fall into wells, I am carrying this rope to save them because only by saving them can I save myself. But remember -- I have heard what the Confucian was saying -- don't make protective walls around the wells; otherwise how will we serve humanity? How will we pull out people from wells who fall in? They have to fall first, only then can we pull them out. We exist to serve, but the opportunity must be there. Without the opportunity, how can you serve?"

All these religions talking about service are certainly interested that humanity remains poor, that people remain in need of service, that there are orphans, there are widows, old people nobody takes care of, beggars. These people are needed, absolutely needed. Otherwise, what will happen to these great servants of the people? What will happen to all these religions and their teachings? And how will people

enter into the kingdom of God? These people have to be used as a ladder.

Do you call it unselfishness? Is this missionary unselfish? He is saving this man, not for this man's sake; he is saving this man for his own sake. Deep down it is still selfishness, but now it is covered with a beautiful word: unselfishness, service.

But why is there any need for service? Why should there be any need? Can't we destroy these opportunities for service? We can, but the religions will be very angry. Their whole ground will be lost -- this is their whole business -- if there is nobody poor, nobody hungry, nobody suffering, nobody sick. And science can make it possible. It is absolutely in our hands today. It would have been long ago, if these religions had not stopped every person who was going to contribute to knowledge, which can destroy all the opportunities for service. But these religions have been against all scientific progress and they will talk of service. They need these people. Their need is not unselfish; it is utterly selfish. It is motivated. There is a goal to be achieved.

Hence I say to my sannyasins, service is a dirty, four letter word. Never use it. Yes, you can share, but never humiliate anybody by serving him. It is humiliation.

When you serve somebody and you feel great, you have reduced the other into a worm, subhuman. And you are so superior that you have sacrificed your own interests and you are serving the poor: you are simply humiliating them. If you have something, something that gives you joy, peace, ecstasy, share it. And remember that when you share there is no motive. I am not saying that by sharing it you

will reach to heaven. I am not giving you any goal. I am saying to you, just by sharing it you will be tremendously fulfilled. In the very sharing is the fulfillment, there is no goal beyond it. It is not end-oriented, it is an end unto itself. And you will feel obliged to the person who was ready to share with you. You will not feel that he is obliged to you -- because you have not served. And only these people who believe in sharing instead of service can destroy all those opportunities, those ugly opportunities which surround the whole earth. And all the religions have been exploiting those opportunities. But they give good names... they have become very proficient, in thousands of years, in giving good names to ugly things. And when you start giving a beautiful name to an ugly thing, there is a possibility you yourself may forget that it was just a cover. Inside, the reality is just the same.

I am reminded... I was staying in Calcutta in a very rich woman's house. She was a widow, still young. She had a kid; her husband had died just a few years back, and she was immensely interested in my way of thinking. We were taking breakfast and there I saw a picture hanging on the wall. I recognized the man. I asked the woman, "Is this a picture of Swami Divyanand Saraswati?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "It is strange. It is impossible to be interested in me and in this man. I know this man. He belongs to a very chauvinistic Hindu group, Arya Samaj, very fanatic." His religion believes that it is the only true religion, and all other religions are untrue, and that the Vedas are written by God, and their existence cannot be calculated in years... ten thousand, twenty thousand, one hundred thousand -- no,

they were created simultaneously when the existence was created. How can God create existence without giving it guidelines? Of course that seems to be logical. And Vedas are enough, no other book is needed. There are four Vedas -- so utterly childish, so foolish and so full of rubbish and crap that God must be insane if he creates this kind of book.

So I had met this man and immediately we became enemies forever because I said, "It is all crap that you are thinking God created. And if this is what God created then your God is in urgent need of psychiatric treatment."
The Vedas say God created the woman. Of course, he is the father: he created the woman, he is the father... and he became infatuated, he started running after the woman. The woman became afraid of being raped by her own father, so she tried to hide. That's how the whole creation came into existence. She became a cow -- but you cannot deceive God, He became a bull. That's how all these animals came into existence; the woman went on changing, and God also went on changing. That's how this whole existence has come into being. It is God still chasing the woman in millions of forms. But the very idea of the father who has created.... He is a rapist, and no ordinary rapist, an eternal rapist -- he still continues to chase. And this you call a book created by God?

So I asked the woman, "If you are interested in me then how is it possible that you are interested in this maniac?" She said, "I am not interested in him at all. You are right. It was my husband who was interested in him. And because

he had put the picture there, and he has died, just out of respect to my husband I have not removed the picture. But I never look at that picture. But what my son did to him, I always enjoy."
I said, "What did your son do to him?"
She said, "Swami Divyanand used to come here and stay with us." They had a beautiful meeting hall for at least five hundred people, so he used to deliver lectures in their home.
One day... the child must have been at that time not more than five or six years old. The woman was certainly sitting in front, the child was sitting in front -- they were the hosts -- the husband was sitting in the front. And in the middle of the discourse of Swami Divyananda, the child said loudly to the mother, "I want to piss."
Now this is in front of Swami Divyananda and the whole hall, and everybody started laughing. In fact everybody was wanting the same thing. The lecture was such that it created the urge, the desire to go to the bathroom. And because everybody laughed, Divyananda felt very angry. These so-called religious people are carrying such rage, such anger. He called the woman close to him and said, "This is not good. You should teach your son."
She said, "What can I teach him?"
He said, "You can do a simple thing. You can tell him that whenever he wants to go to urinate, he can simply say, 'Mum, I want to go to sing. I want to sing.' You change that word piss to sing. Nobody will understand, only you will understand the code language."
So the mother said, "Okay."

After six or seven months he came back again to Calcutta and stayed there. The mother had to go out because some very close relative was just on the deathbed and she wanted to see him and be with him. So she told the swami, "I am going out. My husband is not at home -- he always comes back late -- and I don't want to take this child with me. The person is going to die, perhaps within an hour or two, and I don't want the child to go through that agony of death there. And he will not sleep alone, he never has slept alone, so will you be kind enough to let him sleep with you on your bed?"

The swami said, "There is no problem -- he can sleep on my bed with me. And when you come back, you can take him to your bed."

This was settled. In the middle of the night the child shook the swami and said, "Swamiji, I want to sing."

The swami said, "Is this a time for singing, in the middle of the night? You idiot, just go to sleep. Don't disturb me."

The poor boy just out of fear closed his eyes, but he wanted to sing. How long can he manage...? So he again shook the swami; he was again snoring. He woke up: "What is the matter now?"

The boy said, "The same. It is impossible, I cannot hold it any more; I have to sing."

He said, "But what will people in the neighborhood think... in the middle of the night? And what kind of song? And I'm tired, the whole day traveling and talking to people, and now I have to listen to your song? Can't you wait? In the morning I can listen."

The boy said, "No, I cannot wait."

The swami said, "Just be a little patient. Everybody can wait, there is no problem. Singing is not such a thing that you can't wait."
The boy had to listen to him because he was shouting loudly. And he was alone there -- the father was not there, the mother was not there. And this man says it can be controlled, you have to be patient.
He said, "Okay, I will try." He closed his eyes but within a few minutes.... The swami was snoring again. He woke him. He said, "Now, whether you stop me or not, I am going to sing, here, in the bed."
The swami said, "Then you do one thing: you simply sing softly in my ear so nobody will hear it. You devil, just whisper in my ear."
The boy said, "Do you really mean it?"
He said, "Yes, I mean it. You whisper, and then go to sleep and let me sleep. And never again in the night, this singing business -- in the morning." So the boy whispered in his ear -- but then it was too late. Then the swami remembered what 'singing' means, and why the boy was incapable of controlling it. It was his own doing. He had changed a reality into a phony, false word, and he himself forgot about it. All these religions have given good names, beautiful names, to ugly realities.
Why serve the poor when poverty can be destroyed? No religion says, "Destroy poverty." They are in deep conspiracy with the vested interests. They don't say destroy poverty. They don't suggest any measures for how poverty can be destroyed, stopped. But serve the poor, serve the widows.

They don't say, "Why force the woman to remain a widow?" So simple a phenomenon.... In India the man is allowed to get married as many times as he wants. In fact the moment the wife dies, her body is being burned on the funeral pyre and people are beginning to talk about marriage, where to arrange this man's marriage. So ugly, so inhuman -- the body of the wife is not yet burned completely... but sitting around there, what else to do? They have to talk about something, and this is the most hot topic. Now this man needs a woman, and they are suggesting where it will be good to marry, which woman will be suitable for him -- and not a widow.

Nobody is ready to get married to a widow. She is a used woman. Woman is a thing, used by somebody else -- how can you use it? Man is not used; he always remains fresh, pure. He can get remarried. In India for thousands of years the woman has suffered so much because of this idea that she has to remain a widow. Millions of widows... they cannot use any other color than white. They have to shave their heads, they cannot use any ornament. In every possible way it has been made clear to them that they have to live almost a dead life.

They cannot move in the society as other women do -- particularly in festivals they are not supposed to. At marriages they are not supposed to be present, because their very presence, their very shadow, is a calamity. And the widow is told that she has eaten her husband -- it is because of her fate that the husband died. If he had not married her he would be alive; she is responsible for his death. The whole life she carries this burden, and now she has to remain in every way ugly.

"Serve the widows." In India there are institutions especially for widows, because in homes they are not even equal to the servants. They do all kinds of work, the whole day they work. But they don't get any respect: no salary, no respect, and continual condemnation that because of them somebody's son has died, somebody's brother has died.... Everybody is against the woman. And she has to remain hidden like a shadow. She is not allowed to be there when guests are there. She lives like a ghost.

So institutions are opened by religions; this is service for the widows. But why have widows in the first place? It is such a such simple logic: make it a law that any man who wants to marry a second time has to marry a widow, not a virgin -- simple. And the whole problem disappears. Rather than making the problems disappear, you help them to continue.

Now the same thing is happening in the West, in other ways, in other directions. Medical science has evolved so much that the scientists say that there is no intrinsic necessity for the human body to die for at least three hundred years. And this is a very conservative estimate, three hundred years. They say for three hundred years there is no intrinsic necessity for the human body to die. For three hundred years everybody can live fully... young.

And if one can live three hundred years, can you think what the implications of it will be? Just think -- Albert Einstein living three hundred years. What blessings would he not have showered on humanity! Such a mature mind! At the age of twenty-six he was able to present the theory of relativity, which transformed the whole of science and its shape. Just think, if he was able to live for three hundred

years, all that seems impossible would have been possible through him. And I am taking just one example.

If Bertrand Russell can give so much in one hundred years, in three hundred years.... It is not possible for a man like Bertrand Russell to sit and not do anything. Even when he was a hundred years old he was far younger than your so-called young people -- in his vision, in his approach, in his reasoning, in his clarity about everything. And if this man had been able to live three hundred years, I can say with absolute certainty that he would have changed many things that he had said when he was fifty, forty, thirty. He may have turned inwards, he may have become a meditator. He may have proved to be one of the greatest religious men on the earth. He had every capacity, and he had every courage that is needed to use that capacity. But the time was short. A hundred years for a man like Bertrand Russell is very short.

He has such a multidimensional interest: in education he wants to create a revolution; in philosophy he brings new concepts into existence; in mathematics... which was not his subject, but he was so interested in logic that he was compelled to go into mathematics, because they function on the same lines. Mathematics is logic applied. With one of the great mathematicians and philosophers of America, Whitehead, Russell joined hands, and together they wrote a book: Principia Mathematica. It is so far ahead of its time -- it was written fifty, sixty years ago -- even today there are only perhaps a dozen or two dozen people who can understand it, what it is.

If he had lived three hundred years he would have given you a totally new mathematics, perhaps a higher

mathematics about which Gurdjieff, Ouspensky -- mystics like these people -- were interested, a high mathematics which does not deal with ordinary material experiments but which deals with ultimate problems. And your mathematics that you learn in the universities cannot deal with the ultimate problems. Ultimate problems are beyond it. A totally new mathematics is needed, because when you come closer to the ultimate you find all your categories, logic, mathematics, falling apart. Existence behaves differently -- so differently that sometimes two plus two can be three, sometimes two plus two can be five. One thing is certain: at the ultimate, two plus two are never four. I can give you a simple example. Why can two plus two never be four at the ultimate core of existence? It is because no two things are exactly similar. Two chairs are not exactly the same. Two other chairs are not exactly the same. You put all of them together, and you call it four chairs -- and they are not the same, each chair is different. To be absolutely right, you cannot use four.

The electrons, the protons, the neutrons -- the world deep at the ultimate core behaves in a totally different way. If you go out of a room, we know that you can only go out of the room if you pass through a certain passage, maybe ten steps; then you reach outside. But you will be there, in each of the ten, each time you take a step. But at the ultimate level, the electron jumps without being in between. It is at point A, then it is found at point B, which is far away from A, but it is not found between the two at all. From A it disappears and appears at B, and between the two there is no passage. Now, how can your ordinary mathematics,

measurements, geometry, function? Something totally different is needed.

And as man's life has grown longer we have been able to discover science. You may not have thought about it. Science has come into existence only in the last three hundred years -- why? Why not before? We have not been able to find a single skeleton of a human being who lived three thousand years ago -- to say nothing about further back -- which is older than forty years. The man must have died at the age of forty. Forty must have been the age limit sometime, because we have not found a single skeleton which proves that the man died at fifty, sixty, seventy; forty is the oldest.

So there is nothing strange when the Vedas say -- and Hindus think it is something of tremendous glory to them -- that people never get old. Hindus think that in the times of the Vedas science must have been so advanced that nobody was ever old. That is not the truth. The truth is everybody was dying at forty, so how could one get old?

When man started living longer, and seventy became the average age -- and in Western countries, in some countries eighty, in some countries ninety became the average age -- then science developed. Otherwise, in forty years what can a person do? He is just trying somehow to survive -- himself, his wife, a line of children -- and then comes death. Science or philosophy or religion or anything higher needs more time, more luxury, more comfort.

Now man can live three hundred years. And if man can live three hundred years, why not six hundred? Why not one thousand? Once man comes to live three hundred years it is absolutely certain we will find there are ways to make him

live longer. Then he becomes accumulated wisdom. Then he can work out complicated problems.

Solve the problems! There is no need of teaching people service. What are the problems? The population explosion is the problem. All the religions are teaching, "Serve the poor," but not a single religion is ready to say, "Accept birth control so that the population is reduced."

I am for absolute birth control. Only a few people should be allowed to give birth to children, and that too should be done by artificial insemination. ... Because what is the need? It is possible you fall in love with a girl, the girl falls in love with you, but you may not be the right persons to become parents, to give birth to a child. You may not be, because love takes no account of your inner chemistry. You don't go to the chemist to find out, "I am falling in love with this girl; do our inner chemistries meet?" If you go at all, you go to the idiot astrologer, the palmist... the blind leading the blind. It is a biochemical question, nothing to do with palmistry, nothing to do with astrology. But man's ego feels as if stars are interested in you. Just think of the stupidity of the whole idea that millions of stars are concerned with you, and are affecting you, and their combinations are affecting you. It just makes me feel sad about man. What kind of humanity has grown up on the earth?

But all these religions are against birth control, and without birth control there is no way now. I am in support of absolute birth control, remember, not just birth control; because with birth control people -- if not religions, then governments -- are compelled to accept that they should have only two children or three children. No, that won't do.

Even two, three children won't do. Absolute birth control: nobody is to be allowed to give birth to children; anybody who is interested in children can go, contribute his semen to the scientific lab, and the lab should decide who is going to be the woman for your child's mother.

It need not be your wife, there is no relationship in it. You love your wife, your wife loves you, but that does not mean burden the earth with a crippled, blind child. You don't have that power, you don't have that permission from existence. Why are you taking such an irresponsible burden on yourself and on the whole of humanity? You give birth to a child who is crippled, or blind, or mad, or insane, and he will give birth to other children.

That's how the idiots are always in the majority in the world. They are bound to be, because the right combination can happen only through a scientific lab. You cannot... you don't know what you are carrying in your genes; you don't know what your potential is, what kind of child you are going to give birth to. You love the woman -- there is no harm in that; love should be absolutely available to you, that is your birthright. You love the woman; but every woman need not be a mother, every man need not be a father. Soon there will be no need for the mother either. The child can grow in the scientific lab itself.

You want a child, and if you really love children, you would like the best child possible. So who contributes the semen and who contributes the mother's womb should not be your concern. Your concern should be that you get the best child possible. So I suggest artificial insemination and test-tube babies. And I also suggest euthanasia.

Just as we are putting a barrier on birth, birth control, let me give you another word: death-control. After a certain age -- for example, if you accept seventy as the average, or eighty or ninety as the average -- a man should be free to ask the medical board, "I want to be freed from my body." He has every right, if he does not want to live anymore, because he has lived enough; he has done everything that he wanted to do. And now he wants not to die of cancer, or tuberculosis; he simply wants a relaxed death.

Every hospital should have a special place for people, with a special staff, where people can come, get relaxed and be helped to die beautifully, without any disease, supported by the medical profession. If the medical board feels that the person is valuable -- for example, somebody like Einstein or Bertrand Russell -- if the medical board feels that the person is of immense importance, then he can be asked to live a little longer. Only a few people should be asked to be here a little longer because they can be so much help to humanity, so much help to others. But if even those people don't want to live, that is their birthright. You can pray, ask, request. If they accept it, good. But if they say, "No, we are not interested any more," then certainly they have every right to die.

Why should a person be forced to live when he does not want to live? And you make it a crime, you make the man unnecessarily worried: he does not want to live but he has to live because suicide is a crime. He has to take poison, or he has to jump into the ocean or from a hill. This is not a good situation. And strange: if he dies, good; if he is caught then he will be sentenced to death. Great society! Great

minds creating laws! He will be sentenced to death because he was trying to commit suicide.
All these problems can be solved. Hence there is no need for public servants, missionaries, and their kind. We need more intelligence brought to the problem and how to dissolve it.
So I teach selfishness. I want you to be, first, your own flowering. Yes, it will appear as selfishness; I have no objection to that appearance of selfishness. It is okay with me. But is the rose selfish when it blossoms? Is the lotus selfish when it blossoms? Is the sun selfish when it shines? So why should you be worried about selfishness?
You are born: birth is only an opportunity, just a beginning, not the end. You have to flower. Don't waste it in any kind of stupid service. Your first and foremost responsibility is to blossom, to become fully conscious, aware, alert; and in that consciousness you will be able to see what you can share, how you can solve problems.
Ninety-nine percent of the world's problems can be solved. Perhaps one percent of problems may not be solved. Then you can share with those people whatsoever you can share -- but first you have to have something to share.
All these religions up to now have not helped humanity in solving a single problem. Just look at what I am saying: have they solved a single problem? -- and they have been doing this service business for millions of years. The poor are still poor, and go on growing more poor. The sick are there, old age is there, all kinds of diseases are there, all kinds of crimes are there -- and they go on increasing. Every year there are more crimes in the world than the last year. Strange... prisons go on increasing, courts go on

increasing -- they think they are there to stop crime, and with them the crime goes on increasing.
Something is basically wrong somewhere. What they are doing is unrelated to the problem. The person who is committing a crime is not a criminal, he is a sick person. He need not be thrown into a jail and tortured, he has to be put into a psychiatric hospital and served there, medically, respectfully. It is not his fault.
You must know there was a time when mad people were thought to be criminals and they were thrown into prison, and there they were beaten. It was only a few hundred years ago that it occurred to anyone that these people are not criminals, they are suffering from a certain disease. By beating them you cannot beat the disease out. You are simply being idiotic. They need treatment, and you are mistreating them. And the same is true about all criminals... because I don't see that any criminal is a born criminal. The way he is brought up, the society in which he is brought up, makes him a criminal. And once his mind starts becoming criminal, then you have to change the whole way of his mind. It is no use chaining him, throwing him into jail, starving him, beating him -- it does nothing. It is simply reinforcing in him that when he comes out he will be a confirmed criminal, a graduate criminal.
Your imprisonments, your prisons, are universities for criminals, from which they graduate. So once a man goes to the jail, he comes out having learned many things from old criminals with whom he has been there. And all that he learns from your behavior is that to commit the crime is not the crime, but to be caught is the crime. So he learns ways not to be caught.

You have to change the track of his mind which moves into criminality. And that can be done. Biochemistry can be of much help, medicine can be of much help, psychiatry can be of much help. Now we have every resource to make that man a dignified human being.

Service is not needed, what is needed is a sharing of your consciousness -- your knowledge, your being, your respect -- but first you must have it.

To me the greatest problem with humanity is that they don't know anything of meditation. To me, that is the greatest problem. Neither the population, nor the atom bomb, nor hunger... no, these are not basic problems; they can be easily solved by science.

The only, basic problem that science will not be able to solve is that people don't know how to meditate.

To my people I say: first you be selfish, utterly selfish -- blossom. Come to flowering and fragrance, and then spread it. Then share it with those unfortunate people who had the same potential as you, but life has not given them a chance to go inwards, to have a taste of their own godliness.

I am against all the religions because to me, what they have done is absolutely useless. But they 'do' with beautiful words, and they hide things in beautiful words.

For example: Jesus on the cross says to God... and Christians have been quoting that for centuries as one of the most profound sayings; and it appears so, but only appears so. Don't be deceived by the appearance, the appearance is not the reality. Jesus says on the cross, to God, as his last prayer, "Abba" -- that is Aramaic for father -- "Abba, forgive these people because they do not know what they are doing."

Such a beautiful statement, such forgiveness... that they are crucifying him and he is asking his God to forgive those who are crucifying him. But I have looked deeply into Jesus' life and into his sayings. He is not a man to ask forgiveness of. He could not even forgive a fig tree which was out of season. He cursed it because he and his followers were hungry and the tree was without fruits -- as if the tree was inimical to them. He cursed the tree. And it was not the season for figs! And even if it was the season and there were no figs, what can the tree do? And what responsibility has the tree for them to be fed? And this is from a man who is thought to do miracles and change stones into bread, and water into wine.

What is the need? Such a man, if these miracles are true, could have simply ordered the tree, out of season: "Be full of figs, ripe figs!" In fact there was no need for the tree; stones could have become figs. But all those miracles are bogus. This incident proves that all those statements are bogus.

Why should he go to beg in the town in the first place if he can turn stones into bread? And if this man was capable of turning stones into bread, why did poverty remain in Judea at all? I am only talking about Judea -- in fact, I should say why on the whole earth? Turn the whole Himalayas and Alps into big loaves of bread. If this man is capable of that, then why go on turning small stones into pieces of bread? Then turn these mountains into bread -- people can cut and take away and eat forever. And why turn a little water into wine? -- why not turn the whole ocean into wine? When you know the secret, when you know the miracle, then turn all the oceans into wine and let the people drink! There

should not have been any poverty if Jesus' miracles are true -- but they are all false.

And Jesus says, "Those who are not going to follow me will fall into the seventh hell for eternity. And they will be tortured in every possible way." This man does not know forgiveness. And if he cannot forgive you just because you have not followed him, how can he forgive those who are crucifying him? A simple logic -- nothing much is needed.... Who are you to throw somebody into the seventh hell because he does not follow you? You cannot forgive a simple thing -- that he did not follow you -- and you are asking God to forgive all these people who are crucifying you? No, it is not forgiveness that is being asked, but something else.

Even on the cross he wants to show to the Jews, "Look, I am the messiah, and you are all ignorant." He is asking God, "Forgive these ignorant people. They know not what they are doing." It is not forgiveness on which the emphasis should be laid, because this man is not forgiving -- his whole life is against it -- it is to prove all these people ignorant.

At the last moment also he is insisting, "I am the knower, the knowing one; and you, you are ignorant. But I will ask God for you to be forgiven." He is still trying to be the messiah, because that is what the old scriptures say, that the messiah will be crucified and on the crucifixion he will pray to God, "Forgive these people, they know not what they are doing." He is stubborn, just adamant. Even crucifixion is not going to change anything: he is the messiah. And his last statement is just again declaring everybody else ignorant.

You can use beautiful words, beautiful phrases to hide some ugly truth. I don't want to do that kind of job at all. I teach you to be natural, and I teach you to accept your naturalness.
I know one thing for certain, that when you have blossomed, you will be sharing. There is no way to avoid it. When the flower opens up there is no way for it to withhold its fragrance and keep it imprisoned. The fragrance escapes. It reaches in all directions. So first, be fulfilled, be content. First, be. Then out of your being there will be a fragrance reaching to many. And it will not be a service, it will be a sheer joyous sharing. And there is nothing more joyful than sharing your joy.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #12
Chapter title: Live Now, Pray Later
10 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
JEWS, CHRISTIANS, HINDUS, JAINAS, MOHAMMEDANS, PUT THEIR HOPE IN A FUTURE LIFE, BUT I DON'T SEE THE SAME HOPE AMONG PEOPLE AROUND YOU. WHY IS IT SO?

There are three ways to live. Only one is authentic; two are pseudo.

First, let me explain to you the pseudo ways, then it will be easier to understand the right way. These are the two pseudo ways most people have lived and are living: the first is in the yesterday, the past; the second is in the tomorrow, the future. Both are really ways of deceiving yourself. The yesterday is no more, and the tomorrow has not come yet. The yesterday cannot be lived. Yes, only in imagination, but not truly. It is dead. There is no way to make it alive again. You cannot move backwards in time. That which is gone is gone forever. But millions of people, ninety-nine point nine percent of people, have chosen to live either in the yesterday or in the tomorrow.

The tomorrow is not there and is not going to be there ever. It never comes, by its very nature. It is always coming, coming, coming... but it never comes. It is only a hope which is not going to be fulfilled. But hope is the most ancient psychological drug.

First let us look into the yesterdays, because at least they have been there. They cannot be again, but they have been there. Hindus have deliberated most in their philosophy about the life of yesterdays, because that is the most philosophical of all the religions.

Hindus have divided time into four ages. The first is called sat yuga, the age of truth. That was in the very beginning of time. No historical record exists about it, no other kind of evidence exists for it; in fact, everything that exists gives evidence against it, because a man like Krishna, whom Hindus worship as the descendant of God in all his aspects, in his totality, even this man is not a man of truth. He lies. He is a politician. He changes very easily. He promises -- and goes against the promise. And this is their idea of God

in his perfection! And to lie, for Krishna, is so easy... even your third class politicians -- of course, they are all third class; I should not use third class, because there is no other class of politicians -- even they feel ashamed to lie. And when they are caught, they feel that they have acted not in good faith. Not so with Krishna, he is a perfect politician. He is not a perfect God, but a perfect politician. Lying is his business, deception is his whole game. And this age Hindus call the age of truth! And if this is the situation with their greatest man, what about the ordinary masses?

There has never been such a time as the age of truth where everybody was authentic, honest, true to himself and to existence. But Hinduism is a very old religion, so you have to understand this psychological phenomenon. The child has no past, he has only a future. The old man has no future, but only the past. So all the old religions are past-oriented. They live in their yesterdays, naturally.

The new religions live in the future, they don't have any past to fall back upon. They have to project a future. The latest religion, communism.... Remember, I count communism in with all the other religions because it fulfills every criterion of being a religion. It asks you to be faithful to the dogma. It asks you to believe in the trinity of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, Lenin. It demands that you believe in the absolute truth of Das Kapital, the book that Marx wrote. No doubt is allowed, no argument is possible. With Marx the religion has come to its completion; now nothing is going to be added.

But this is so with all the new religions. Mohammedanism is only fourteen hundred years old; Sikhism, five hundred years old; Christianity, two thousand years old. To the

Indian mind, two thousand years mean nothing. Hinduism is at least ten thousand years old. That is the very dogmatic, scientific attitude. The Hindu himself calls his religion sanatan dharma; it means eternal religion -- there is no question of time, it has always been there. So you cannot count it in years, or even in light years.

You will be surprised to know that 'Hinduism' is not the name given by Hindus themselves. They call their religion sanatan dharma, the eternal religion. Hinduism is the name given by the enemies of Hindus. But it happens many times that you become known by the name the enemies give to you, and slowly you adopt it. It was given by people who went on conquering India for almost three thousand years. On the frontier, there is one of the most beautiful and biggest rivers of the world -- Sindhu. The first conquerors were Hunas, a very barbarous community, very violent, almost cannibals. I say 'almost', because a few of them still were eating other human beings.

When Hunas, three thousand years ago, conquered India, in their alphabet there was no word, no letter equivalent to 's'. The closest was 'h'. So they called Sindhu, the river, Hindu River. There was no other way because they had no 's' in their alphabet. So the closest word had to be used. Sindhu became Hindu, and the people who lived beyond Hindu River they called Hindus.

All the words about India are derived from that time. When Greeks came, they had no equivalent to 'h'; the closest was 'i'. So they called Sindhu, Indu, which later on became Indus, and from Indus is India. Strangely they all came from the River Sindhu. Now the whole West knows the country as India, the name given by the Westerners, or as

Hindu, the name given by Hunas and Mohammedans. Nobody calls it Aryawarda -- that is the name of the country used by the people who lived there: the country of the Aryans. And their religion was called sanatan dharma. It is certainly far more ancient than ten thousand years. But there is no proof that there has ever been an age of truth; that is imagination. That is the old man, the old country, the old religion. It cannot project in the future; in the future is only death. The future is dark, it can only glorify the past. So the first age, the best, the golden age, is sat yuga, the age of truth.

You will be also surprised... Charles Darwin was not acquainted with the idea. When he started to work on the theory of evolution, it would have been of great help if he had been aware of the Hindu concept of devolution, not evolution: man has been falling down, not growing up. There is no evolution, because evolution means future. What evolution is there for a dying man, for an old man? Of course for a child there is evolution, but for the old man everything is shrinking, drowning in darkness. So before the word evolution ever became prominent in the world of thought, Hindus had already made another word -- just the opposite of it -- very significant: involution. Things are going down every day.

The second stage they call treta yuga. Treta means the third... because what I have called the first stage, sat yuga, they call the fourth stage -- the highest. If you call it the first, then the second will be evolution, then the third will be evolution, then the fourth will be evolution. Hindus are very philosophically minded. They have called the first -- the oldest -- the fourth; the second they have called the

third; the third -- the second: the fourth -- the first, the lowest.

Sat yuga is the best, the golden age, when everything is just as it should be, nothing can be improved upon. There is no crime, there is no immorality, there is no death, there is no sickness, there is no poverty. You name anything bad, and it is not there. They also call it the fourth stage because it is absolutely balanced, just like a table with four legs. It is completely balanced, there is no possibility of falling from it. People don't lock their doors. They don't have locks because nobody steals -- that's what they are projecting. It is not true. But if you hurt anybody's imagination, on which he is living, which is his only joy, he becomes angry. When I started telling them that there were not locks because locks need a certain technology to develop, and there was no technology to make a lock... and people were so poor there was nothing to be stolen from them anyway....

We know even Rama's wife, one of the other Hindu incarnations of God, is stolen. So if even the incarnation of God's wife is stolen, what about other people's wives? And we know about Krishna who stole sixteen thousand wives from other people. They were wives, mothers. They were taken away from their husbands, their children, forcibly. And you call this sat yuga?

We know -- I have told you -- Parasurama murdered his own mother, and you say there was no crime? And Parasurama was one of the incarnations of God. And not only did he murder his own mother, his father had ordered it. The father must have been like an ordinary, mediocre husband, who is always suspicious. Perhaps he was getting old and impotent, and the wife was young and beautiful,

and he was suspicious. And there was every reason to be suspicious too, because Hindu scriptures themselves describe that even gods -- and remember, for Hindus there is not only one God, there are thirty-three million gods -- become interested in women of the earth, because they get tired with plastic beauty.

In heaven there is plastic beauty. Those girls there never grow old. They don't perspire. They remain just the same always. And they are immensely beautiful, but something is inhuman about them. You can have a plastic girl, absolutely beautiful; even arrangements can be made that she breathes. Arrangements can be made that she smiles, says hello -- at least till the battery runs out -- she kisses you, she says, "I love you." Everything can be recorded. And that's how it is, recorded. It is just that the battery is running for seventy years, that's the only thing. But we can make batteries, even better batteries, which can run a hundred years, two hundred years. Only once in a while you may have to go to the repair shop, change the battery or something.

Those girls in heaven are plastic. So naturally people must be getting bored. You may not have thought about it, that you can be bored by beauty too. How long can you see a beautiful face? And those gods are living eternally with those girls... the same faces. They must be utterly bored. If anything can be said with certainty about heaven, it is that it must be boring, utterly boring. And not only of one religion, of all religions. I will discuss each. Their heavens are bound to be boring. To keep you unbored, to keep you excited and alive, change is needed. Nothing changes there, everything is permanent. So gods come in disguise and rape

women on the earth. Of course, they are gods. It seems all the gods of all the religions are rapists. And if they can be caught, they should be either punished or cured.

So gods used to come, in Hindu PURANAS -- that is their ancient stories -- and the rishis, the sages, of course had the lion's share. The greater the sage, the more beautiful the woman he could get. Hindu sages of the past were not bachelors. They were not Catholics, they were not Jainas, they were not Buddhists. This idea of remaining bachelors, celibate, is a very new addition. Hindu sages -- they were far, far away from this idea. This idea had not occurred yet. And because somebody was a sage, wise, well-known, respected, naturally he would get the best, the most beautiful woman of the society. Even kings would offer their daughters to them. So Parasurama's father was a great sage, he may have got a most beautiful woman. And he was suspicious. And these gods used to come in disguise -- gods can do any kind of miracle.

Just the other day I have received a Christian woman's angry letter to me saying, "Do you understand, you are here in a Christian country and you are saying such dangerous things, that the holy ghost was a rapist -- and the holy ghost is part of God, it makes God a rapist. And it was not a rape with virgin Mary, it was a miracle," she writes. Yes, it was a miracle to deceive that poor girl. It must have been a miracle. Perhaps the holy ghost has come as Joseph, and Mary must have thought, "He is my husband."

And that's the way Hindu gods have been doing it. They come when the sage has gone, because the sage has to go early in the morning at three o'clock to the Ganges to take his bath, and do a long prayer and ritual and everything

before sunrise. So at three o'clock he goes to the Ganges, and at three o'clock the god comes disguised as her husband. And the poor woman cannot even say no. She cannot say, "I have a headache today." That is not allowed in Hinduism. A Hindu woman has to worship her husband as a god. His order is an order, it has to be fulfilled -- no question of disobedience.

So Parasurama's father must have been suspicious, and he may have had some grounds for it. He told Parasurama, "You go and cut off the head of your mother. Bring your mother's head before me." And Parasurama went and cut off his mother's head! Obedience to father.... And then begins his history of violence.

His father ordered him, "Destroy the whole warrior race from the earth," because there was a conflict between the brahmins and the warriors, brahmins and kshatriyas, a conflict which always is there: who is to be on top? -- the intellectual, the scientist, the brahmin, the wise man, the sage, or the politician, the soldier, the general -- who is? The conflict still continues. It must have been there.... Parasurama was ordered to destroy all the warriors once and for all. It is said -- the story must be exaggerated, but some truth must be there to be exaggerated -- it is said that thirty-six times he destroyed all the warriors, erased them all from the earth. But there was one difficulty, and that was that his father has not said to destroy the women of the warriors. The women were there. And Hinduism allows a woman to go to a sage and ask to be made pregnant by him, and the sage cannot refuse. That is his religious duty.

So all those women must have been going to the sages. India is full of sages -- and at that time it must have been

fuller. So they were getting pregnant again and there were warriors again -- thirty-six times. By the time Parasurama became very old and was not able to kill any more, he had done as much violence as one man can do. And now these people say, "There was no violence," and their own books describe nothing but violence.

In Mahabharata, the great Indian war -- that is the meaning of MAHABHARATA.... It must have happened somewhere around five to seven thousand years ago, or perhaps ten thousand years. It certainly happened -- there is evidence -- and it destroyed the whole backbone of the country forever. It was certainly a great world war: almost all the known nations participated in it. It was a family war in a way: cousin-brothers were quarreling over the kingdom. They were brothers, and all their relatives had to divide up: some relatives with one party, some relatives with another party -- and they were all related. And they were so important that all other, smaller nations participated in the war, either from this side or from that side.

And it killed millions of people. It seems, by the description in the mahabharata, that perhaps they had come to know something similar to nuclear weapons, because the destruction was so vast, so immense. By the time the war was over and one party, the Pandavas, had won it, they saw it was worthless to win it, because now, over whom to rule? There were only corpses and more corpses all over the country.

They became so frustrated that they renounced the world and went to the Himalayas. It was not worth this victory. What kind of victory was this? And they had lost all their

people, either from the other side -- they were their friends, their relatives -- or on their side also there were their friends, their relatives, and the other party's friends and relatives too. And they had destroyed them all. Yes, they were victorious, but over whom? Over these corpses. That's what will happen if a third world war happens. The one who wins will weep and cry. The one who dies and is finished, has lost the war, may be in a better position. At least he has not to see the ugliness of victory. You are victorious, but there was nobody even to applaud your victory.

And then the Pandavas realized, "It was absolutely worthless. We should not have fought, we should have given the kingdom to the other party; at least people would have lived. And now we are going to the Himalayas. We could have gone before; now we are going in utter frustration, in deep despair and anguish. Then we would have gone rejoicing."

But it is not true that there was not violence, that there was not war, that there was not stealing. It is not true. But Hindus look at sat yuga as the golden age. And then began the fall. Treta yuga has only three legs. The sat yuga had four, like a table with four legs. Now it is a tripod with three legs, not so balanced. It can topple over very easily, it is crippled. One essential part of humanity is lost.

If you want to understand it psychologically, the Hindu psychology explains it. In the sat yuga there was the collective unconscious mind, the subconscious mind, the conscious mind and the superconscious mind, and the superconscious mind was in power. All the three lower minds followed it. These are the four legs.

In treta yuga -- treta means three, the third; the English word third comes from the same root as treta, three, that has become three -- the superconscious disappeared, the best part in man. Now there was conscious, subconscious, unconscious. Still, things were good... not that good. Before that time they were just divine; now they were human, but good, tolerably good. But a few things started happening which were not good. It is in the treta that Hindus think Jainism, Buddhism -- this type of religion -- arose, because to them these religions are very destructive. They destroyed the belief in God; they destroyed their very foundation, they destroyed the belief in the Vedas as created by God. They started joking and laughing about the Vedas, criticizing, and started asking for proof. They started creating doubt. Doubt enters into humanity, faith disappears. And doubt, to the faithful, is one of the greatest diseases; it destroys his belief. So Jainas and Buddhists are called atheists by Hindus. They are not accepted as theists or religious people, no; they are the cause of destroying the religion. But still, although they denied God and they denied the Vedas, they valued immensely the qualities of truth, nonviolence, nonstealing, nonpossessiveness. So things went down, but still there was something valuable. Then that age also disappeared. Man fell still more. Then comes dwapar. Dwapar means the second. dwa is exactly twa, two. The word has the same root. English has almost thirty percent of its roots in Sanskrit. It is a Sanskrit-oriented language; so is German, so is Swedish, so is French, so is Italian, so is Russian. All European languages have from thirty to seventy percent Sanskrit roots.

In dwapar, only two legs remained. Man became really sick. Now the table has lost two legs and on only two legs, how can you make it balanced? It became almost impossible to have balance. In dwapar man lives subconsciously. The conscious mind has disappeared; now he lives instinctively. He does not know why he is doing it, why this desire is in him, why a certain thing makes him happy or unhappy, but he goes on groping in the dark. But the dark is still not too thick; there is a little light, hence subconscious... a candlelight perhaps in the dark night. But most of it is covered with darkness. There is just a little light that you call your intelligence, rationality -- but just a little light which can be gone within a second; just a blow of the wind and it is gone. Somebody hits you and your intelligence has gone, and you are behaving completely like an animal. Somebody steps on your feet -- and that's enough, your intelligence has gone, and you are holding the man by the neck to kill him. Your intelligence is just a flickering light, at the mercy of any accident; it can go.
Then comes the last, kali yuga -- the age of darkness, in which we are living now. According to Hindus this is the most fallen stage. Man is absolutely unconscious, drunk, insane. There is no future; there will be more and more darkness. All the best has passed.
So old religions look towards the yesterdays. Those yesterdays were not there really, they never happened. They are projected on the screen of yesterdays by the human mind because the human mind cannot live unless one feels something beautiful, ecstatic, blissful. How can he live? And he is so empty that he finds it easy to fill that emptiness with a long, beautiful past.

That is true about the old countries and old religions. Jainas have the same status: the past. The future holds no hope -- in this world. The future holds hope for them in the other world, after life, in heaven and paradise, but not here. Here everything is finished. That's the reason why countries like India and China -- the oldest civilizations in the world, the greatest civilizations in the world, the ancientmost cultured civilizations in the world -- have remained in suffering... because they accepted that nothing better can be possible here, only after death. So the past... cling to the past -- that is a treasure. Keep your eyes focused on the past and prepare for a future in the other life, not in this life; this life holds no hope.

For the new religions, there is no past in which to spread their wings of imagination and dreaming. They have only the future, and that future is in the other world. Or, a communism-type religion has it here, but not today -- somewhere tomorrow, which is always hanging there like the horizon. But the more you come closer to it, the farther away it goes on moving.

In 1917 Lenin was absolutely certain that within ten years we will achieve utopia. More than sixty years have passed; utopia is farther away than it was in 1917. Now, nobody talks about utopia. No communist leader in Russia talks about it because they know that it is not going to happen. It was just a hope that you drug people with. Hence I call it the ancientmost drug, far more dangerous than any LSD, marijuana, or anything that science is going to discover: hope for the future. And that is beyond life, so there is no way to find out whether it happens or not.

People go on dying; nobody gives any sign from the other shore, any indication, that what you were hoping for is really here. At least one person in millions and millions of people... and such beautiful people have died: a Buddha, a Jesus, a Mohammed, a Krishna.... Can't they make any effort, in some way, to give a little indication? And now many scientists have died -- Einstein... people of immense intelligence -- they can find some way to signal, to give us an indication: "Keep up your courage -- we have arrived safely." At least this much of a telegram would do. But in millions of years, not a single indication from the other shore.

So it is very beautiful for the priest that there is no indication from the other shore, otherwise there would be immediate trouble. He can go on exploiting you because nothing can be said about what happens after death. So whatsoever he says, on the authority of the other priests, other old scriptures, that is the only thing there is; you have to believe in it. And you have to believe because otherwise you feel ungrounded, uprooted.

Then there is only death. Life you have never known, and death is coming every moment closer. Nobody knows whether he will be here tomorrow or not. Death is going to happen some day or other, and it is going to be some tomorrow, for you, for me, for somebody else. Millions of people are dying every day: before death they have not thought about it, that they are going to die. Project... otherwise your life is so dull, so boring, so unfulfilled. Not a single flower has blossomed in you -- no fruitfulness. You cannot feel anything worthwhile in you. That is the

reason why all the religions go on giving hope, and all the so-called religious people live on hope.
Hope is the opium... but very psychological.
It is natural that in my commune you will not find anybody bothering about the future, bothering about what happens after death, because so much is happening right now: who cares about death! So much joy and so much peace and so much silence is available right now, who has time to think about tomorrow? The tomorrow will take care of itself.
We are so busy living here and now -- that's why you don't see my people talking about the past, or the future. They don't bother about the past. If it was not, no harm to us. If all these people had not happened at all... if all these history books are just inventions and fictions, so what? If there has been no past, no yesterday, so what? It does not take anything from us; we are not living on it, we are not in any way rooted in it, we are free of it. If it all disappears -- so far, so good! It carries no meaning for us.
And why should we be bothered about the future? If you know the art of living... and that's what I call religion -- real, authentic religion -- the art of living. If you know the art of living... and it consists of small things, not of big, great commandments... very small things... just sipping your tea joyfully, meditatively, tasting each sip as if this is the last sip. Perhaps you may not be able again to hold the cup in your hands -- there is no guarantee.
When you are meeting a friend -- meet. Who knows, you may not be meeting again. Then you will repent. Then that unfulfilled past will haunt you, that you wanted to say something and you could not say it. There are people who want to say to somebody, "I love you," and they are waiting

for years and have not said it. And the person one day may die, and then they will cry and weep and they will say, "I wanted to say to the person, 'I love you,' but I could not even say that."

My people are living, living so fully that there is no space for any tomorrow, for any yesterday.

And only fools bother about death. In fact, only people who don't know how to live bother about death. They are afraid. They know they have missed the train of life. Now only death is there. Now, what is death? What happens after death? They are thinking to catch the train after death. Here they have missed! These fools who can miss here, do you think they will be able to catch the train after death? While they were living, fully alive, and they missed the train.... When they are dead, I don't think they will be able to catch the train.

But if you are living fully, joyously, there is no reason at all to think of the future. It does not arise at all in your being. And your contentment, moment to moment, goes on making you more and more fulfilled, so fulfilled that you could not have imagined, dreamed of it.

With this fulfillment, if death comes you will live that death-moment too, with joy and ecstasy, because it will be opening a new door, a new possibility. You will be thrilled. It will be an adventure and a challenge. And you will not be afraid of death because what can death take from you? What can death disturb? What can death stop? But a person who has not lived, he is afraid of death, and trembling.

An ancient story: Yayati, a famous Indian king, became one hundred years old. It was enough, more than enough. He had hundreds of wives, one hundred sons. His death

came. The story is immensely significant. Yayati, seeing death, said "What! So soon? So many things are incomplete -- I have not done this, I have not done that. I have done only half, a part. Some things I have just begun, and many things I have not even started. What! Is this the time to come? I need one hundred years more, at least. Be kind enough...."

Death said, "I have no problem. You do one thing... but I have to take someone -- just the bureaucracy. If you are not going, then I will take somebody else, and fill in the file and the forms and be finished -- but somebody I have to take. You have one hundred sons; ask any one of them. Give one of your sons, and I am ready to trade for it. I give you a hundred years more, you give me one son."

Yayati looked at his sons. Some were seventy years old, some were sixty-five, sixty-eight, sixty, fifty... the youngest was twenty. The youngest son stood up. All the others started looking at each other: "Naturally, when you have not completed your living in a hundred years, how can I complete my living in seventy years? And why should I die for you? I have yet thirty years left for me...." And the man who was fifty, he said, "I have lived only half my life, and if you are unsatisfied, what about me?" They all looked at each other. They had so many times told the father, "If there is a need, we are ready to die for you." But when the need comes, then it is very difficult.

The youngest, the most innocent, who had no experience, stood up and told death, "I am ready. You can take me." Even death felt sorry for the boy, because all these ninety-nine older sons, whose death is not far away anyway, they are not willing. And this young boy... even death said to the

son, "It is not right for you. You are too young. And can't you see not one of your other brothers has stood up? Your father does not want to die -- at the age of a hundred!"
The boy laughed and he said, "That's why I am ready. If at the age of a hundred he is begging, what is the point? That's why I am ready, because I can see my ninety-nine brothers: if they have not been able to taste life in seventy years, sixty-five years, sixty years, fifty years, how am I going to manage? At least I have lived twenty years. And I have really lived. And it has been such a fulfillment that I don't think that any more time is needed.
"I have tasted the cup of life. Perhaps they have forgotten when they were young. And I am fresh; I can still feel the taste on my tongue of youthfulness, of life. You can take me without feeling sad for me. I am not sad; in fact I am thrilled by the very adventure. Life I have known, it was beautiful. Let me know death too. And if life is so beautiful, how can death be anything else? -- because death is the crescendo of life, the very peak of life. It is not the end. It is the highest, the omega point. Don't waste time. I am so excited to know death, to feel death, to taste it."
The story is so significant. The boy was taken away. Death was absolutely certain that this is not the type of person who dies, ever. He cannot die, death is impossible for him. He is ready to live death -- then how can he die?
Death happens only to cowards, to those who have not tasted life, whose cup is empty. Death does not happen to those whose cup is overflowing. Yes, there is a tremendous opening, but it is not death. It is a door that opens to the beyond, to the unknown, to the unexplored, uncharted.

A hundred years again passed and death came back. And Yayati said, "What! A hundred years have passed? But I am still where I was."

Death said, "You will be the same, but I will give you a chance. Let it be an example to all. Just give me another of your sons, and after a hundred years I will come back."

This happens for one thousand years continuously. The last time death comes, Yayati says, "I am still at the same point, but I am ready to go, because one thing I have understood: I don't know how to live. And how long can I postpone? And how long can I go on begging you? And I am tired, utterly tired -- one thousand years of sheer wastage. I have not tasted a single moment, so what is the point now? And anyway, anytime, whenever I will have to go, things will be incomplete. Many things will be done half-way, many things will be just started, many things not even started but only an idea. I have seen this in these one thousand years. "I am jealous of those sons of mine who had the courage to go with you. I am jealous. They proved.... Courage, intelligence -- now I understand -- my sons were slapping my face each time one of them was taken. They were saying, 'You are a fool. You don't know how to live, and you are postponing death. You will remain afraid of death till you start living.' But I don't know how to live, so it is better to die. Let others live."

Death said to Yayati, "This is the first sign of intelligence in you. And not only are you jealous of your sons that I have taken, even I have been jealous. They were rare, unique, really alive people. I have not been able to destroy them. They have moved from life to more life. They have moved from life to abundant life."

And that's what I am teaching here: Live so totally that you transform even that phenomenon of death into a door, a new opening for more abundant life. That life is just waiting, but only for those who know how to experience it, how to live it. And this is the time. Only today is the time. Neither yesterday nor tomorrow is the time to live life -- only today.
This moment, here and now, is the time to taste life; then there is no death.
Yes, a kind of death will happen. Your body and you will be separated, but you will not be dying, you will be expanding. You will be throwing away the bondage of your body, the imprisonment of your body, and you will be coming in contact with the unlimited, the unbounded, the universal.
That universal life is godliness.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #13
Chapter title: Ready-to-wear Religion at the Secondhand Store
11 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE YOU TRYING TO DESTROY ALL OF OUR PREVIOUS IDEAS ABOUT RELIGION?

There is no other way to be religious. All that you have heard about religion, read about religion, has to be totally dropped. Unless you are clean, with no writing on your consciousness, you will never know what religion is. The so-called religions are doing just the opposite. And you can see the result.

The whole world is divided into religions: somebody is going to the synagogue, somebody is going to the temple, somebody else is going to the church. But do you find any religiousness anywhere?

Every child is brought up, conditioned, in a certain religion. It is one of the biggest crimes against humanity. Nothing can be a bigger crime than to pollute the mind of an innocent child with ideas which are going to become hindrances in his discovery of life. The moment you want to discover something, you have to be absolutely unprejudiced. You cannot discover religion as a Mohammedan, as a Christian, as a Hindu -- no. These are the ways to prevent you from discovering religion.

Every society, until now, has been trying to indoctrinate every child. Before the child becomes capable of asking questions he is being given answers. Do you see the stupidity of it? The child has not asked the question and you are providing him with an answer. What you are in reality doing is killing the very possibility of the question arising. You have filled his mind with the answer. And unless he has his own question, how can he have his own answer? The quest has to be sincerely his. It cannot be borrowed, it cannot be inherited.

But this nonsense has continued for centuries. The priest is interested, the politician is interested, the parents are

interested in making something of you before you can discover who you are. They are afraid that if you discover who you are you will be a rebel, you will be dangerous to the vested interests. Then you will be an individual, living in his own right, not living a borrowed life.

They are so afraid, that before the child becomes capable of asking, inquiring, they start stuffing his mind with all kinds of nonsense. The child is helpless. He naturally believes in the mother, in the father, and of course he believes in the priest in whom the father and mother believe. The great phenomenon of doubt has not arisen yet. And it is one of the most precious things in life, to doubt, because unless you doubt you cannot discover.

You have to sharpen your doubting forces so that you can cut through all rubbish and you can ask questions which nobody can answer. Only your own quest, inquiry, will help you to come to the realization of them.

The religious question is not something which can be answered by somebody else. Nobody else can love on your behalf. Nobody else can live on your behalf. You have to live your life, and you have to seek and search the fundamental questions of life. And unless you discover yourself there is no joy, no ecstasy. If God is just given to you, readymade, it is not worth anything, it is valueless. But that's how it is being done.

What you call religious ideas are not religious, but only superstitions carried down the ages -- for so long that just their ancientness has made them appear like truth.

Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography, My Struggle, makes many significant statements. The man was mad, but sometimes mad people say things which sane people are

afraid to say. One of his most important statements is: "Any lie can become truth if repeated often, emphasized again and again, told by everybody from every corner." You go to the school and you hear about God and prayer. In the home you hear about God and prayer. You go to the temple and you hear about God and prayer. So many people... and just a small child against this whole mob.

It is impossible for him to doubt -- all these people are wrong? And these are not the only people. Their parents, and their parents, for thousands of years, have been believing in these truths. They all cannot be wrong, "And I, a small child against this whole humanity...." He cannot gather courage. He starts repressing any possibility of doubt. And everybody else helps to repress doubt, because "doubt is from the devil. Doubt is a great, perhaps the greatest, sin. Belief is virtue. Believe and you will find; doubt, and you have missed on the very first step."

The truth is just the opposite. Believe and you will never find, and whatsoever you find will be nothing but the projection of your own belief -- it will not be truth. What has truth to do with your believing? Doubt, and doubt totally, because doubt is a cleansing process. It takes out all junk from your mind. It makes you again innocent, again the child which has been destroyed by the parents, by the priests, by the politicians, by the pedagogues. You have to discover that child again. You have to start from that point. Hence, my whole effort here is to destroy all your so-called religious ideas.

It will hurt you because those religious ideas have become so intimate to you that you have forgotten they are not your discoveries, they are not your experiences. You have not

lived them; you have not even loved them. Somebody else has forced you to believe in them, and whosoever has done it has committed an inhuman act against you.

I am not saying that those people are knowingly doing it. They are themselves victims of the same process; their parents did it to them, their teachers did it to them. So I am not saying to start feeling angry against them. They did it thinking it is good for you... but just by their thinking, anything is not going to become good -- just by their thinking. They have been trying to help you, but they don't know that there are things in which a person should be left alone; only then can he discover. If you try to help him you are crippling him.

Don't try to force anybody to take your help while he can manage on his own. Don't force anybody to see through your eyes when he has eyes. And at least, please, don't place your specs on anybody's eyes; your numbers are different. You will drive that person blind, you will distort his vision. But not only specs are being put on you, people are putting their eyes on top of your eyes... and they are all doing it for your good, for your sake. And after twenty years, thirty years of continuous conditioning, you start forgetting that you had never asked the question in the first place.

I am reminded of a very creative person, Gertrude Stein. She was dying; her friends were around her. Suddenly she opened her eyes and asked, "What is the answer?" And the friends looked puzzled. Had she gone mad just before death? Had she lost her reason? What kind of thing was she asking -- "What is the answer?"

One of them said, "But you have not asked the question, so how can we say what the answer is?"
So she said, "Okay then: tell me, what is the question?"
And she died.
To me it is of tremendous significance. It relates to almost every human being. You have forgotten that you had not asked the question, and the answer has already been forced into you. And of course it is a simple process of conditioning: go on telling the person, go on telling the person the same thing again and again. Soon the person starts repeating it like a gramophone record. And the person has forgotten that he had not asked the question.
Perhaps at the very end Stein discovered her fresh childhood. It happens to many people when they are dying. The circle completes, they come to the same point from where they had begun. So she is asking, "What is the answer?" because only answers were given. And nobody had bothered about the question. And when now, at this last moment, somebody asked, "But first tell us what the question is" -- she becomes aware... but now it is too late. And the answers have been so much, so heavy, such a load on the being, that now to ask an authentic question also has become impossible. So she asks, "Okay, if a question is needed, then I ask you, 'What is the question?'"
To me, this small incident is immensely significant. It is everybody's life. You talk about God, you talk about the soul, you talk about heaven, hell, but have you ever thought -- are these questions? Are you really interested in God? What interest can you have in God? On what grounds can you have God become your quest?

I was born in a Jaina family. In Jainism God is not believed in; there is no God, as creator. Because the conditioning of Jainism does not enforce the idea of God on its children, no Jaina child, or old Jaina ever asks, "Who created the world?" ... Because they have been conditioned, from the very beginning, that the world exists from eternity to eternity; there is nobody who is a creator, and there is no need. Hence the question does not arise.

The Buddhist never asks the question, "What is God, where is God?" because Buddhism does not believe in God -- so the child has been conditioned in that way. When you ask about God you think that it is your question -- it is not. You may have been born in a Hindu family, in a Christian family, in a Jewish family, and they have conditioned your mind that there is a God. They have given a certain image of God, certain ideas about God. And they have created you with such fear that to doubt is dangerous.

A small, tiny kid is being made afraid of the eternal hell where you will be thrown into fire, alive, and you will burn but you will not die. Naturally the doubt does not seem to be so significant to take such risk. And you are motivated that if you believe, simply believe, all pleasures, all joys of life are yours. Believe, and you are on the side of God; doubt, and you are on the side of the devil.

The small child is bound to buy whatsoever crap you are giving him. He is afraid. He is afraid to be alone in the night, in the house, and you are talking about eternal hell: "You go on falling and falling into darkness and deeper darkness, and there is no end to it, and you can never come out of it." Naturally the child simply shrinks from doubting, becomes so afraid that it is not worth it. And belief is so

simple. Nothing is expected of you -- just to believe in God, the son, the holy ghost... just to believe that Jesus is the son of God, and the messiah... and he has come to redeem the whole of humanity... and he will redeem you too.

Why not be redeemed so cheaply? You are not asked much. Just believe, and everything will be settled in your favor. So why should you choose doubt? You should naturally choose belief. And this happens at such a small age -- and then you go on growing, and the belief and the conditioning and the ideas and the philosophy all go on top of it -- that it is very difficult to dig and find out that there was a day when you were also full of doubt. But the doubt has been crushed, put out of sight. There was a day when you were reluctant to believe, but you have been persuaded. All kinds of rewards have been placed before you.

You can persuade a little child just by giving him a toy -- and you have given him the whole paradise. If you have succeeded in persuading him to believe, you have not done a great miracle. It is very simple exploitation. Perhaps you are doing it unknowingly; you have also been passed through the same process. And once you close the doors of doubt you have closed the doors of reason, thinking, asking, inquiring. You are no more really a human being. The doors of doubt closed you are just a zombie, hypnotized, conditioned; persuaded out of fear, out of greed, to believe in things which no normal child is going to believe if all these things are not arranged. And once you stop doubting and thinking, then you can believe anything whatsoever. Then there is no question.

The politician wants it, because if you are a believer in a certain religion you are gullible. That shows your gullibility. It is enough indication. If you go to the church, it is enough indication that you are not a man who thinks, who questions, who argues, who will not take anything unless it is proved logically, rationally, scientifically. You go to the synagogue, you go to the mosque -- the politician is happy. He wants everybody to go to the synagogue, to the mosque, to the church... it does not matter where you go, but go -- because they all do the same.

The basic structure, the strategy, is not different. Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, it does not matter, because the basic strategy is exactly the same: close the doors of doubt completely, don't take any chances, don't leave any question marks in the person, and fill his mind with all kinds of beliefs. If you look at beliefs you will be surprised. People have believed any nonsense.

If you are a Jaina you will believe all Jaina nonsense -- the questions simply will not arise in you. My grandfather loved me very much for the simple reason that I was mischievous. Even in his old age he was mischievous, so we had a good friendship. He used to take me to Jaina monks just to create a disturbance there. He enjoyed it very much. He would not say anything because he was an old man, a respected citizen, but he knew that if I was there, it would be enough. He would sit as if he was for the monk, but he gave me indications, "You can start... this is a good time."

Now, Jainas don't believe in a creator God, so you cannot ask any question about God. There is no question, there is no God. But then they have to believe in other things. They

believe in souls. I used to ask them, "How many souls are there in the world? Are they increasing, decreasing or remaining the same?"

Now, the Jaina monk cannot say they are increasing, because from where...? Who is creating them? There is no creator. No creation is happening. They cannot decrease because where will they go? They cannot go out of the universe because wherever they go it will be the universe. And he could not say that they remain the same, although that was the answer given in Jaina scriptures, that the number of souls remains the same.

But it was not easy with me, because then the question was, "How many? If you know that it remains the same, you must know the exact number; otherwise on what grounds do you say it remains exactly the same? One may have popped up; one may have popped out. You have to give me the exact number." Now, the number is not given in any scripture, and they cannot give the number for the simple reason that on the earth the population has been increasing. There are more and more people, more and more people. And Jainas believe everything has a soul: a tree, a bird, a fish -- all have souls. "When you know so much about souls, why don't you know the number? And you say Mahavira was omniscient: he knew everything. Could he not have told you the exact number? The problem would have been solved forever."

The monk would become restless, would like me to be shut up. But I said, "Nobody can shut me up. Either you answer or you recognize the fact that you don't know the answer. Either you satisfy my question or you simply say, 'I'm sorry, I don't know the answer.' Then be true to yourself at

least. You preach truth. Can't you say, 'I don't know the numbers exactly'?" That too they cannot say because that disturbs the omniscience of Mahavira... that why did he miss this point, which is significant?

Now, Jainas believe in the eternal journey of a soul. If you do good karmas you go on becoming better -- that is, you go on reaching higher stages. So they have divided things: the tree has only a one-dimensional life, the spider has a two-dimensional life, the bird has a three-dimensional life, the tiger has a four-dimensional life, man has a five-dimensional life. And man is the highest evolution of consciousness.

I used to ask them, "When a man dies, is he born again as a man or can he also be born as a woman? Is he always born into the human world or can he be born as a tree, as a bird, as a horse, or anything?" Now, Jainas believe that if your karmas are very bad you can slip back: you can become a dog, you can become a fish, you can become a cat, you can become a tree.

I used to ask these monks, "Have you come across any factual evidence of somebody remembering that in his past life he was a tree, a tiger, a dog? Do you remember yourself what you were in your past life? And be true, because you are sitting in the temple of Mahavira, in the temple of truth. If you say anything untrue, remember -- eternal hell. So if you don't know, simply say, 'I don't know.'"

And that is the most difficult thing in India for a monk, a mahatma, who is worshipped by thousands and thousands of people: to say about anything, "I don't know." And I would make it clear: "If you lie, then remember, you will fall back. The statue of Mahavira is there behind you, a

witness. And this temple...." And these people, of course they have sacrificed everything, so they have closed the doors of doubt completely. They believe that to lie in the temple, before Mahavira... it is dangerous. So they cannot lie, and they cannot say that they have experienced anything, or they have met anybody. And they would be just dumb.

Jainas have a theory... because they had to explain, Mahavira himself had to explain because the population was continuously growing -- from where are these souls coming? Animals are growing, life in all forms is growing, so from where are these souls coming? So Mahavira had a hypothesis. He called it nigod. Nigod means that there is a dark womb of the universe, infinite, full of infinite potential souls. So whenever a soul comes to the point from where it can grow, it comes out from nigod. Now, look at the cunningness of the whole thing. He makes it infinite because if you make if finite then soon it will be empty. Then the problem will arise again, from where? Now the womb is empty -- so he makes it infinite.

But he forgets that there can always be people like me. Of course I was not in front of him; otherwise things would have been clear, then and there -- because in existence, two things cannot be infinite. It is such a simple mathematical thing. In existence, only one thing can be infinite: the universe. If it is infinite then no other thing can be infinite, because two infinites will make each other finite; their boundaries will meet. Somewhere they will come together and there will be a boundary, and that boundary will be the finiteness.

I was not there but I could torture these Jaina monks: "If nigod is infinite and you say the universe is infinite -- so you believe in two infinites? Is it possible mathematically? geometrically?" It was difficult. Two infinites are not possible. Any person who has any sense of mathematics can understand that two finites are perfectly okay, a hundred finites are perfectly okay, but two infinites? -- impossible! Only one can be infinite. The other is bound to become the boundary. Somewhere millions of light years away... but it doesn't matter; the boundary is the boundary. And I used to ask these Jaina monks, "From where did these souls come into nigod? Suddenly they are there, for no reason. Why? How did they manage to enter it?" Every religion, basically, is bound to be in the same difficulties. When fundamental questions are there every religion is idiotic. If you don't ask the fundamentals, then they are very clever in answering your questions. But when the fundamentals come they are all invented.

From where did this nigod come, this universal, infinite womb? And from where have these souls come into it? And they would say, "They are just there." But that is not an answer. What evil action have they committed? They have never been out, so there has been no possibility to commit any action, good or bad. So why are they suffering in nigod? And what more suffering can there be than in that dark hole? For millions and millions of years they are there. Why are they suffering?

They have not committed... they cannot accept that they have committed any bad thing, any evil doing -- because to do, first you have to be in the universe. To act, you have to be. They are only potentially there. They are not really

there, they are only seeds. So how can there be bitter fruits, or sweet fruits, from the seeds which have never sprouted? And you don't show us the reason why they have not sprouted.

And then suddenly a few souls become mature... what is the arithmetic of it? Who becomes mature first, and why? There must be some reason that these souls A,B,C, become mature today, and tomorrow X,Y,Z, will become mature -- but why today ABC, not M? They are all similar. Or do you recognize any differences between them? They cannot recognize any differences, because for difference a thing has to be actual. Just a potential -- there cannot be any differences.

Those Jaina monks would perspire and they would say, "Whenever you come...! You are a strange type of boy. These questions nobody asks. I have been traveling all over India, but whenever I come to your village I feel a certain fear... that you are bound to come. And I have told your grandfather, 'Don't bring this boy.' But he is also a strange man; he never comes alone, he always brings you."

One monk then tried a trick. He would deliver his talks in the schooltime, when I would be away in school. But my grandfather was not to be cheated. He would come to the school and he would ask the headmaster, "I need him urgently today."

I would be there, and the monk would say, "Is the school closed so soon today?"

I would say, "It is not closed, my grandfather has brought me here -- for your blessing. He never leaves me. He is so religious that he wants me to be blessed by you. So can we start now?"

If you give freedom to every child, they can make your popes and your imams and your monks just look absolutely idiotic. They can put them in the category of idiots. Just your children... nothing is needed, if you allow them to doubt. But they are not allowed to doubt. And once you become accustomed to a belief, it slowly slowly poisons your whole being. Then if somebody is attacking it, it feels as if he is attacking you.

That has been my trouble. My whole life I have been attacking. Unless I attack your belief system, your ideology, I cannot be of any help to you; I cannot share myself with you. There is a wall, a thick wall. I can go on shouting; you will not hear me. I have to hit the wall continuously, hammer it, at least make a hole in it, so I can see you, you can see me -- face to face. And I can revive what has been taken away from you. I can give you back your innocent childhood, and only from there a real inquiry into truth begins. Only from there religion is possible; otherwise you can only talk about religion.

So, Sheela, it is true. I absolutely want you to become completely free of all jargon that has been given to you by others. And I am not giving you any jargon. So try to understand my different position.

That's why I say this is the first religion of the world.

If you change your religion from Hindu to Christian, or from Christian to Mohammedan, or from Mohammedan to Hindu, nothing will be changing. You will only be changing superficial words, clothes perhaps, at the most; not even your skin will be touched. You will remain the same person. Of course you will have a new set of beliefs instead of the old set of beliefs. You must have got tired of

that old set of beliefs. They were not taking you anywhere. Perhaps... if Christianity does not work, perhaps Hinduism may work, or Mohammedanism may work.

No, I am not giving you a new set of dogmas, beliefs, creeds, ideologies -- not at all. My function is totally different. My function is to take away whatever you have got and not to give you anything in its place... because if I take one stone and put another stone in its place, I am even more dangerous than the man who has put the first stone, because the first stone was getting old and you were getting tired of it, and it was not giving you any nourishment. It was a stone, what nourishment can it give to you? You were carrying the burden, and slowly you may have become aware that it is better to throw this stone. But with the new stone a new honeymoon starts. You start thinking perhaps this stone is the right one.

I am not substituting another belief system in you. I am simply destructive. You will be surprised that I am simply destructive -- I want to destroy all that has been forced upon you. And there is no need to substitute it with anything. Creativity is your intrinsic potential -- I don't have to create it.

Once hindrances are removed you will start growing and flowing. You will start searching on your own, and soon you will gain strength and a new power, because even a small discovery on your own will give you such immense happiness that you cannot conceive it. Just a small discovery on your own and you are a different being, because now truth is born in you. It may be just a seed, but the beginning has begun. You will feel a new thrill, which is not possible if I give you a belief, a readymade dogma,

an ideology. So I don't give you anything, I only take away all that you have.

My sole function is to leave you alone to yourself. You have not been left alone by your parents, by your teachers, by your rabbis, by your monks, by your priests... you have not been left alone. Nobody trusted you. I trust you. They all wanted to make something of you, in their own image. I don't want to make you something in my image. want you simply to blossom into your own authenticity. I don't know what it will be, you don't know what it will be. And it is good that we don't know what it will be, because then it is so much of a surprise -- as if suddenly you have found an infinite treasure.

I said, I trust you. So I will not give you any belief, because I know you have the absolute capacity to discover life, love, laughter.

Just all the rocks that have been put upon you have to be removed. Don't cling to those rocks. They are your enemies. If you are a Jew, Judaism is your enemy. If you are a Christian, Christianity is your enemy. If you are a Hindu, Hinduism is your enemy. Whoever you are, if you have accepted something without searching, seeking, it is your enemy. Say, "Goodbye to you." Say to the enemy, "I am finished with you. Now I want to be alone. I want to be absolutely clean, unburdened." And you will be amazed: the moment you are unburdened, you can open your wings into the vast existence that has been awaiting and awaiting you.

But you are not coming because the synagogue is holding you, the temple is holding you, the church is holding you; the padre, the priest, the minister won't let you go. The

crowd around you is hanging round your neck. They will not let you go out of their fold. To them it is a question of politics, politics of numbers. They are afraid that if people start going on their own, they will lose their power, their numbers. They want you there, to be used as a number, used as a means. And remember, to use any human being as a means for any end whatsoever is one of the greatest sins possible. Every human being is an end unto himself.
My work here is to help you discover your intrinsic possibility, potentiality, your ultimate goal -- which is not far away, which is just within you. All that you have to leave is that crap that others have forced upon you.
People think that I am doing the same work as Jesus was doing or Buddha was doing, or Mohammed was doing, or Mahavira was doing; they are absolutely wrong. My work, work as such, is simply mine. What they were doing was just against me, and what I am doing is against them. And it has to be clear to you that I will be hammering on all these people's heads.
Be alert. Don't get hurt unnecessarily, because I have to do it; there is no other way. It is surgical. I have to put you on the operation table and cut out a few things which do not belong to you. But you have accepted them as if they are your limbs, and they are not. They are crippling you. They are killing you.
I want to take away everything that is not authentically yours. Everything... and then the explosion.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE ANTICHRIST? AND WHO IS IT?

The first thing to understand is: there is no Christ. So how can there be an antichrist? The antichrist is possible only if you accept the idea of christ. 'Christ' is a Greek translation of the Hebrew word messiah. Let us use 'messiah', which will make things clearer.

The Jews have been waiting and hoping for a messiah to come and deliver them from their suffering. The Jews have suffered the most in the whole world. But there is no reason to feel any pity for them. They are responsible for it. The day they declared that they are the chosen people of God, they created this long series of suffering, misery, murder, concentration camps, gas chambers.

I have never come across anybody who clearly connects these two things: why the Jews have suffered so much -- and they have suffered immensely, incalculably, but nobody seems to connect it with the root cause. The root cause is the declaration by Moses that Jews are the chosen people of God, that they are the master race. Now, you can see, if you declare yourself the master race, above and superior to everybody else, you are creating enemies all around, everywhere.

If Adolf Hitler was so adamant about destroying all the Jews, eliminating them from the world, it is a simple, logical consequence of Moses. Moses says Jews are the chosen people of God, they are the master race. And Adolf Hitler believed that Nordic German Aryans are the chosen people of God, and they are the master race. Now, there cannot be two master races.... One has to vacate, one has to die, one has to prove its mettle against the other. It was not

just a political thing; deep down it was a religious idea that Jews have been carrying.

Adolf Hitler has another master race -- the Aryans, the Nordics -- who are meant to rule over the world, so Jews should be completely eliminated. You cannot put the whole responsibility on Adolf Hitler. Yes, he is responsible, but Moses starts the game, and Jews down the ages have supported Moses. There was a reason for it. Because they had made the whole world against them, everybody against them, they had to keep themselves together and become fanatic; otherwise they would not have survived.

Their only hope was that the messiah would be coming..."and that will be the end of this suffering. This is not a long suffering; it is really a test, a challenge to your integrity, whether you can survive this test or not. The moment you have survived the test and the fire, and come out of it, the messiah will be coming to redeem you. And then all others will be thrown into hell and you will be welcomed -- with bands, songs, and all the angels singing 'Alleluia' -- into paradise."

They refused to accept Jesus as the messiah, as the Christ. They had to. They will never accept anybody as the messiah or the christ. They cannot. The reasons are very simple.

Nobody can redeem humanity from its suffering. Unless each single human individual decides that he is responsible for his own suffering and drops all the nonsense that creates the suffering, he cannot redeem himself. And how can anybody else redeem you? You have created the suffering, not the messiah. And even if he redeems the suffering, what guarantee is there you will not create it again? If you are

proficient in creating it, I think you will create it again. In the first place it cannot be taken away; even if it is taken away, you will create it again.

And the Jews cannot accept anybody as the messiah because nobody can redeem the whole of humanity from suffering.

Poor Jesus was just a fanatic Jew who had got this big idea in his small head that he was the messiah. And it is not very difficult to get such ideas, if you are articulate enough. He was not educated but he was certainly articulate. And sometimes uneducated people, if they are articulate, speak with a strength, power, authority, which intellectuals, sophisticated, very educated people, cannot manage. The very educated person, the very sophisticated, is always hesitant. There are so many ifs and buts in him. He has so many doubts himself, he knows that he does not know millions of things.

But men like Jesus or Kabir, who are absolutely uneducated, for them to be authoritative and to declare with vigor and power is very easy. You just have to collect a bunch of fools around you, which is the easiest thing in the world. Just stand on your head on the street and the fools will come running. You are doing nothing much, just standing on your head, but the fools will drop their work and will come running: something great is happening -- anything.

And when a man like Jesus says things which give them a psychological support: Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God.... To whom is he talking? To these poor Jews who have been humiliated for centuries, continuously, and were being humiliated in Jesus' time by

the Romans. To these humiliated people you are talking of humbleness, meekness? Naturally, to them it becomes a very great consolation. They are humiliated, but they think they are humble.... A small trick of the mind: they are weak, they are slaves, but now they can believe they are meek.

When Jesus said, "If somebody hits you on one cheek, turn the other too, because this is the only way to God. Love your enemy" -- of course those people felt immensely superior. Deep down their ego was fulfilled. In fact, they were not able not to turn the other cheek at all. What nonsense is he talking, "Turn the other cheek"? They have already been beaten on both! Now what do you want -- should they turn their buttocks?

I cannot say to people who have been beaten for centuries, in slavery, in every possible way humiliated: be humble. But it gives consolation. Those people start thinking, "It is good that we are poor, we are blessed; that we are meek, we are blessed; that we are humble, we are blessed; that we have been beaten on both the cheeks... the kingdom of God is certainly ours." They would like to believe in Jesus, that he is the messiah, because if they believe him to be the messiah then his words have authority and consoling power. If they don't believe in him as the messiah, then he is just an ordinary man.

So many could not understand the whole psychology of what he was saying, and to whom he was saying it. People started following him, listening to him -- ordinary masses. But the rabbis were angry for the simple reason that he was becoming the chief rabbi. Rabbis are learned people, very learned in their ancient lore; and this man knew nothing,

just a few words. What are those four gospels? All that is significant in them can be condensed onto a postcard. What was he saying? All those four gospels are again and again the same repetition, the same story from four disciples.
The rabbis, the priesthood, became angry. So they said, "If you think you are the messiah, then you will have to give the proof -- and the proof is crucifixion. If you are resurrected after the crucifixion, we will accept you as the messiah; otherwise you are not the messiah but an anti-messiah, antichrist." And Jews never accepted him because the crucifixion actually did not manage to kill Jesus, and he escaped from Jerusalem. There was no resurrection at all. In fact, the crucifixion was not completed, so how could there be a resurrection? Death had not happened, so what to say about resurrection?
And no Jewish contemporary account talks about Jesus or his crucifixion or his resurrection or his teachings -- because those contemporary sources are written by rabbis, learned people, not by the mob. They did not think Jesus even worth mentioning. The New Testament is the only proof that Jesus ever existed, and that too was written after Jesus had disappeared, was not found -- three hundred years afterwards. And the popes have been continuously editing it down the ages, taking out everything that can be dangerous to them, because now they are the rabbis.
Jesus had no idea that he was creating a new religion. He had never thought about it. All that he wanted was the Jews to accept him as the messiah... and the Jews refused him.
So if you ask me, the phenomenon of Christ never happened. I mean the phenomenon of a messiah never happened. Jesus happened, but he was never accepted as a

messiah by the Jews, who were the people expecting, hoping, waiting. And they created the idea that many will come who will claim to be the messiah, and they will not be true messiahs; they will not be Christ, they will be anti-Christ. Many will be coming; that was a Jewish idea. Christianity has borrowed it in its own turn.

Strange: Jesus was refused as a messiah and declared the antichrist by the Jews -- that's why he was crucified, because he was claiming to be something he was not. And it was of tremendous importance for the Jews. Their whole life revolved around the hope: the messiah will come... and this carpenter's son, uneducated, not knowing anything, claims that he is the messiah. He is a false messiah, and Jews said, "Many have come before who have declared they are the messiah, and were found false. This man is also in the same line."

But strange -- history moves in a strange way. Jews rejected him, and that rejected fellow became the founder of a new religion. Without founding it, he became the founder of a new religion. He had never dreamed of it. He would have refused to start a new religion; he was a Jew, and he wanted to be accepted by the Jews, to be their messiah. That was something; that was his ego fulfillment. The Jews refused and declared him the antichrist.

Who founded Christianity? A very strange man -- it has nothing to do with Jesus. His name was Saul, and he was very much against Jesus and against Jesus' teachings. He lived far away from Jerusalem. When he heard many rumors reaching there that the messiah has come, and he will redeem the world -- and he was a very orthodox Jew.... So he started moving towards Jerusalem, to kill this man if

he finds him, and to destroy all his important apostles, as he calls them, and finish this whole thing in the beginning; otherwise later on it will become a difficulty, it will become too big. And he was continuously thinking how to destroy Jesus, how to destroy these apostles -- Matthew, Luke, Thomas, etcetera. His mind was thinking only one thing, focused on one thing: How to destroy these people and Jesus? And it happens sometimes when you are so obsessed with one idea, you can come to such extreme obsession that it turns around, one hundred and eighty degrees. That is a psychological phenomenon, it happens every day.

Saul, walking in the hot sun, in the dust, towards Jerusalem, only one thought moving in his mind... the hot sun... and one thought: how to destroy, how to destroy.... Suddenly he saw Jesus in the sky! That was just a projection of a madman obsessed with a certain idea. And when he saw Jesus' figure appearing, naturally he was dumb. He fell on the ground, asked to be forgiven, to be just cut off from his old life, and become converted. Now he was converted, because Jesus had appeared in the sky. He became Paul; from Saul he changed his name to Paul. This man Paul, this maniac, this murderous type of person, is the founder of Christianity.

It is Paul who founded Christianity. He was the first pope. That's why you will find many popes, when they become pope, using Paul's name in their name. That is the most glorious name, the first founder. So you will find many popes... somebody is John Paul, somebody is something else, but they use Paul, because Paul is the most glorious

person in their history. In fact they are not connected with Jesus.

And this Paul who was going to kill Jesus and his friends, now turned towards the enemies of Christianity. He declared that Christ would come again -- just the old Jew he was, his whole life waiting for the messiah, although now he has become a Christian.... But you can change only the clothes, you cannot change those ideas so easily. Now he projects the whole philosophy, and he says Christ will come again, and he will redeem the world. This time he could not do it, because Jews crucified him, betrayed him. But now when he comes he will find his own people, Christians, who will support him in every possible way, and help him to redeem the suffering of the whole world, and to transform everything that is ugly into a beautiful phenomenon.

Now, anybody claiming that "I am the Christ" is the antichrist. You see how history repeats. And unless man becomes intelligent, history is going to continue to repeat itself.

Just the other day I received a letter that I am the antichrist. Strange... I say there has been no Christ at all, so how can I be the antichrist? And what business have I being the antichrist? I can be myself, and I am absolutely happy being myself; why should I be Christ? -- I have never claimed to be Christ.

But there are people who have started talking about me as the antichrist -- the same fools who crucified Jesus. Now they are in the religion of Christianity, the same fools, the same type of mind of people -- nothing different. And if somebody says that he is the Christ, they will crucify him

as the antichrist. Of course they cannot crucify me. I am not the Christ. I am not going to play their game.

I never play anybody's game. I play my own game, and I make my own rules.

You will be surprised, even when I was playing cards I used to make my rules. Anybody who wants to play with me has to follow my rules; otherwise there is no need to play. In the university many professors, many students, were interested in playing cards or chess with me, but they had to follow my rules -- because why should I follow anybody else's rules? Now, nobody knows who the guy was who made the rules for chess -- why should I follow his rules? I am not a follower. I make my own rules. Anybody who wants to play has to follow my rules. I am not Christ. I am not a messiah, I am not a paigambara, I am not a tirthankara, I am not an avatara. I don't feel like being included in this line of insane people. Please forgive me -- and exclude me.

The whole idea of Christ is bogus; hence the idea of antichrist is even more bogus. First you believe in Christ, then the antichrist comes -- why not cut the very root, and be finished with it?

My insistence is that each individual is responsible for whatsoever he is. And those who want to be with me, they have to accept their responsibility totally. That's the only way of redemption, getting over your suffering, transforming your being. I cannot do it, nobody else can do it. So whosoever promises you is a cheat. Beware of him -- he is dangerous.

Whosoever gives you hope and promises you, "You believe in me and I will do everything else," catch hold of him

immediately and put him in a psychiatric ward. He needs immediate treatment, tranquilizers. He is going out of his mind. He may become a messiah or he may become an avatara; and then there are people who will declare him the antichrist. And this has been going on for thousands of years. I would like it to stop.
When I say this is the first religion, I mean it... because nobody before me has had the guts to say, "I am not the messiah." When he had the capacity to gather mobs easily, nobody else had the guts to say, "I am not special, I am just like you."
This is the first religion founded by a human being.
Up to now it has been the work of mad people... all kinds of insanities. I want to put a full stop to it.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #14
Chapter title: I am a gnostic
12 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
JUST A FEW DAYS AGO YOU SPOKE TO US OF THREE CATEGORIES OF BELIEF: THEIST, ATHEIST, AND AGNOSTIC. WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT GNOSTIC?

I do not consider 'gnostic' a category of belief. The theist believes in God, without knowing, without any experience. His belief is just an escape from doubt.
To remain in doubt needs tremendous courage.
Not to escape from doubt is one of the fundamental qualities of a seeker, and belief is an escape. It covers up your doubt, and it gives you a sense of relief, a false confidence that you know, although deep down you still know that you know not.
So the believer is divided into two split layers. On the surface is the belief which he thinks and projects himself to be. Underneath is his reality, like a wound: the doubt, which he denies but cannot completely eradicate. It is there, part of his reality. So the believer is always in a state of conflict. He is schizophrenic. A small thing goes against his belief -- and the doubt comes up.
A man once came to me and said, "I have become a firm believer in God." I said, "What do you mean by 'firm believer'? Are there infirm believers too? The very use of the word firm shows that there is something inside you that you are keeping down forcibly, firmly. But," I said, "that we will discuss later; first let me ask what has made you a firm believer in God." He said, "I go to worship...."
In India there are hundreds of temples devoted to different gods. One of the most common temples you will find -- which is very funny to the outsider -- is the temple of the monkey-god, Hanumana. He is a monkey, but he served one of the incarnations of God, Rama, so totally that he himself became a symbol of God. Now, it is thought that if you can persuade Hanumana, he can easily persuade Rama. And to persuade the monkey is certainly easier. He is such

a devoted servant of Rama that Rama can never say no to him. To persuade Rama directly is difficult, but Hanumana -- he is just a poor monkey. Any small gift will be enough, a bribe -- a few fruits, sweets -- and you can ask him, "Help me."

So this man used to go to the temple of Hanumana, and he asked Hanumana, "If within fifteen days I don't get employed...." He was unemployed; well educated, but in India there are millions of educated people who are unemployed. There are no places for them "... If within fifteen days you can manage through Rama, then I am going to give a feast in your temple to eleven brahmins, and I am going to bring fruits and sweets and flowers for you. But remember, I am passing through a very crucial moment. If within fifteen days you are not able to arrange it, my belief in God will be finished. It is not only a question of employment, it is a question of my belief in God. So it is up to you."

And he came to tell me that within fifteen days there were so many ups and downs -- one day passed, another day passed, no employment -- and doubt started arising, and belief was getting shaken. "But on the fifteenth day I received the order -- I was employed. This has made me a firm believer in God."

I said, "Your firmness is based on a very superficial thing. You try one, two, three times more. Even a scientist, before declaring his results, experiments many times until he becomes absolutely convinced that this is the only result that comes. And you have not tried even twice. You try one time more."

He said, "Now I am such a firm believer, you tell me what to try."
I said, "You have so many problems, I don't have to tell you. Your wife is sick" -- she had tuberculosis -- "and you have tried..." he was a poor man, could not manage, unemployed -- "so why don't you give God another try? Just one chance. Tell him if within fifteen days your wife is cured, then you will do all these things again that you are going to do now. But if in fifteen days the wife is not cured, then your belief in God is finished."
He said, "It seems worth trying."
And what was to happen, happened: the wife was not cured. It was just a coincidence. What could that monkey -- and that too not alive, just a stone monkey -- have done? Just a coincidence. The man became so angry -- at me, not at his belief. I said to him, "You cool down, just see the point. I have simply helped you to see the simple fact that it was a coincidence. If it was a reality, Hanumana would have done it again. If you are not convinced, you can try once more. You can try as many times as you want. But your belief is rooted in such a stupid idea -- that God arranges an order to be sent to you from the employment exchange, and that too persuaded by the monkey. And now you are angry with me -- for what reason? I have not done anything to you. I have simply given you another chance to check. And you have come to know now that it was coincidence. Now the doubt is there -- that you befooled yourself, that neither Hanumana had a part in it, nor did Rama. You were simply fooling yourself."
A belief is an escape. I told him, "You are angry because I have showed you your wound. You cannot escape from that

wound so easily. And even if you escape the wound is not going to disappear. You can turn your back towards it, that will help it to become worse; it may become a cancer. Something has to be done -- escape is not the way."

Belief is an escape. The theist is pretending that he knows. The atheist is pretending he also knows that there is no God. Neither the theist has tried to look into existence, nor has the atheist tried. And the atheist's work is even more difficult than the theist's work, because the theist is trying to find something -- its presence, its existence; at least he has a hypothesis to work upon. The atheist has no hypothesis at all; he begins with the idea, "There is no God." Then what are you going to search and seek for? For no-God? It is difficult to have the idea of what God is; it is more difficult to have the idea of what no-God is.

Perhaps the theist may stumble by chance on God, but the atheist cannot stumble on no-God by chance, because no-God simply means something absent. You cannot stumble on something absent. The theist at least has a possibility of transforming his belief into a hypothesis that, "I don't believe that God exists, but hypothetically I assume God exists, and I will try to search for him." What hypothesis can the atheist have? He is denying. Negativity cannot be the hypothesis. Positivity can be the hypothesis. The atheist is in a much more difficult situation. But he is also, in another way, more comfortable than the theist.

The theist cannot get rid of the doubt. It is going to remain always underneath his belief. He cannot throw it away. Belief and doubt are two aspects of the same coin. You throw one, and the other also is thrown. You save one, and the other is also saved. But the atheist, in another way, is

more comfortable: there is no God -- so there is no question of doubt. You cannot doubt something which is not. You can doubt something which is, or may be. But if you have decided there is nothing like God, you cannot doubt. You cannot believe; you cannot doubt. But you cannot progress in your search either.

The atheist has thrown away the doubt far more deeply, far more profoundly than the theist. With the theist the doubt is just hiding behind his belief. With the atheist there is no belief to hide behind; he has thrown the doubt very far away, very deep in the unconscious. Of course you cannot get rid of it unless you know. But you can deceive. The atheist can deceive more easily than the theist. Hence atheism has been growing, theism shrinking.

As man has become more intelligent, more educated, more cultured, atheism has become more prominent and theism has become something out of date. Even those who go to churches, temples, mosques, synagogues, know deep down that it is all just social conformity. It is good; they use these places just like clubs. They don't believe; they don't even bother.

I have been a professor in two universities. The last university from where I left had almost one hundred and fifty professors, and the commonroom of the professors was agog with all kinds of rumors. I remained in that university for almost nine years, and I continued watching, listening: Would anybody start a discussion about God? One hundred and fifty professors, of which perhaps seven belonged to the department of philosophy, five belonged to the department of psychology, four belonged to the department of theology -- at least these people? But no.

Actors were discussed, actresses were discussed, films were discussed, novels were discussed, even love affairs between students were discussed -- and all kinds of politics were there.

You will be surprised: of those one hundred and fifty people.... For nine years I waited that somebody would one day ask whether God exists or not. No, nobody. And they all are Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Jainas. They all go to the temple, to the church; they all pay their respects. But they are all formalities -- it is nothing to do with their inner search.

In fact, in that big commonroom, which was meant to be for one hundred and fifty people, my chair had become reserved for me, because I was not interested in their gossips and in their politics and their love affairs and backbiting and all kind of things. I was not interested. My chair had become permanent -- nobody else's chair was permanent. Whenever I went there it was available for me, nobody would sit on it. And slowly they had all taken away their chairs farther from my chair, because I was not interested in their things, and they were not interested in the things which I am interested in.

Whenever I passed through the commonroom, they would become silent, as if they were being caught like small children doing something wrong. I would say, "You continue. Don't be bothered about me. I really fail to see why you become suddenly silent as I enter the room. I avoid as much as possible coming in the room, so as not to become a nuisance to you people, but sometimes there is no other way. I have two periods, and one period in between is empty. Where can I go for forty minutes? So I have to

come to sit here. You just take it for granted that I am not here; my chair is always empty. Whether I am sitting there or not, you need not bother. You continue all kinds of neurotic things that you want to continue. Continue; don't be afraid of me."

Even the head of my department, an old man, seventy years old, already retired from one university.... But because he was such an authority on his subject, this university asked him just to give a little of his time. He was also talking about the same things. He would become silent, seeing me. I would say, "It makes me feel a saint, that a man of seventy years old has to become silent, seeing me. These are the things I should be talking about. You are talking about them, okay. At least somebody is talking about them. Continue."

Theists are almost bogus; atheists, a little more solid, because they have not covered their wound with a belief. If the wound is there and it hurts, they have accepted the hurt and the wound. A little more courageous, a little closer to beginning the search -- because you can deceive yourself your whole life in believing and thinking that you know, but how long can you go on saying, "There is no God"? One of my friends, a very famous Gandhian, was an atheist. He said, "Unless I experience, there is no God. At least to me, there is no God."

One day his son, who was the attorney general of the state, came running to me and said, "My father is very, very sick -- a sudden heart attack -- and the doctors don't think that he will survive. He has asked for you."

I went with him -- they were not very far away, just a five-minute drive from my house. And when I entered the room

the old man, with his closed eyes, was doing a Hindu JAPA... Rama, Rama, Rama.... I was amazed. This man has been always saying there is no God. What happened? I shook him and told him, "Open your eyes. Before your heart fails, let me ask you one question. What are you doing? Have you forgotten you are an atheist? You are not supposed to repeat the name of God."

He said, "I know, but at this point, when the doctors think I don't have much time left -- perhaps a few hours, or maybe a few minutes, who knows.... And what is the harm, lying down, if I repeat Rama, Rama, Rama...? If God is, at least I did come back home. If I was lost in the morning, in the evening I came back." And in India they have a saying that if you come back in the evening, you are not lost -- at last you are back. "And if there is no God, what is the harm in repeating Rama, Rama, Rama...?"

I told him, "This is what I have been telling you continuously for years -- that you think that you have got rid of the doubt. It is not possible, you have simply drowned it deep in the unconscious. Now death has brought it up."

The man survived; he is still alive. And again when he survived and became okay, again he started talking about atheism, but at least not before me. Before me he would say, "Man is weak and that was a moment of weakness."

I said, "That was the moment which proved something immensely significant about your whole personality, that what you are saying is all bogus. That moment brought your reality, exposed you in your nudity. And strange: you are still trying to cover it again. The heart attack will come again, because a heart attack is not such a thing that it

comes only once. And that was your first attack, remember; you have the possibility of at least three."
He said, "What kind of friend are you? You are telling me that I will have two heart attacks more?"
I said, "Certainly. You cannot deceive... and whom are you trying to deceive? -- yourself? In the moment of death you were deceiving yourself with the idea that, 'Who knows, if God is there, pray; if he is not there, the prayer is gone, useless, but what is the harm?' You have not paid anything for it. You were being cunning even with God. Now that you are healthy, you are back again. And before me you don't talk too much, but I have heard from others that you are again talking about atheism. Let the heart attack come... and it will come. To a man like you it has to come because only a heart attack will help." And it came. I went to him and I told him... and he was doing his japa again. I told him, "Look! What are you doing now?"
He said, "You keep quiet! Particularly when the heart attack comes, you should not come. Two heart attacks together is too much."
I said to him, "Remember, I have just come to remind you about all that bogus philosophy that you were talking about between these two heart attacks. You will be back soon, because the third attack...."
He said, "Wait! I am not finished with the second, and the doctors are not hopeful... and you are thinking of the third."
I said, "I want you to know, and recognize deeply, that the doubt is there and you are repressing it. Why do you want to repress the doubt in the first place? -- because you don't want to risk inquiry."

Inquiry is a risk. It is moving into the unknown. One knows not what is going to happen.

One leaves everything that one is acquainted with, is comfortable with, and one moves into the unknown, not even perfectly certain whether there is anything on the other shore, or whether there is another shore even.

So people cling either to theism, or those who are a little stronger, intellectual, the intelligentsia -- they cling to atheism. But both are escapes from doubt. And to escape from doubt is to escape from inquiry -- because what is doubt? It is only a question mark. It is not your enemy. It is simply a question mark within you which prepares you to inquire.

Doubt is your friend.

And I had talked about the third category, the agnostic. The theist is the weakest of the three: less cultured, less educated, less intellectual -- just a mediocre person. The second category, the atheist, is more intellectual, more cultured, and tries hard not to be bothered by the question, and puts the question absolutely away as far as he is concerned, by arguing that there is no God.

If an atheist and theist discuss and debate, the atheist is always bound to win. The theist cannot win; his arguments are poor. He is not argumentative. His belief is very simple, but the atheist is more complex. He also has a belief: his belief is that there is no God. You can call it an unbelief, a nonbelief, but it is a belief. He fights for it with the same fanatic attitude as the theist. You discuss with any communist -- all communists are atheists -- and they have that same fanatic attitude as any theist. The agnostic is the most superior of the three. The agnostic says, "I have no

grounds to say yes, I have no grounds to say no; hence, I will keep my mouth shut about God."

Ludwig Wittgenstein, a disciple of Bertrand Russe ll...

Bertrand Russell is one of the significant agnostics of this age, and Ludwig Wittgenstein was his best disciple. Russell has praised Wittgenstein so generously; it rarely happens from a teacher's mouth to so praise a disciple, a student. Wittgenstein was just a student in Russell's philosophy class. Russell was teaching philosophy in the university of Cambridge, and Wittgenstein was just a student. But Russell had the penetrating eyes to find if there was something, and Wittgenstein was something of a genius. Wittgenstein showed him his notes. And Russell said, "Publish them!" Just his notes that he was taking in the class, any idea that was occurring to him -- just his notes and Russell said, "Publish it. It is far superior to any of my books. I will never get such a student as you again. I am proud, and I am fulfilled, in a certain sense, that you came to my class."

Wittgenstein has not written much, just two or three books, and those are all maxims, small sentences. One sentence says, "You should not speak about something that you know not -- either for, or against. One should be silent if one has not a solid yes or no in his experience." In another passage he says, "There are things which cannot be spoken of, hence you should resist the temptation to speak about them."

The agnostic is the most superior. He does not commit himself, he remains uncommitted. It is better to remain uncommitted, because that keeps you alert that you have not started the search yet. The theist has arrived at a

conclusion, the atheist has arrived at a conclusion; you have not even begun the search. The agnostic is the best of the three, comes closer to me. The theist is the farthest from me, the atheist a little closer, the agnostic much closer -- but you can remain there. There is no necessity that you will move into the enquiry. You can say it is an ultimate question. That is what agnostics say. Whenever the question is ultimate, you cannot say yes or no about it. But his silence is not the silence of a gnostic.

I had not included gnostic in the three categories I discussed, knowingly. The word agnostic comes from the word gnostic. Agnostic means one who declares that, "I am not certain this way or that." Who is a gnostic? A gnostic is one who knows. That is the meaning of gnostic: the knower. The agnostic is silent because he does not know what is right and what is wrong; what is yes, what is no. The gnostic is also silent -- because he has come to experience a reality which is inexpressible.

I am a gnostic.

And I would like you all to be gnostics, to come to a point of experience where things beyond words happen, where language is left far away back, light years back, where there is no possibility to conceptualize your experience.

You cannot say, "God is," you cannot say, "God is not." You cannot say, "I cannot say these things." You can be simply silent. And those who can understand silence will understand the answer. You can help people -- that's what gnostics can do -- you can help people to come to silence. Call it meditativeness, awareness -- those are just names, but the essential quality is absolute silence, nothing stirring in you, nothing wavering in you. And in that state,

godliness is. It is all over the place. It is within you, it is without you.
So I had left out the category 'gnostic' knowingly because the gnostic cannot be put with the other three categories. He is a totally different person. He knows -- these three know not. One believes that he knows. One believes that he knows not; he knows that God does not exist. One knows certainly that he is not in a position to say yes or no. But all the three are ignorant.
The gnostic knows -- but because he knows, he is in a difficulty which only a knower can be in. He cannot accept any category because all categories fall short. Even to say, "God is," is not enough. It does not cover the whole experience of godliness. To say, "God is not," that too is not enough -- because certainly there is no person, so you can say, "God is not," but there is such a presence! The person is not, but such a tremendous presence that who cares for the person. And the presence is infinite, eternal. Once tasted, it is going to remain with you forever.
The gnostic is the really religious man.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IF THERE IS NO GOD, WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is a byproduct of theism. You start with a belief in God, then naturally some kind of relationship between you and God is needed. That is prayer. You start praising him. Of course there is some motivation, you are asking for something through your prayer. Your prayer is not just a pure love affair, no -- it is business. Hence, when you are in

trouble you pray; when you are out of trouble you forget it. When you are in some difficulty, incapable of managing, you pray because you need God's help. The moment you are out of difficulty, you forget God and prayer both.

A famous Sufi story is that a ship is coming back to its home country. Suddenly the ocean goes mad... great winds, and the ship is almost on the verge of sinking. Everybody starts praying. At such a moment who will not pray? -- even the atheist will pray, the agnostic will pray, and pray, "Forgive what I have been saying, it was all nonsense. Forgive me, but let me reach the shore."

But the Sufi was simply sitting there, not praying. The people became angry; they said, "You are a religious man, wearing the robe, the green robe of a Sufi. What kind of a Sufi are you? You should have been the first to pray. And we are not religious people, we are just business people, and to us this prayer is, too, nothing but business. We are offering God, that 'We will give you this, we will give you that, just save us.' Why are you sitting silently? Why are you not praying?"

He said, "You have already said it: because I am not a businessman. If he wants to finish us all, good. If he wants to save us, good. I am in total agreement with him. Why should I pray? For what? Prayer means some disagreement, something is happening which you don't want to happen. You want God to intercede, to interfere, to stop it, to change it."

The Sufi said, "I have no business of my own. It is his business to bother whether to save or to drown us. If he wants this Sufi to be saved, it is his business, not my business. And if he wants me to die, that is his business. I

had not asked for birth; suddenly I was here. I cannot ask about death. If birth is not in my control, how can death be in my control?"

Those people thought, "This man is mad." They said, "We will take care of you later on. Let us get to the shore somehow and then we will take care of you. You are not a Sufi, you are not religious; you are a very dangerous man. But this is not the time to bother and quarrel with you."

On board was the most wealthy, most famous man of the country, and he was coming with millions of diamonds and precious stones. He had earned much. He had a beautiful palace in the town -- the most beautiful marble palace. Even the king was jealous. Even the king had asked him many times, "You give this palace to me -- any price, and I will pay for it."

But the madman, the rich man, said, "That is not possible. That palace is my pride." When the ship was almost sinking, the man shouted to God, "Listen, I give that palace to you -- just save me!" And as it happened, the winds disappeared, the ocean became calm, the ship was saved. They reached the bank.

Now, the rich man was in a very difficult position because of what he had said. And he had been angry with the Sufi -- now he was not angry. He said, "Perhaps you were right just to keep quiet. If I had followed you I would not have lost my palace. But I am a businessman, and I will find a way." And he found a way.

Next day he put the palace up for auction. He informed all the nearby kingdoms, whoever was interested. Many kings, queens and rich people came; everybody was interested. They were all puzzled to see that, just in front of the palace,

there was a cat chained to a marble pillar of the palace. The rich man came out and he said, "This palace and the cat, both are up for auction together. The price of the cat is one million dinars" -- their dollars, one million dollars -- "the price of the cat one million dollars, and the price of the palace, one dollar: one million and one dollars."

The people said, "For this cat one million dollars, and for this palace just one dollar?"

The businessman said, "You don't bother about it. If you are interested, both are going to be sold together. Less, I will not accept. If anybody is interested, this is my minimum price."

The king of the country said, "Yes, I will give you the price, but please tell me, what is the secret of this cat and the palace?"

And he said, "No secret -- I just got into trouble because of a prayer. I have told God that 'I will give you the palace.' And I am a businessman; if he is a businessman, I am also a businessman. The cat, one million dollars -- that I will keep. And the palace: one dollar -- that will go to God's fund."

Prayer is just your effort to persuade God to do things according to you. And it is absolutely your imagination. In the first place you don't know God. You don't know his likes and dislikes. You don't know whether he exists or not, and you are praying. This is a poor state of affairs, and this is happening all over the world.

I am against prayer because it is basically business. It is bribing God. It is hoping that you can buttress his ego: "You are great, you are compassionate, you can do anything you want." And all this is being said because you

want something. There is a motivation behind it; otherwise you would not pray, if there is no motivation.
I am against prayer. I am for meditation.
And these are the only two dimensions: prayer, the false dimension; meditation, the right dimension.
In prayer you try first to imagine a God there, and then you project a prayer. In meditation you don't have to project any God, you don't have to believe in any God, you don't have to utter a single word of prayer. On the contrary, you move inwards. In prayer you are moving outwards: a God there... and then a bridge of prayer between you and God.
In meditation you have no God, there. You search within. You search within for what is there. Who am I? What is this life energy? What is this consciousness in me? If only I can know this consciousness, this life in me, I have known the universal life, I am part of it.
Just taste the ocean from anywhere and it is salty. Taste yourself -- it is the closest place, within yourself -- taste your consciousness in silence and peace.
Prayer will be wordy. Again you will be talking, chanting, using a mantra or something. No, in meditation words have to be dropped and you have to learn to remain wordless, even for small moments. But in those small moments so much blessing descends. From those small gaps the whole universe starts pouring upon you.
I am for meditation and against prayer.
The meditator comes to know -- feels reality throbbing within himself -- the heartbeat of existence. And then there is a thankfulness that is without any motive, a gratitude to nobody in particular, simply a gratitude for all, for all that is. To me, if you want something like prayer... but then that

is a love affair, authentic, without any motive. It is just a thankyou, not addressed to anybody in particular, addressed to the whole.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #15
Chapter title: The Priest and the Politician -- the Mafia of the Soul
13 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY IS THE WORLD SO SICK TODAY? WHY ARE MISERY AND TENSION INCREASING?

It is the outcome of all the idiotic ideas that have dominated humanity in the past. It was bound to happen. All the religions are responsible for it. What they have done, whether knowingly or unknowingly, is the cause of the misery, suffering and anguish of the whole of humanity.
Let us think of the most fundamental causes one by one.
The first: All the religions have been imposing the idea that God has created the world and God is omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. He knows all, he is all-powerful, he is everywhere.
This idea prevented man from doing anything to life to make it better, beautiful. When somebody all-knowing, all-powerful, everywhere present, is looking after the world, then what can you do? How far can you see? What can be

your contribution? If God is the creator of the world, you cannot improve upon it. If you do anything you can only harm it. You cannot inform it; you cannot be wiser than God. This idea is one of the most basic causes of the whole anguish through which humanity is passing, and perhaps may perish in. Just think: the way I see it, there is no God who is creating the world, who is looking after the world. Don't throw this responsibility onto someone who exists not. It is we who are here who are in every way responsible to make or mar the opportunity.

Remove God and put man in his place, and you will have a totally different world. The suffering is absolutely unwanted. The anguish is our stupidity. Man can live a tremendously rich, blissful, ecstatic life. But the first thing is, he has to accept his responsibility.

All the religions have been teaching you to shirk your responsibility. Throw it onto God... and there is no God. You don't do anything because you think God is going to do everything -- and there is no God to do anything. Then what else can you expect? What is happening and has happened and is going to happen is the natural outcome of this idea of a creator.

If man was told, "This is your existence; you are responsible whatever you are, whatever you do, and whatever happens around you. Be mature. Don't remain childish...." But this God does not allow you to mature, his godness depends on your immaturity, on your childishness. The more stupid you are, the more gullible you are, the greater is the God. The more intelligent you are, the lesser is the God.

If you are really intelligent there is no God.

Then this existence is there, you are there; then create. But the creator does not allow you to become the creator.
My whole approach is that you are to become the creator. You have to release your creative energies. And this is possible only if this God, who is nothing but a Godot, is removed, absolutely removed from your vision of life. Yes, in the beginning you will feel very empty because that place of God in you has been filled... millions of years he was there; the sacred shrine in your heart was filled with the idea of God. Now, suddenly throwing it out, you will feel empty, afraid, lost. But it is good to feel empty. It is good to feel afraid. It is good to be lost -- because this is the reality, and what you were feeling before was only fiction. Fictions cannot help much; they may give you some consolation, but consolation is not a good thing.
What is needed is transformation, not consolation. What is needed is treatment of all the diseases that you have been carrying, not consolation. So the first thing is: remove God. Don't wait for any Godot. There is none. There has never been any.
Friedrich Nietzsche said... I disagree with him, but my disagreement is totally different from the disagreement of others, of all others who disagree. Nietzsche says, "God is dead." Of course Christians have differed, Mohammedans have differed, Hindus have differed, Buddhists have differed, but everybody has been against Friedrich Nietzsche. I am also against him, but my reason for being different is that God is not dead because he has never been alive. Even to say, "God is dead," is to accept that he was there and now he is no more. No, he was never there in first place. Man has lived under a fiction.

And this situation, this misery, this increasing tension.... The tension is so much that now in the most advanced countries, the second greatest factor causing death is not a disease but suicide. One feels so utterly tense, day after day, and there seems to be no way out. The anguish goes on increasing, and one cannot even see the reason for what we are suffering. Why should we be suffering? What have we done? Life itself seems to be worthless. A point comes in the intelligent man's life when he sees it is all futile, meaningless.

Then why go on dragging? Why not finish it? Why not get rid of it? It has not given you anything except pain. It is not going to give you anything else except pain. Yes, there is an opium somewhere -- the hope: perhaps tomorrow things may be different. Perhaps, if not today, tomorrow you may be able to catch some moment of bliss. But even then it does not seem to be worth it. Such a long caravan of miseries, and then once in a while a moment when you can smile, laugh. And by the time you have smiled it is gone. Perhaps that moment is also your imagination. Just to keep yourself going you start dreaming of things which are not really there; you wanted them to be there. That's actually the function of dreaming.

Do you know... it has been a strange discovery of modern psychology.... For centuries we had thought that dreams are useless, just a disturbance in the night. To have a dreamless sleep has been thought a healthy goal. Yoga for ten thousand years has been teaching that dreamless sleep is the most beautiful experience; but what we have found recently goes just against this whole thing. You can drop

your dreamless moments of sleep without any harm to you, but you cannot drop your dreams.

If you sleep eight hours, then almost two hours you have -- in fragments, in total two hours -- sleep without dreams, and six hours sleep with dreams. It has been experimented with, now we know. There are instruments which give the indication of whether the person is dreaming or not dreaming. Even without instruments, if you watch his lids, eyelids, you can immediately know. If his eyes are moving inside the lids, he is dreaming -- because he is seeing things, movement. If the eyes are static, not moving, and the lids show no movement of the eyes inside, that means dreams have stopped. No sophisticated instruments are needed. But now we have sophisticated instruments which make a graph when the person is dreaming, when the person is not dreaming -- just like a cardiogram.

They disturbed a few sleepers when they were dreaming; they would disturb them immediately, they would wake them up. They would allow them only those two hours of nondreaming. In the morning they would be utterly exhausted, lusterless, with no desire to live even. This was strange, because all the old yoga in India, in Tibet, in China -- different schools and different people not connected with each other at all -- they have always been saying, "If you can have two hours of dreamless sleep, that is enough nourishment, enough to rejuvenate you." It has not been found true. But if you disturb those two hours when they are not dreaming, and allow them those six hours of dreaming, in the morning they get up so fresh, so young, so rejuvenated, so full of life and juice and so eager to live.

When for the first time it was discovered, it was a shock. Dreams are absolutely necessary for these people -- for what reason? They have not been able to find the reason. They will never be able to find it because that reason can be found only through deep meditation, there is no other way to find it. By psychological experiments they will not be able to find out what is the reason.

But through meditation something happens which is dreamless, sleepless. Both are not there; neither the dream is there nor is the sleep there. You are fully awake. The body is fast asleep in a deep rest, but your consciousness is absolutely cloudless. There is no sleep. Inside like a flame you are alert, awake, watching -- that there is nothing to watch! The body is asleep and there is nothing to watch. But the watcher is.

You can only watch the watcher. You can only observe the observer. You can only be aware of your awareness. But there is no sleep, no dream. And in the morning you are as fresh as it is possible to be. So the psychologists will not be able, they have not yet been able and will never be able to know, unless they start moving towards meditation. And there seems to be no sign of their movement. In fact they are very antagonistic to meditation, and I can understand why. They are antagonistic to meditation because meditation can dissolve all your problems, can dissolve all your psychic anxieties, and with them goes the whole profession of the psychologist.

Just as the priest has been afraid... God should not be doubted; the politician has been afraid: the priest should not be doubted, because if God is doubted, the priest is gone, his priesthood is gone. And there are millions of priests in

the world: Hindus, Catholics, Jews, rabbis, ministers, missionaries, pundits, imams, shankaracharyas -- millions of priests in the world who depend on a single concept of God. Drop that idea and all these will be nowhere. Right now they have great prestige, power. Who will be the pope when there is no God? What will be his position? This pope, this Polack, will have to go back to Poland. And Poland is communist now. He will become a laughingstock. God is not there. With him, the holy ghost disappears, the son disappears. God is the central focus of the whole fiction. Remove that central idea and the whole palace made of playing cards simply falls on the ground. Just a little whip is needed.

The psychologist is afraid of meditation. Now psychology is a big profession. Jews never do small things. They created this stupid Christianity, and for two thousand years they have been complaining: "We missed the chance. We would have made the great profession that the Christians are making. How did we miss Jesus? It was simply a great business, and we missed the point. We couldn't see that this man is going to be such a big deal." He proved the biggest business deal in the world. Jews cannot forgive him. If they get him again they will crucify him again, for another reason this time: "Why didn't you tell us in the first place that this is going to be a big business? -- and we would not have crucified you."

And then they nearly missed the second, Sigmund Freud. But this time they were more aware, they have not missed so much. Ninety percent of the profession is still in Jewish hands. All the great psychologists and psychoanalysts and therapists -- ninety percent of them are Jews. It is their

monopoly. And Freud singlehandedly created the whole profession, the whole science. He was very much afraid of meditation, tremendously afraid.

Jung, his most intimate disciple, and in the beginning the possible successor, was so much afraid of meditation.... When he came to India, wherever he went -- and he went to Khajuraho, to the Taj Mahal, to Fatehpur Sikri, the old ancient places -- everywhere it was suggested: "You should go to Arunachal in the south of India, the very south, deep south. There is a man, Sri Ramana, who can give you immense insight into human nature, about which you have been working your whole life." But he was afraid to go there.

And Ramana was certainly the man who could have given him, shared with him, something of meditation. But he would not go. Outright he rejected it, saying, "All this meditation is unscientific." Now his statement is unscientific, because nobody has tried to explore meditation scientifically. On what grounds is he saying that all this meditation business is unscientific?

I know the space when there is no sleep, no dream, and still I am there. Certainly dreams are needed, but not by me. Perhaps ninety-nine point nine percent of people, or even more, need dreams, six hours of dreams in the night. And do you think that's all? Are you not dreaming in the day too?

Any time, close your eyes and you will find the dream is there, running. The dream is always there. You are listening to me, and a dream will be there. You are walking on the road, and the dream is moving inside you. Of course when you are walking your attention is divided: you have to be

alert to the outside world, otherwise people think you are spaced-out. You are not spaced-out, you are spaced-in! Your attention is no more out. You are clouded with dreams and you have forgotten the objective world. Six hours in the night, and how many hours in the day? Nobody has yet measured how many hours in the day. I don't think that you have even two hours in a day, just as you have in the night, without dreams.

I don't think you have two hours in a day without dreams, because if you can have two hours without dreams, fully awake, those two hours will become your meditation. They will reveal immensely valuable secrets to you.

But the ordinary humanity, the average man, needs dreams. Why? -- because life, in reality, is so unsatisfactory, so ugly, so stinkingly ugly. Those dreams substitute for it. They are beautiful. They bring fragrance in your life, hope, fiction. They help you to remain sane. The reality will drive you insane.

To me, God, the holy ghost and the son, and the pope, the infallible pope -- of course he has to be infallible. He represents the messiah, the only begotten son of God; how can he be fallible? -- the infallible pope.... And every religion has similar things. You need these people. They are fictions created by your misery, cunning people using your misery to exploit you and to have their power trip. The politician needs these people also. Even a mad politician like Adolf Hitler needs the blessings of God. If there is no God, who is going to bless Adolf Hitler? And the chief Christian priest in Germany blesses him. Now see the miracle.... Adolf Hitler is being blessed by God's priest: "You will succeed." Churchill is being blessed in England

by the same God's priest: "You will be successful." Benito Mussolini is blessed by the pope himself: "You will be successful." And nobody sees the contradiction, that one God, one infallible pope... and this German priest is under the pope!

But the pope has to bless Benito Mussolini, otherwise Mussolini will throw him out and put somebody else as the pope who is ready to bless him. Benito Mussolini is not a fascist when he is in power. Even the pope says, "He is the most wise man, the most democratic, most human" -- Benito Mussolini! And the same pope, after Benito Mussolini is defeated, will declare him a fascist. And these are infallible people. Now another politician is there who has to be blessed, who is against Benito Mussolini; they will bless him too.

Can't you see a simple conspiracy between the priest and the politician? The masses are befooled. The priest gives the sanction from God: certifies that this is the right man to be the president, this is the right man to be the vice-president, the prime minister. Of course the politician needs it because the masses will listen to the priest: the priest is impartial, he has nothing to do with politics, he is above politics.... He is not! The priest is in the hands of the politicians.

The Dalai Lama is the pope, in fact higher than the pope, for the Buddhists, because he is not a representative of Jesus, he is a reincarnation of Buddha himself -- not a representative, but a reincarnation of Buddha himself. The Dalai Lama escaped from Tibet because China became communist and claimed that Tibet is part of China. Once it was -- two hundred, three hundred years ago. There was a

time when a Chinese emperor conquered Tibet, and Tibet was part of China. And of course Tibetans and Chinese belong to the same race.

The Dalai Lama had to escape from there, because he was both the religious head and the political head. And he had never thought that anybody is going to attack Tibet. It is so secluded a country, on top of the world, and so far away from every other place; no railway trains are there, no cars are there, no roads are there: no technology has reached there. People are still living at least five thousand years back.

He had to escape because he did not have a big army. He had never thought, his predecessors had never thought, that anybody is going to attack -- to attack is so difficult, to reach Tibet is so difficult. But Mao was determined to take it over. It was a very significant place for him not to leave alone, because Russia could take it, and then it would become a tremendously dangerous thing for China. India could take it; then too it would become tremendously difficult for China. So before anybody else started thinking, China jumped in. Tibet is a small country, and the Dalai Lama had just a small police force, perhaps one hundred policemen, to guard the palace. That was all, there was no need for anything else. Army? -- they had never thought about the army.

But the incarnation of Buddha escapes from Tibet, forgets about the people whom he has been exploiting, his predecessors have been exploiting, for thousands of years. Tibet is a poor country, but the Dalai Lama is one of the richest men in the world. The whole palace of Lhasa was filled with gold and nothing else. Strange even to think that

the Dalai Lama escaped with all the gold from the Lhasa palace, not all the ancient scriptures -- because there was a clear choice: you can take this or you can take.... There were so many scriptures that you would need thousands of cars to take them to India. And he had so much gold -- and the gold had to reach first, because without gold what was he going to do in India? And the refugees that were following him from Tibet, what were they going to do? So scriptures were left; gold was carried -- this is the incarnation of Buddha!

China immediately crowned his younger brother, Panchen Lama, as the head of the country. Politicians can't do without it because the masses won't listen. Now the masses are perfectly happy. What difference does it make -- the Dalai Lama or Panchen Lama? He was going to be his successor, he is the second in line. If the Dalai Lama dies, or anything happens, Panchen Lama will become the head. The Dalai Lama has escaped, and China made him a laughingstock: "You believed in him and he deceived you; not only that but he has stolen all your gold."

In India Jawarharlal Nehru was the prime minister when the Dalai Lama came there. He welcomed him. That was his politics, because in India, Buddhism once was the religion of almost the whole country. But then after Buddha's death Hindus destroyed everything that was possible. So either the Buddhist monks had to escape -- that's how Tibet became Buddhist, Ceylon became Buddhist, Japan became Buddhist, China became Buddhist, Korea became Buddhist, Vietnam became Buddhist, Indo-China became Buddhist, Burma became Buddhist, the

whole of Asia... except India, where Buddha was born and where he worked and where he transformed people.
In India Buddhism completely disappeared. Either the Buddhist monk had to leave India or he was killed, burned alive, or reduced to the lowest caste in India -- the untouchable, sudra. The chamars in India, the shoemakers in India, they are all Buddhists -- they were reduced, forced to make shoes only, and do nothing else. In a country like India where vegetarianism is thought to be one of the fundamentals of religion, who is going to kill animals and who is going to make shoes and other leather things? The Buddhists were forced..."If you want to be alive and you want to live here, then choose this profession." Everybody was happy; Hindus and Jainas all were happy that they had been put in their right place.
But what happened? After independence, one man, Doctor Ambedkar, started converting the chamars, the shoemakers, back to Buddhism. He converted thousands of people back to Buddhism. He created a great movement back to Buddhism, and there was a possibility that millions would turn. He died, but still he left a strong force of Buddhism behind him.
Now, Nehru wanted this force to be with him. The Dalai Lama was the perfectly right person, because all those Buddhists would listen to the Dalai Lama. And the Dalai Lama had to listen to Jawaharlal, otherwise..."Go back, or go anywhere else you want to go." Jawaharlal gave him space against China. China raised the question: "This will be a surety that we are no more friends. You hand over the Dalai Lama to us."

They wanted the Dalai Lama in their hands because Panchen Lama is not so powerful. Although the Tibetans have accepted him, the Dalai Lama was their chosen leader. This has been imposed by the Chinese; reluctantly they have accepted. If the Dalai Lama had been given back to China, they would have forced him to be in Tibet, to be the Dalai Lama again... but instructions were received from Mao Zedong: "The country will be under us." Nehru refused to deliver the Dalai Lama to him.

You will be surprised, even a country like America.... Just four years ago, the Dalai Lama was invited by American Buddhists. Because there are a few Zen monasteries and a few American Buddhists, they had invited the Dalai Lama. The American government stopped him from entering the country because that would create enmity with China. And for America, the Dalai Lama has no meaning because these few Buddhists don't count.

What I am telling you is that these politicians and these priests have been constantly in conspiracy, working together hand in hand. The politician has the political power; the priest has the religious power. The politician protects the priest, the priest blesses the politician -- and the masses are exploited, sucked; their blood is sucked by both. Remove God and you remove the politicians, you remove the politics, you remove the priest, you remove the conspiracy between the priest and the politician. And with these two removed, fifty percent of your miseries will disappear.

The idea of God gives you dreams of a better life... after death, perhaps in paradise or in another incarnation. So there is not so much to be worried about -- this life, it is a

small thing, what does it matter? In millions and millions of light years, what does it matter, seventy years? It does not count at all.

There are stars so far away from us that the day you were born, their rays on that day started moving towards the earth -- they have not reached here yet. You will die, perhaps sometime then those rays will reach. And rays move with a tremendous speed, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. For that star, you never existed. Before you were born and before you died, no ray could reach here to see you, to touch you. As far as that star is concerned... and millions of stars are there, that far away. What to say about you -- there are stars whose rays have not reached the earth since the earth came into existence. And it may go out of existence and those stars will never come to know that there has been a planet like earth.

So what to say about your Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan the Terrible -- they don't count at all anywhere in this vast universe. Seventy years... so religions have been telling people, "Seventy years don't count. This misery will pass away, and if you allow it to pass away without struggling against it, the next life, life beyond death, is going to be very rewarding to you." These are the people who have prevented you from changing any situation on the earth. Particularly, they have prevented the transformation of man, because all the suffering that you see all around is rooted in man. And if man remains the same, this tension will go on increasing, this anguish will go on increasing.

There is every possibility that by the end of this century the whole of humanity may commit suicide, a global war. And

it is not very difficult to imagine its possibility, because the people who are in power, the people who have nuclear weapons, are so third rate. It seems that to be a successful politician you have to be absolutely unintelligent, fanatic, lying, promising continuously -- knowing perfectly well that no promises are going to be fulfilled -- cheating, using beautiful words and hiding ugly realities.

Now each big, powerful country is loaded with nuclear weapons... so much so that if we want we can destroy seven hundred earths like this right now. That much nuclear power is there, available, to destroy each person seven hundred times -- although it is not needed, one time is enough. But politicians don't want to take any chances. Their faces are all masks: they say one thing, they do another thing. And the power is in such people's hands. Any crackpot can push a button and can finish the whole of humanity, the whole of life on the earth.

But perhaps deep down humanity also wants to get rid of it. Perhaps individually people are not courageous enough to commit suicide, but on the mass scale they are ready. Always remember, individuals have not committed great crimes. It is always crowds which commit great crimes, because in a crowd no individual feels, "I am responsible for what is happening." He thinks, "I am just being with the people." Individually when you commit something, you have to think three times before committing it. What are you doing? Is it right? Does your consciousness permit it? But not when there is a crowd. You can be lost in the crowd, nobody will ever discover that you were also part of it.

Even a country like Germany, which can be said to be one of the most intelligent, cultured, sophisticated countries, has given great poets, painters, scientists, philosophers... in every dimension Germany's contribution is great. But one simply feels amazed that this country of Hegel, Feuerbach, Kant, Marx, Freud, Einstein -- this country came under the power of Adolf Hitler, who was nothing but a madman. What happened? Even a man like Martin Heidegger, who was the topmost philosopher of the contemporary world, supported Adolf Hitler. It is so shocking to think about.... I have always appreciated the man, because his intelligence is incomparable. Other philosophers are miles behind: Sartre, Marcel, Jaspers -- miles behind. Nobody is even close to this man; even to understand him is not easy. But he supported Adolf Hitler. And when Germany lost the war and Adolf Hitler committed suicide, then he was as if awakened from a dream. Then he realized what he had done: "This man was simply mad, and I have supported him."

That's what I say: even when your eyes are fully open, you may be dreaming. Now he was dreaming, and he was projecting his dream on Adolf Hitler because he saw that this man has power, has the power to impress the masses, which Martin Heidegger had not. He could not even deliver a single address, because everybody would leave. The way he talked, the things he talked about, the complications that he brought in... now who was going to listen to him?

He was professor of philosophy in the university -- in fact in many universities, for the simple reason that wherever he was a professor, students stopped coming to the department. He was far above them; he was way above

your head. And if this man was going to be your examiner too, you were finished. And when he had been there for two, three years in one university, then the university would say to him, "You move; nobody is going to come here." Then finally they decided to make him the vice-chancellor of the university so he did not teach.
He had no power over the masses, and he saw Adolf Hitler -- the masses were just spellbound, almost in a state of hypnosis. So he projected that what he dreamt -- how the world should be -- this man could make it possible. But he was innocent. He did not understand that this man had his own mad ideas what he was going to do to the world. He was not going to listen to any philosopher. And Martin Heidegger at least was absolutely beyond him. Hitler would not have even made intelligible conversation with him.

The religions have given man fictions to live in. Now all those fictions are broken and man has nothing left to live for -- hence the anguish. Anguish is not an ordinary state of anxiety. Anxiety is always centered upon a certain problem. You don't have money, there is anxiety; you don't have enough clothes and the cold is coming, you have a certain anxiety; you are sick and you don't have medicine, and there is anxiety. Anxiety is about a certain problem. Anguish has no problem as such. Just to be seems to be fruitless, futile. Just to breathe seems to be dragging yourself unnecessarily, because what is going to happen tomorrow? Yesterday also you were thinking that something is going to happen tomorrow... now, this is yesterday's tomorrow, which has come as today, and nothing has happened. And this has been going on for

years. And you go on projecting for tomorrow. A moment comes when you start realizing that nothing is going to happen. Then there is the state of anguish.

In anguish, only one thing seems to be there: somehow to get out of this circle of life -- hence suicide, the increasing rate of suicide. And an unconscious desire of humanity that the third world war happens..."so I am not responsible that I committed suicide. The world war killed everybody, and killed me too." But the whole situation can be changed. We just have to change the premises of the old man: remove God, remove heaven and hell, remove the idea of a future reward -- and remove the idea that some messiah is to come to redeem you from your suffering.

Remove the idea that anybody else is responsible for your misery and suffering; remove the idea that somebody can give meaning to your life. Accept that you are alone, born alone, and you will die alone. And you have to accept the fact that you are living alone -- maybe in a crowd, but you are living alone; maybe with your wife, girlfriend, boyfriend, but they are alone in their aloneness, you are alone in your aloneness, and those alonenesses don't touch each other, never touch each other.

That you may live with someone for twenty years, thirty years, fifty years -- it makes no difference, you will remain strangers. Always and always you will be strangers. Accept the fact that we are strangers; that we don't know who you are, that you don't know who I am. I myself don't know who I am, so how can you know? But people are presuming that the wife should know the husband, the husband is assuming the wife should know the husband. Everybody is functioning as if everybody is a mind reader, and he should

know, before you say it, your needs, your problems. He should know, she should know -- and they should do something. Now this is all nonsense.

Nobody knows you, not even you, so don't expect that anybody else should know you; it is not possible in the very nature of things. We are strangers. Perhaps by chance we have met and we are together, but our aloneness is there. Don't forget it, because you have to work upon it. Only from there is your redemption, your salvation. But you are doing just the opposite: how to forget your aloneness? The boyfriend, the girlfriend; go to the movie, the football match; get lost in the crowd, dance in the disco, forget yourself, drink alcohol, take drugs, but somehow don't let this aloneness come to your conscious mind -- and there lies the whole secret.

You have to accept your aloneness, which in no way you can avoid. And there is no way to change its nature. It is your authentic reality. It is you. And you are escaping from yourself. Then there will be misery, there will be problems. And in solving one problem you will create ten more, and so on and so forth. Soon there will be only problems surrounding you and you will be drowning in your own problems. Then you call out, "Why are the tensions increasing? Why is there so much suffering? Why is there so much misery?" -- as if somebody has a readymade answer for it. Yes, somebody has it; it is you.

Because I have found the answer within me, hence I say it to you with authority. The authority is not derived from any God, from any messiah, from any Veda, from any Koran, Bible, no. The authority is derived from my experience.

My whole life I have lived amongst millions of people, but never for a single moment forgetting that I am alone, that my aloneness is unreachable; nobody can reach to it. It is available only to me, because it is me.

So the moment you stop escaping from yourself, drowning yourself in all kinds of drugs, relationships, religions, service to humanity... now a few are doing that. It is nothing but escape from themselves. But their ego is fulfilled because they are doing service to humanity.

I know many servants, great servants, and when I talked with them, brought them to the point and nailed them down exactly, they all literally broke into tears and said, "Perhaps you are right -- we are escaping. We were thinking we were going to serve these poor people, but it seems that we have not been able to solve any of our own problems." This seemed to be a very preferable escape; you can put aside problems. And how can you be so selfish, to be bothered by your problems when the whole of humanity is suffering? When everybody is suffering, help them. So you can, in a beautiful garb, put aside your problems -- even to think about them is selfish.

But with those problems, whom are you going to help and how? You will dump all your problems on somebody whom you are going to serve. The husband will dump on the wife, the wife will dump on the husband. The parents will dump on the children, and everybody is dumping his problems on others without seeing that the other is also trying to do the same.

Stop dumping problems on others. You have to solve your problems, and every individual has to solve his own problems. And the problems are not so many. It is one

problem which you have not solved which has created a chain of unsolved problems. The problem is: how to enter your aloneness without fear? And the moment you enter your aloneness without fear... it is such a beautiful and ecstatic experience that there is nothing compared to it.
It is not a problem at all. It is the solution of all your problems. But you have made it a problem because you have listened to others and followed them: the blind following blind leaders and priests. They are all going in a circle, and everybody believes that the man ahead of him is capable of seeing, and the same is the case with the man who is ahead. He is holding somebody else's coat or shirt, believing that he knows where he is going, and they all are moving in a circle; nobody is going anywhere. The followers are following the leader, the leader is following the followers....
You have to stop and come out of this stupid game of followers and leaders. You have just to be yourself, and remember that you were born alone, so aloneness is your reality; that you will die alone, so aloneness is your reality. And between birth and death, between these two points where you are absolutely alone, how can life be anything else? It is in each moment alone. So accept it joyously; go into it as much as possible, as many times as possible.
This is the temple of my religion. It is not made of rocks, marbles; it is made of your consciousness. Go into it, and the deeper you go, the farther away are the problems. The moment you touch the center of your being you have arrived home. And from that point you can come out and do whatsoever you want to do. It will be a help, it will be

service, it will be sharing. You will not be dumping anything on anybody.
On the one hand the priest has given you the desire for the other world, the ambition for the other world, for the tomorrow. The politician is giving you this world: you can become the president.... Anybody in America can become the president, all citizens are equal. What nonsense! -- no two citizens are equal. And only the most cunning is going to become the president, not all... at least not those who would have been of any help to anybody.
Only ambitious people can reach to the highest political post in any country, because it is a race, and you need to be utterly ambitious to stake everything on it. And you are not to bother what you are doing, whether it is right or wrong. The end you have to keep in mind and do whatsoever you feel right to reach the end; whether it is right or wrong, no question. If you fail, everything is wrong; if you succeed, everything is right. Success is right and failure is wrong. That's the way politicians have been training everybody. Drop all that the priests and the politicians have put into you, and as you unburden yourself, you start having glimpses of your pure being.
That's what I call meditation.
Once tasted, it transforms forever.
Sheela, one question more.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE CHRISTIAN BIBLE BEGINS WITH THE STATEMENT, "IN THE BEGINNING, WAS THE WORD." DO YOU AGREE?

There has been no creation. How can there be "the beginning"? The creation is continuous; it is creativity. Back you move, you will not find the beginning; ahead you go, you will not find the end. It is beginningless, endless creative energy. So in the first place there was no beginning. God never created the world -- there is no God. And the Bible says, "In the beginning was the word." That is the most ridiculous thing to say. If we assume just for the argument's sake that there was a beginning, then I will say, "In the beginning there was silence." How can there be "the word" in the beginning? Just look at the idea. How can the word be in the beginning? -- then what was before the word? Of course there must have been silence, before the word disturbed it.

And silence means much more because that's the silence I am trying in many ways for you to go into. It was in the beginning, and it is in the middle, and it will be in the end, because at the very center of this whole creativity, of this tremendous creativity of existence, at the very center there is silence.

Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #16

Chapter title: God Is the Greatest Fiction Ever

14 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,

WHERE DID THE DEVIL COME FROM WHEN HE APPEARED TO ADAM AND EVE AS A SERPENT?

A very simple principle has to be understood. If you lie once, then you will have to lie a thousand and one times to protect the first lie. Still it remains unprotected; those one thousand and one lies cannot make it a truth. They may repress it, but it is there. And in fact they are all lies, so every lie, in its own turn, needs again protection. And you cannot protect a lie by any truth.

Truth needs no protection. When you speak the truth it is self-evident, complete. Nothing else is needed, no support. It has its authenticity in itself. The lie is empty. It has no evidence. But you can befool people by telling a series of lies. Perhaps one they may find out, but when thousands of lies are told, it is very difficult to find out in this crowd the basic lie. God is the basic lie -- so basic that it needs thousands of theologies in the world to protect it. Still it is not protected. Still God is not self-evident. Still it needs proof, still no argument is enough. All arguments are found to be illogical. Yes, they can convince somebody who is already convinced. But there is no point in convincing a person who is already convinced, who has accepted, believed. He needs no argumentation about it, no proofs. But all your arguments about God, and proofs, have not been able to convert a single atheist in the whole history of humanity. This is something to be thought about. And then, because you have spoken the basic lie, now you have to surround it, cloud it, with many more lies.

The story of the devil seducing Eve and Adam, and the fall of humanity: these are supporting lies. But it's very

interesting to go into them, interesting to see the cunningness of the so-called messiahs, avataras, and the so-called theologians. Before I enter into this story I would like you to know the full version. Generally the full version is not known. Only half the story is being told, because the other half became inconvenient.

Adam and Eve were not the first to be created by God. The real story is that Eve was a second thought. God had created one woman, but it was not Eve. Adam and one woman he created. When I look at the story, it is very revealing. He created man and woman, but he must have been -- and he was -- a Jewish God. It is a Jewish story, and he must have been a perfect Jew: he created only one bed, so small that even for one person it was not comfortable. It was impossible to put the man and woman together on that small bed. So the first night -- the honeymoon night -- turned into a nightmare. The first fight was, "Who is going to sleep on the bed?"

Of course the man was very male chauvinistic, but it was not yet proved that he is superior in any way, and there was no precedent; they were the first ones. The woman was very reluctant; she said she is going to sleep on the bed. The whole night they quarreled -- the first encounter group: pillow fight and... and the next day God had to withdraw that woman. Since then the real woman has not existed.

To me, even a fictitious story can be used to search into the mind who created it. The real woman had to be withdrawn. Then Eve was created, but not as an independent being; she was created out of a rib taken from Adam's body. Now she would be dependent. She would be just a part. The first woman was solely independent. There was no question that

she was inferior and Adam was superior. But the second woman from the very beginning is inferior; she is just a small rib taken out of Adam -- nothing more; just a part, not even a whole. From this point the degradation of woman starts. Adam's fall may come later on, but woman's degradation, slavery, starts with this -- that God has withdrawn the real woman.

This God also has a male chauvinistic mind. Why could he not say that you are both equal, there is no need to fight? But he must have been really a Jew: he could not make a little bigger bed, where both could be accommodated. It is not only a question of a bed, remember. What I am trying to say to you is: God could not manage the equality of man and woman; could not manage their being accommodated in a coexistence, without anybody being on a power trip. He himself is a man, naturally: Adam is not withdrawn. The woman is withdrawn, is annihilated, is simply finished. And the second woman is only a false, pseudo woman. From the very beginning God manages the second woman to be a pseudo woman. This way the story proves that Eve is never going to be equal. How can the part be equal to the whole?

But when you put somebody in an inferior position, which is absolutely unfair and unjust, there is bound to be rebellion. The people who have invented this story may not have been aware what they are inventing. And nobody has interpreted it the way I am doing. The woman must have been carrying great anger. The woman must have been wanting, in some way, to show God that, "If you can be unfair, I can also destroy what you are trying to make." She is going to revolt. In the story, Christians and Jews make

the part of the serpent very important. That is only an excuse. The basic thing is, the moment you try and enforce slavery, inferiority, on anybody, you are sowing the seeds of revolution, revolt. It is a revolt.

Why could the serpent not convince Adam? It would have been far easier, because man is thought to be more intelligent, more rational, more adventurous, more egoistic. And all these qualities would have been helpful for the serpent, the devil, to incite Adam against God's order -- to provoke him to revolt, to disobey. And this seems to be absolutely logical, psychological, relevant.

Women, in the whole history of mankind, have never revolted. In fact, it is only man who has revolted -- many times. The woman has never revolted. But the first woman is in revolt, and the devil finds it easier to convince the woman... which is not right, absolutely not right, because all the religions of the world are supported by the woman, not by the man. Woman is the backbone of all the religions of the world. If she has supported anybody, it is the priest, not the devil; it is God, not the devil. Man has a very superficial support for the religions -- very meaningless. He has no deep, intrinsic connections with religion. But the woman, around the world, in all the religions, has been the basic support; otherwise all these religions would have disappeared.

So there are only two possibilities: either these religions are proposals from the devil, which seems to be a natural conclusion of this story -- that these religions are nothing but strategies of the devil, and he is still doing the old trick of manipulating the woman, and through the woman manipulating the man -- or the whole story is just to

condemn the woman. Those who have invented it, have invented it to condemn the woman: that she is dangerous, that she can have a rapport with the devil very easily -- man has to be aware of it.

In the middle ages the popes and Christianity have done such an incredible job, unbelievable. They forced thousands of women to confess that they were witches. The word witch is not a bad word, it has no ugly connotations with it. But Christians of the middle ages made it an ugly word. 'Witch' simply means a wise woman. It no longer means that; they corrupted the word, they managed to make the word mean what they wanted: a witch is one who is in a sexual relationship with the devil.

Not only were ordinary women forced to confess and burned alive, once a woman accepted that she was a witch and has had a sexual relationship with the devil, then certainly she could not be allowed to remain alive even for a single moment. She was bringing the devil into human blood, she would pollute the whole of humanity: she had to be burned alive. And it was not ordinary women only -- even nuns, mother superiors, they managed, and forced them to confess.

Anybody could raise the suspicion, just that was enough. Anybody, any man, could raise the suspicion to the pope, to the bishop, to the high priest, that this woman, this nun, seems to be a witch. That was enough for the investigation to begin. And there was a special court arranged by the pope, the Inquisition, with a big office and hundreds of people working for him in this investigation so that the devil can be destroyed from every place, wherever he has sown his seed. And nuns were more articulate in their

confessions, naturally, because they knew what confession was, they knew what the devil was, they knew what kind of sexual relationship could happen with the devil. They knew all these things, and they had been suppressing their sexuality.

It was very easily possible that they may have dreamed that they were having a love affair with the devil. And they were thought to be martyrs, "because you are helping the people of God to eradicate all possibilities of the devil. You are ready to risk your life." They described in detail how the devil comes, how he looks, with two horns... instead of toes, hooves. Not only that, they described that the devil has a forked sexual organ. That is great imagination. And once one nun confessed that, then every other nun was even more articulate, more imaginative. Why a forked sexual organ? So that the devil can have double intercourse at the same time, so he can use both the woman's entries in the body at the same time. And it was believed, and they were burned. And they burned joyously because they were helping the great cause of the messiah, of God!

Now, in this story too, man is kept out, is not really responsible for the sin. The real responsibility is put on the woman. The serpent seduces her mind, as I see it. In the East, the serpent is thought to be just the opposite. It is not the symbol of the devil; it is only in Christianity and Judaism that the serpent is the symbol of the devil. In the East the serpent is the wisest animal on the earth.

In India the serpent is worshipped. There is a special day in the year devoted to the worship of the serpent, and millions of serpents of all kinds are given milk, worshipped... because it has been thought, in the East, that the serpent is a

symbol of wisdom. Why? -- because actually the way the serpent moves, the kundalini power inside your body moves exactly in the same way. Hence kundalini is being translated into English as serpent power.

If you have seen a serpent standing on his tail, you will be surprised, because a serpent has no bones. Standing on his tail is a miracle, because there are no bones, so how is he supporting himself? Ordinarily the serpent is always sitting or resting, with his body in the form of a circle. That is the meaning of kundalini. Kundalini means circular, concentric circles. That is the ordinary situation of everybody's inner energy; it is in a circular way sleeping or resting.

But another strange thing about the serpent is that it has no ears. Still it dances to the tune of a certain music. When scientists found that it had no ears, they could not believe it. Then how does it happen that it dances to certain music? It is only lately they have become aware that it has no ears -- that is true -- but its whole body is sensitive to the vibrations of music. So it dances not by hearing the music, it dances by feeling the music.

Remember the difference: not by hearing the music -- it cannot hear, there is no way of hearing -- but by the vibrations of the music, the waves of the music hitting on its body. Its body is so sensitive that it starts moving with those vibrations. That too is exactly the same in the inner serpent power -- the kundalini. It too starts rising up with a certain music. It has no ears, it has not even a body; it is just pure energy. But a certain music helps it tremendously. And in the East we have found what music, what chanting, will help. For example: chanting "aum" continuously hits your sleeping energy. The function of the aum is just to

make the inner serpent rise up, stand up. The same happens with the sound "hoo"; it can happen with other sounds too. But these two sounds have been found perfectly certain to work.

And Eastern music is totally different from Western music. Western music at the most is entertainment... at the best. At the worst, it also hits the serpent, but not upwards -- exactly opposite, downwards. So most Western music is sexual. It is the same energy moving downwards that becomes sexuality. The same energy moving upwards becomes spirituality. And when the serpent reaches to the highest point in your being, the seventh chakra, the hit of the energy opens that chakra just like a lotus flower. The happening is so exactly like the lotus flower that the lotus flower became immensely significant in the East.

But the idiots invented this story, that the devil came in the form of a serpent and seduced Eve's mind, provoked her to revolt. God has said not to eat from two trees: the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. If you are impartial, with no prejudice, then who is doing the harm to man, God or the devil? God is preventing man from knowing. And just cut out all your knowing, and what are you other than a vegetable? -- a cabbage, or a cauliflower. Just cut out all knowing. And that's what God's idea was, to keep man always in the state of being a vegetable. Of course vegetables don't revolt. Vegetables are dependable. Knowledge is dangerous. Intelligence is dangerous.

If you look without any prejudice, then the serpent is the friend of man, not the enemy. And even in this story he fulfills the Eastern concept of wisdom, although the people who invented this story had no idea that this interpretation

is possible. But with me anything is possible. The serpent is not the devil. And the word devil has to be understood. It comes from the same Sanskrit root as the word divine. So devil and divine don't mean different things. The Sanskrit root is behind both; in Sanskrit it becomes deva, in English it becomes 'divine' and 'devil'.

Now, again a part of the story which is not being told in the churches: the devil was an angel, a divine being, just like other angels who go on singing alleluia to God. He stopped singing this alleluia to God -- he must have been the most intelligent angel -- and he started raising questions, questions which could not be answered, because if God was capable of answering those questions there was no need to throw the devil out of heaven. What kind of God... who can't answer questions, and can create existence? He must know the most because he is the creator of everything. And if a certain angel asks questions, they should be welcomed. But God seems to be very dictatorial, a despot. No questions -- he only gives commandments: Do this, don't do that, but never ask why. It is not for you to ask why. Do or die, but don't ask why. And this angel started asking why; hence he was thrown out. This is the angel who is condemned as the devil, satan, and different names. And this is the angel who puts this idea into Eve's mind: "God is afraid that if you eat from the tree of knowledge and life, you will be equal to God, and he does not want anybody to be equal to him. He wants to remain superior, above all, the only one who knows, the only one who understands, the only one who commands. He is very jealous and does not want any rival. But if you don't eat the fruit of these two

trees you will never know what life is. You will never be able to explore this mysterious and beautiful existence."
Why has he chosen Eve? Why has he not chosen Adam? That would have been more direct -- but there is a reason. Adam is male. God is male. This angel has been thrown out because he questioned, doubted. And he also understands that Eve suffers because God has been very unkind and inhuman to her. She has been created, by birth, a slave. She cannot become independent, so she carries, deep down, the possibility of rebellion.
Adam has nothing to say against God. In fact, he is very much in favor of God because when Adam had quarreled with the first woman, God withdrew the woman. He is the chosen one, the really only begotten son of God. He is special. For him, God destroyed the woman. For him, God made another woman, inferior to him in every possible way. So it will be difficult to put revolution in the mind of man. He has a vested interest in the establishment. God is the establishment and he is favored by the establishment... so why should he revolt? For rebellion you have to find somebody who has some grudge, some wound inflicted upon him. Here too, the serpent proves the wisdom, the understanding.
You can see my work -- I have worked more on women than on men. Almost seventy percent of my sannyasins are women, for the simple reason that the woman is the most exploited down the ages, the most oppressed down the ages, throughout the world, inhumanly treated by everybody. Buddha, Rama, Krishna, Mahavira, all condemn her -- what to say about ordinary people. She has suffered the most, and the suffering has been so long that

she has completely forgotten that there is some other way also.

I know that serpent was wise. In fact God seems to be very evil when he insists that you should not eat of the fruit of knowledge and you should not eat the fruit of life. This is very evil. And he makes it a point that "if you disobey me you will be thrown out of the garden of Eden. Then you will not be protected by me; then you will be on your own. In the garden of Eden you need not bother about food. You need not bother about anything, everything is taken care of" -- but it is a concentration camp. There must have been electric wires around the garden of Eden. But a serpent can enter in between electric wires without any difficulty. To me God seems to be very evil -- making this emphatic point that disobedience is the greatest sin.

I would like to say to you: obedience is the greatest sin. Listen to your intelligence, and if anything feels right, do it -- but you are not obeying, you are going with your intelligence. If your intelligence finds something is wrong, then whatsoever the risk, and whatsoever the consequence, go against the order. No order is higher than your intelligence.

And God making this point... so that disobedience becomes the original sin; all other sins are just by-products. He does not bother about theft, stealing, murder, rape, no -- all these things -- no problem. If Adam was raping, it was okayo. Of course he could not rape another woman because there was no other woman -- but there were animals, and people have been known to rape animals. And he was himself like an animal. He may have butchered, killed animals for eating. He would have been a cannibal if there were other human

beings, but there were not, so he was eating other animals. But he himself was an animal and nothing else.
But no, these are not sins, not even crimes. It is perfectly okay with God. All these criminals of the world: all rapists, all sadists, all masochists, Adolf Hitlers, Genghis Khans, Tamerlanes, Josef Stalins, all are okay -- there is no problem. The greatest sin is disobedience. Strange... from God? God should say to his children, "Be intelligent. Sharpen your intellect, and follow your inner being and consciousness." But he wants them to remain dependent on him for everything. That's the desire of a dictator.
So I cannot condemn the devil, I respect him, immensely respect him, because it is because of him that humanity exists, that man has evolved, that we have been able to produce people like Charles Darwin, Michelangelo, Galileo, Copernicus, Albert Einstein, Freud, Marx. It is because of him there have been Buddhas, Jesuses, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Socrates -- it is because of him. The whole credit goes to the devil. Without him... just cabbages and cauliflowers, and nothing else.
Eve, of course, persuaded Adam very easily. Whoever has invented the story understands something of psychology -- that man, if he loves a woman, would like to do anything the woman wants. If it is a question between his beloved and God, he will choose his beloved. Love is so significant to man that he can risk the garden of Eden and all its pleasures.
And the argument was also solid because the woman simply repeated what the serpent had told her, that "it is strange in this beautiful garden, we are not told that there are poisonous trees, 'don't eat them, their fruit, otherwise

you will die.' We have not been told, 'There are trees which have no nourishment for you, don't eat from them; it is simply tiring your digestive system, unnecessarily burdening it.' We have been prohibited from two trees which we would never have found on our own. In such a big garden, how would we have found them?"... because it was not a botanical garden, where on each tree the name of the tree was written! It would have been just a coincidence if they had ever come across those two trees -- and God prohibited it. And it seems perfectly logical, perfectly practical and pragmatic.

The woman is more practical, more pragmatic, more earthbound than man. The woman does not argue, cannot argue much, but she has an instinctive feeling, an intuitive feeling about certain things. And it was so clear to her, without any argument, that "Preventing us from knowing... and knowing will open all the horizons of adventure, discovery. And what are we doing here if we don't know anything? What is the point of being here at all? And the tree of life... we will live here and die, and we will never know what life is. And if we cannot know what life is, how can we know what death is? So God has closed the real doors to existence."

It was the serpent who showed her the tree of knowledge. But the story remained incomplete because God must have been spying. Dictators always have FBI and KGB and Scotland Yard and whatnot. They are very much afraid; they are continuously watching that nobody does anything which goes against their order. So Adam and Eve were caught at the first tree; they had eaten the fruit of knowledge. They could not reach the second tree. And they

were expelled immediately, because now it was sure that they would find the second.

Once you have eaten from the tree of knowledge, now you cannot rest without knowing more about life, death, what happens before, what happens after, and what it is all about. Now it is not far away -- the second thing is going to be the tree of life. And before they eat the fruit of life and become eternal they have to be thrown out, and the doors have to be closed. They were thrown out naked, alone in this vast world. And the man who threw them out naked, alone in this vast world without even a set of clothes, without something to eat for a few days, without giving them a shelter somewhere... you call him God?

I think the best thing will be that we change it: it is the devil who orders, "Don't eat from these two trees," and it is God who comes as the serpent and provokes them to revolt. And since then, since the doors of Eden closed against humanity, it has not been a loss -- it has been a gain. Man has gone on continuously growing, continuously evolving. Yes, the servants of God have been trying still. Although you have been thrown out of Eden, his agents are behind you... the Vatican, the shankaracharya, the imam. And he goes on sending his only begotten son, and the paigambara and the tirthankara and the avatara -- for what? So that even now you can be prevented from knowing the ultimate secret of life.

All the religions are against science. All the religions are against knowing the truth. They are all in favor of believing, and believing is not knowing. And of course, they are absolutely against knowing the eternal source of life, because once man knows that he is eternal, he is going

to say to God, "Go to hell!" Who bothers about God? The moment you know eternity, and you know your self is eternal, who cares?

Why do I not care at all about God? Even my parents were always telling me, "Don't speak against God. Who knows, he may be.... If you don't want to believe in him, don't believe, but at least don't say anything against him." My teachers were telling me, "Don't you feel afraid?"

I said, "But why should I feel afraid of somebody who is not? I am. God is not. He should feel afraid. Why should I feel afraid?

"I am, I was, I will be."

The day I came to know the truth of my consciousness, the eternity of my consciousness, the word god became simply useless.

The devil did a tremendous service to humanity. The day humanity understands the actuality, all the temples of God will be demolished, because he has from the very beginning been against us. And if you want some temple then you should create a temple for the devil, the serpent, because all that you are, all that you have -- man reaching to the moon, all the discoveries of biology which can make it possible for a human body to live at least for three hundred years, healthy and young....

You will be surprised that still there are people in Soviet Russia, near the Caucasus mountains -- there is a tribe in which you can find people of one hundred and fifty years, one hundred and sixty years, very easily. And not in a hospital bed, their legs hanging in the air, no: still working, still alive. In the Caucasus you can find a man of one hundred and twenty years of age getting married! Six

generations of his are there, alive, and he is again going to get married.

In India, in a small part that used to be part of Kashmir and has been forcibly, illegally taken over by Pakistan, there are people who are one hundred and fifty years old -- that is the average. It is not a surprise to those people; they are surprised that others go on dying so soon. Scientists are working out what the reason is. Is their climate the reason? or their food? or their race, that they come with an inbuilt age? What is the reason? Yet nothing has been found which is different from you.

So it seems that they have lived apart in the mountains, and the idea of seventy years of age has not hypnotized them. They have not thought that you have to live only seventy years. It seems to be a kind of deep hypnosis. Down the ages everybody knows how long one man is to live -- seventy years. So if you live hygienically, with better food, climate, and take care of your body, perhaps eighty years, perhaps ninety years -- but that's all.

I am reminded of George Bernard Shaw. At the age of eighty-five he moved out of London. Strange, because he had lived that long in London, and his whole society was London; all his friends were there, all those who appreciated him, and the intelligentsia. It was in those days when London was the capital of the world. At the age of eighty-five he suddenly decided to move out of London. He started going to all the cemeteries in nearby villages. His friends asked, "Are you going mad? What are you doing? What are you searching for?"

He said, "I want to find a cemetery where people have lived more than a hundred years. I will move to that village."

And he moved to that village where he found on the grave that somebody had lived to one hundred, somebody to one hundred and ten, somebody to one hundred and twenty -- he moved to that village. He said, "This village has the right psychology." And he lived really long. Perhaps that psychology helped. Psychology also creates a climate around you.

In fact man can live as long as he wants, because the body is naturally embodied with all possibilities to go on renewing itself. It is the only mechanism -- science has not discovered any other mechanism -- which can go on renewing itself. The body is continuously renewing, throwing out all dead cells, creating new, living cells. It has such a miraculous process. Fighting with all the germs that can kill it, it immediately produces antibodies to fight with them. And wherever the need is, those antibodies immediately start rushing towards that point.

If by some mistake you cut your hand and blood starts coming, what is happening to your inner chemistry? From all over your body blood cells immediately start rushing towards this point. A certain communication exists inside: that there is trouble, too much blood should not go out, so blood cells have to move and make a layer there to stop the blood from moving out. These blood cells are intelligent people -- in fact, far more intelligent than you may be. And they do their work fast and absolutely correctly, in the right way, never making a mistake.

Thousands of processes are going on in the body continuously. It is a self-renewing life. There is no fixed time for it; science can manage very easily for man to live three hundred, five hundred, one thousand years. And

naturally, if you can live one thousand years, then wisdom will go on and on growing. It is an accumulative process. And by that very possibility of man living longer, new doors of knowledge will open, which will in their turn make your life even longer.

This story is beautiful; I have always loved it. But it has been used wrongly, it has been misused. It has been used to prove to you that you are the byproduct of Adam and Eve's original sin. So you are born in original sin, your very birth is in sin; you are a byproduct of it. The only way is to become obedient to God. That is the message of this story. If you want to get back into the garden of Eden, be obedient to God. Believe, have faith, never doubt. Then God will welcome you back, accept you back.

But do you want to go back to the garden of Eden, and become again Adam and Eve? At least I refuse to go there -- because I cannot fulfill that idiotic condition. But millions of people are trying to fulfill it. Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus -- everybody is trying to fulfill it, to get back, to undo what Adam and Eve and the serpent have done.

To my people I say, we are not to undo it. They have done a great revolution. We have to go even further and explore more, and know more.

We have not to leave any nook and corner of existence and of our being unknown, in darkness. We have to bring light everywhere. And unless that happens you will be in misery, you will be in anguish. Your beliefs are not going to help; your faith is not going to help. And that garden of Eden is just a fiction. It exists nowhere except in the neurotic minds, psychotic minds, where things like that exist. And

this story is based on -- and only on -- a single point, and that is obedience or disobedience.
I teach you disobedience. Obedience needs nothing -- no intelligence, no guts. Obedience needs nothing.
Disobedience needs everything, because you are going to be on your own. And unless you are on your own, you will never be able to know who you are.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #17
Chapter title: The Immaculate Deception
15 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DID THE HOLY BOOKS HAVE TO INVENT THE IDEA OF THE DEVIL?

There are no holy books. All books are human, but each religion has been deceiving people that their book is the only holy book. And by saying, "This is the only holy book," they are saying that it is written by God.
And they all give strange arguments, which are absolutely illogical, without any evidence. For example, Hindus say that the Vedas are holy, and the only holy collection of books -- there are four Vedas; other than the Vedas, anybody pretending that his book is holy is simply committing a sin against God.

If you look into these four Vedas -- and the first effort should be to find some inner evidence -- you will be surprised, because there are things in the Vedas which only human beings can say. Those I call internal proofs. There is no need for any outer proof. For example, there are passages in the Vedas in which a brahmin is praying to God, "Increase the milk of my cows, so that this year's crop should be the best, compared to my neighbors'."

Now, what business has God to write these things? And if God is writing this, then to whom is he praying? There are other passages in which a brahmin is praying to God, "Destroy all my enemies. Kill them. Uproot them completely, entirely." These are human minds. There is no way to prove to anybody that God has written these things. And the Vedas are full of such rubbish; ninety percent, just rubbish.

If somehow it is proved that God wrote these Vedas, then he should be in a mental asylum. What is holy in it? Asking that "my enemies should be killed, uprooted entirely" -- what is holy in it? And what is holy in it, that "my crop should be better than my neighbor's crops"? -- certainly human, but nothing holy. But Hindus worship those books without even bothering what they are worshipping.

So the first thing to remember: there are no holy books, there are only books well written or not well written. Yes, there are masterpieces, but none of the so-called holy books comes into the category of a masterpiece. I want to insist on that fact too: that not only are they not holy, according to human standards they are not even masterpieces.

For example, Mikhail Naimy's book, The Book of Mirdad, or Kahlil Gibran's book, The Prophet, or Rabindranath's

book, Gitanjali, or Fyodor Dostoevsky's book, Brothers Karamazov -- these are masterpieces. None of the holy books -- the Vedas, the Gita, the Koran, The Bible, the Torah -- no holy book even comes near to these masterpieces. So they are not only not holy, they are not even worth calling masterpieces.

But each religion insists -- because its whole business depends on that insistence -- the book has to be holy, otherwise who is going to listen? And the book decides what you have to do, what you have not to do. It takes all responsibility off your shoulders. It relieves you of being a responsible person in your own right. It dictates to you, and it does not allow you to argue, because you cannot argue with God. Once you accept a book as holy, there is no question of any argument. You have to accept whatsoever is said in it.

The Christians believe The Bible is holy, that the Old Testament and the New Testament, both are holy. For the Jews only the Old Testament is holy; the New Testament comes from this crazy man, Jesus. It is not holy. But if you look in the Old Testament you will come across at every step such rotten stuff, that even a third class daily newspaper is far better. If you want to waste your time, you can waste it reading any third class daily newspaper, that will do.

The New Testament is nothing but four disciples' collection of notes, of whatsoever Jesus may have said or may have done. And they all four differ from each other, so it does not seem that they are eyewitnesses to all the events they are talking about. A few events one apostle leaves out, a few other events the other ones talk about. These words

that they have collected have come from Jesus. Jesus is a perfectly ordinary human being, and that was the trouble -- that he was trying to prove that he was the only begotten son of God, and the Jews were not ready to believe it. And the Jews were perfectly right.

Jesus could not prove in any way that he was the son of God. And why should only he be the son of God? To me it seems simple, logical, understandable: either everyone is the son of God, the daughter of God -- or no one. But if everyone is the son of God, if everyone is the daughter of God, then Jesus loses the specialness, the extra-ordinariness; then he is just like anybody else. Then what authority has he got?

To impose the authority he has to keep himself above you. You are just human; he is divine. You are just the byproduct of the original sin of Adam and Eve; he is not. He is the product of the great act that happened between the holy ghost and Mary. Strange: you are the byproduct of the original sin, and he is the byproduct of some spiritual act. Now, all that the holy ghost is doing is so unholy, because even the consent of Jesus' mother is not there. And she is somebody else's wife -- this is absolutely a crime. At least she should be willing. She knows nothing about it. She has been made pregnant perhaps under chloroform, or given some anesthesia -- she must not have been conscious, must have been sleeping, must have been absolutely unalert about what is happening.

And what Jesus says -- there is nothing that makes it look divine; it is just ordinary wisdom that has come through the centuries. But the Christian has to believe in the holiness of The Bible, that it is written by God. Strange: we know that

it is written by four apostles; in The Bible itself it is written that it is written by these four persons. It is not even firsthand, it is not that Jesus has written it; it is secondhand. But Christians go on declaring it holy. There is a vested interest: unless it is holy, who is going to believe in it? And once you accept something as holy, then you are gullible. Then you will accept anything, then you will accept any absurdity, any inconsistency. You will not think about it -- how can you think about something which God has written? It has to be accepted in its totality, entirety. This is the reason that each religion tries to enforce the idea that their book is the holy book. Of course they have to deny other holy books simultaneously, because there cannot be so many holy books, for the simple reason that all these holy books are so contradictory to each other that it will be impossible to make any sense out of it. They have to be denied.

Hindus cannot accept The Bible, the Torah, the Koran as holy. Neither can Christians or Jews or Mohammedans accept the Vedas as holy. What to say about Christians, Jews and Mohammedans -- they are the three religions that happened outside India. But there are other religions, other than Hinduism, which happened in India -- Jainism, Buddhism, Sikhism: they don't believe that the Vedas are the holy book.

Buddha condemns the Vedas, criticizes the Vedas as drastically as possible, because the Vedas supported -- you will be surprised, and this is the holy book -- the Vedas supported all kinds of violence. In the Vedic ritual animals have to be sacrificed. You will be surprised that today the Hindus are continuously asking the government -- creating

trouble, movements, riots -- that cow slaughter should be stopped. But the Vedas, their holy book, are full of instances that in their particular rituals, cows were slaughtered: gomedh yajna, cow slaughter ritual. And it is not only that the cows were slaughtered and thrown away; the brahmins who slaughtered them ate them.

If you have been to India, or if you have been in contact with Indians anywhere, you may have come across the surname Sharma, which is very common. It is a brahmin surname, Sharma. But the person whom you will be introduced to as Doctor Sharma, Professor Sharma, even he may not be aware what Sharma means. In the Vedic rituals the slaughtering of the cows was called sharman, and the brahmin who was the expert in doing it was called Sharma. These are the descendants of those people.

Certainly Buddha was angry, and it was not that only animals were slaughtered, even man was slaughtered. Just as there were gomedh yajnas, there were narmedh yajnas, man slaughtering rituals. And certainly they must have eaten the flesh of man too, because the brahmin will not slaughter something unnecessarily. Now, no Hindu talks about the fact that their Vedas are full of cannibalism, violence, nonvegetarianism. And these books were written by God! Buddha and Mahavira both hammered on the Vedas. Of course there was no way to answer Buddha and Mahavira.

But the trouble was Buddha became prevalent, he convinced millions of people: the day he died, his sayings became holy. The game remains the same. The players change but the rules of the game remain the same, because now the question was, for the followers of Buddha:

"Hindus have the Vedas -- holy books; Jainas have their holy books. If we don't have holy books we are a loser in the race, in the competition."

So it is a question of competition. Who bothers what Buddha was doing his whole life? His sayings were collected, and those sayings became holy. And Buddha was saying, "There is no God" -- still his sayings start having the same status as the Vedas. The same happened with Mahavira. He was saying, "There is no God" -- but his sayings became holy, you cannot argue against them.

I have been talking to Buddhist monks, Jaina monks, and they would see my point, and they would say, "We can understand, but please don't raise it in public. There we cannot accept it." For example, the Jaina monk cannot use the modern toilet, for a strange reason -- because there is water, and Mahavira had said, "You should not defecate in water." And he was right, because in India people are doing all kinds of things in rivers, and they drink the same water also. Their buffalos also take their bath in the same river -- their cows, their animals, their horses. And they are taking baths there and people are washing their clothes; everything is happening. Then they are drinking the same water.

So it was perfectly right for Mahavira to say, "At least do not defecate and urinate in the water." But now that has become a holy statement. So the Jaina monk, Jaina nun, cannot use the toilet because there is water. In privacy they also laughed with me, said, "It is true, but in public we cannot say it, we cannot go against the holy scripture."

Once a group of nuns, five nuns, who were very much interested in me -- Jaina nuns -- stayed. They cannot stay in a householder's home. I was staying with a friend's family

and on top, one floor was still empty. The person had not moved in, so the friend asked him, "Just for five days don't move; these nuns want to stay, and once you have moved they cannot stay there. So let them use the house for five days."

And I was staying there so it would be easy for them; otherwise the Jaina society would not allow them to meet with me. The Jaina society was afraid that I might corrupt their minds, and certainly they were right. If I get the chance to corrupt anybody I am going to corrupt him -- because that is the only way to put you right. You are standing on your head. To put you right side up I have to change many things in you.

They could not have come to see me because what excuse could they find to walk from the temple where they were staying, and come here every day? And if people came to know that I was staying there, that that's why they were going there, then immediately their prestige would be at risk. And they were highly respected nuns. So my friend said, "The best way is that they stay upstairs. It's empty, and nobody will be bothering." And after dark nobody visited them. Nobody can visit after the sun has set; then the Jaina nun is unavailable. This is just to protect her celibacy, to protect her repressed sexuality. So this was the arrangement, that after dark they could come down and meet me, and nobody would know -- and this house was outside the city, far away from the community where Jainas live.

But the next morning, when I was walking in the garden, the man who guarded the house came running to me and said, "What kind of women are staying upstairs? The whole

night I was puzzled about what they were doing. They would bring something in buckets and throw it on the street." Finally he went there with a torch to look, and he was surprised: these women were strange. They could not urinate in the toilet; they were urinating in a small size bucket, and when it was full they had to throw it out. I talked to them. They said, "Ah, we understand, but it is against the holy scripture."

Buddhist monks walk with naked feet. Buddha and Mahavira both had said, "Don't use leather, because if you use leather for any purpose -- shoes, suitcases, or anything -- then animals are going to be killed. You may not kill them, and you may not know who is killing them, but indirectly you are the cause of their being killed. So you have to accept your responsibility; don't use anything made of leather."

Mahavira was very strict, so they cannot use shoes. And I asked Jaina nuns and Jaina monks.... To walk in Mahavira's time may have been a little different; they were walking just on plain earth. Now these poor monks and nuns are walking on coaltar, and in the hot summer... their feet start getting wounds, but they cannot wear shoes. I said, "It is perfectly true. But look at my shoes, they are not made of leather. Now synthetic leather is available, which is manmade; nobody is killed. You can use shoes made of cloth, they are available." But just the word shoe is enough. It is against the holy scripture.

I had seen these poor women and men, and I told them, "What you are doing -- that's what I am saying to do, but you don't understand." Their feet would start bleeding, then they would put cloths around the feet, and I said, "That's

what a cloth shoe is, but well made, better made, more comfortable. What you are doing looks stupid. And carrying so much load on both feet..." because they had to wind it perfectly so that it didn't get loose through walking and fall off. But this too they would do only when they were out of sight of their community. If the community comes to know that you are covering your feet with cloth, then you are trying to cheat. You fall from grace.

Buddha was not so strict about leather. Perhaps the question was never raised because it was already an accepted fact. Jaina monks were very old; in Buddha's time they were at least five thousand years old. And Buddha was trying to prove that he was the twenty-fourth tirthankara of the Jainas, so he must have been following in every way. He must have been walking barefoot, and his sannyasins, his bhikkhus, his monks, must have been doing the same, and the question was never raised.

But in another reference, a strange thing happened: Buddha had said, "Whatsoever is given to you when you go begging, never reject it. That is insulting." And he was careful, because if he allowed people to reject anything then they would choose whatsoever they wanted, good things only, and other things would be rejected. "So accept whatsoever is given gracefully, thankfully, and eat it. And don't throw away anything, whatsoever is given to you." He had to be careful, because he knew that people would throw away whatsoever they didn't like, and whatsoever they liked they would eat.

One day it happened: a monk was coming from begging and a bird flew over and dropped a piece of meat in his begging bowl. Now, it was not ever thought that something

like this would happen. Nobody was giving meat, knowing that Buddha was vegetarian and his monks were vegetarian. But this bird was absolutely unaware that this was a Buddhist monk.

The monk was in difficulty: what to do? He could not throw it away because that was against Buddha's order. He could not eat it, that too went against Buddha's order. So he came into the commune, stood up there with his begging bowl and said to Buddha, "Bhante, now you tell me what I am to do. A bird dropped a piece of meat in my begging bowl. I cannot throw it out because it is against your order. I cannot eat it either because we are vegetarians. So what am I supposed to do now? I am in a dilemma."

Even Buddha, for a moment, was in a dilemma. What to do? -- because if he says, "Throw it away," then he is allowing throwing away, and one exception can become a rule. Then people can quote it: "Things can be thrown out; in certain situations, things can be thrown." If he says, "Eat it" -- then he is allowing meat to be eaten; that may become a precedent for others to eat meat. But balancing both the sides, he thought, "The birds are not going to drop meat every day." So he said, "We are vegetarians, and we will remain strictly vegetarians, but you I allow to eat it, so that nobody ever throws out anything which is given to him."

Now all the Buddhists are meat eaters -- that was enough. Now the Buddhist monk stipulates, manages through his agents, and sends the message: "Give me meat. If you give me meat then there is no question; if it comes into my begging bowl I will eat it." So the whole of China is Buddhist and eats meat; Japan is Buddhist and eats meat; in

Korea -- in the whole of Asia, except India, they all eat meat.
That small incident... but man is so cunning. And a Buddhist monk argues, "It is in the scriptures, the holy scriptures. Even Buddha himself said, 'You can eat it if it is dropped in your begging bowl.'" Now, Buddha had never thought that these people could manage this. It is very easy just to send a message. Every Jaina monk sends a message about what he wants to eat, and that is prepared. He is not allowed to ask, so he does not ask directly, but he sends the message through an agent. And slowly people become aware what his likings are; what he likes most, they prepare that.
Between Buddha and Mahavira there were many disputes on many points. One was the point that Mahavira used to say, "Vegetarianism means you should not eat meat; obviously you should not kill anything, and you should not allow anybody else to kill for you."

But Buddha had a small difference about it. He said, "If one animal dies by itself, a natural death, then what is wrong with eating it?" That was his controversy with Mahavira. And he seems to be logical... that killing is violence, not meat-eating. If the animal dies naturally and you eat the meat, you are not doing any violence. But he had never thought that this argument with Mahavira....
And these arguments were because of the fight for the tirthankarahood -- who is the tirthankara, Mahavira or Buddha? And there were six others... and all eight were continuously arguing against each other about small details, unnecessary details. Now, this is a very small, a minute

detail, but Buddha proved better as far as argument was concerned, because violence is bad. The reason is not meat-eating, the reason is that you destroy life. But if without destroying life... life has left the body by itself, then why not eat it? What is the problem? Where is the violence? His argumentation was good, but he was not aware that this argument was not going to remain just an argument with Mahavira, it was going to decide the fate of millions of people. Now the whole of China, which is one fourth of the world, and the other remaining Asian countries, which are all Buddhists -- Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, Vietnam, Japan, Korea, Tibet, are all Buddhist -- they all eat meat.

On each butcher's shop you will find a notice written in big letters: "Here only dead animals' meat is sold." That's all. What else do you need? And from where do they get so many naturally dying animals? That is a miracle, that millions of people are getting meat every day; there is never a shortage. The animals are very mathematical! They go on dying in exactly the right number every day, naturally, to fulfill the needs of all these people. It does not happen in any other country, it only happens in a Buddhist country. They are being killed, they are being butchered. But that notice is enough for the monk and the layman to be satisfied. It is written in the holy book that to eat the meat from an animal which died naturally is not violence.

Buddha tried his whole life to insist that there is no holy book. Now his book is holy, Mahavira's book is holy.

The Koran, the Mohammedan's holy book, is so childish, so primitive -- because Mohammed was illiterate. He could not write himself. He must have spoken, and somebody

else must have written it. He himself was shocked when he heard a voice. He was in the mountains taking care of his sheep and goats. He heard, "Write!" He looked all around, there was nobody. Again he heard, "Write!" He said, "I am uneducated, I cannot write. And who are you?" There was nobody around. He must have been very much shaken, must have become afraid. And this is just a symptom of an unbalanced mind, who mistakes his unconscious voices for voices coming from outside.

It is his own unconscious. But to the conscious, the unconscious is far away. It is inside. But if the mind is unbalanced... and there is ample proof that Mohammed's mind was unbalanced, because his whole life was the life of a fanatic -- killing people, and by killing, converting them: "Either you become a follower or be ready to die." Mohammedanism has converted one third of the world, not by argument but by the sword. He was not able to argue; he had no capacity to read or write, or to think.

So when he heard this unconscious, he rushed home shivering, feverish, really afraid. He went to bed and told his wife, "I cannot say to anybody else that God has spoken to me. I don't believe it! I must have gone mad -- perhaps too much heat in the desert, the mountains, and continuously moving in that heat has driven me crazy or something. I have heard... and I would like to tell you so that I am unburdened."

That woman convinced him. That's what I say to you again and again, that leaders need followers for them to be convinced that they are leaders. That woman convinced him that it was really God: "You are not mad, God has spoken to you." The woman must have loved Mohammed,

because she was forty years of age and he was only twenty-six. And he was poor, uncultured, uneducated, yet that very rich woman had married him: she must have been in love with the man. So she convinced him: "Don't you be worried. More voices will be coming. This must be the beginning, that's why God said, 'Write!' If you cannot write, don't worry. You just say what is told to you, we will write it." This is how the Koran was written. And it was not written in one day or one month or one year, because Mohammed was not so articulate a man. It took his whole life. Once in a while something would come out and he would say, "Write it."

The Koran was written over many years, and what has come out is almost worthless. It cannot come even from an intelligent human being, what to say about God -- if there is any God. And if these books are the proof of that God, then that God is really unintelligent. Now, the Koran says strange things which Mohammedans go on following -- because it is holy.

Mohammed himself married nine wives. He was poor. He could not afford even a single wife. But because the rich woman fell in love with him, and she was forty years old and he was only twenty-six, soon she died and he had all the money. So he started marrying any kind of beautiful women he could find. And he states in the Koran that every Mohammedan is entitled to have four wives -- that is a special favor for Mohammedans from God.

No other religion allows four wives. Now, where are you going to get four wives? By nature, man and woman are always almost in an equal proportion, so one man, one wife, seems to be a very natural order of things because the

proportion is the same. But if a man has to marry four wives, he is taking three other men's wives. Now those three other men, what are they going to do? It became a good strategy for Mohammedanism. These three other Mohammedans have to grab the wives of others -- not of Mohammedans, non-Mohammedans -- and convert them to Mohammedanism. In fact, the moment a woman gets married to a Mohammedan she is a Mohammedan; no special conversion is needed.

And particularly from India they caught thousands of women. The Hindu society was in difficulty because Hindus don't believe in conversion, just like Jews. These are the two oldest religions, which don't believe in conversion. A Jew is a Jew by birth, a Hindu is a Hindu by birth. And once a Hindu woman has become Mohammedan she has fallen. She has become untouchable, she cannot be taken back. So they went on finding women from every place and that helped tremendously to increase their population. Do you see the point? One man can create many children if many women are available, but one woman can give birth to only one child once a year. She will take one year at least to give birth to one child. Mohammedans increased immediately because each Mohammedan is entitled to have four wives.

And through the sword... and it is very surprising that people believe it. The Koran says, "If you cannot convert somebody to a Mohammedan, it is better to kill him, because at least you will relieve him of a wrong life that he was going to live." Just for his sake, relieve him! They have relieved millions of people, and they go on relieving them.

Either way they relieve you. If you become Mohammedan you are also relieved, because God is compassionate.
To be a Mohammedan is just to believe in three things: one God, one prophet Mohammed, one holy book, the Koran. That's all -- these three beliefs and you are saved. If you are not willing to be saved by these three beliefs, then the sword is going to save you immediately. But they won't allow you to live a wrong life. They know what a right life is; and other than their life, all lives are wrong.
These are the holy books. All these holy books are a heavy burden on the human soul. So first I want to say, there are no holy books -- including mine. All books are human. Yes, there are well written books and there are not-so-well written books, but there are no categories of holy and unholy.
You ask me, "Why did all the holy books have to create the concept of the devil?"
The arithmetic is very simple. The arithmetic is that you cannot create God without creating the devil. It is absolutely necessary for God's existence, because where are you going to dump everything that is wrong in the world? If only God is there then he is responsible for everything -- for Buchenwald, or any other concentration camp of Adolf Hitler, where millions of Jews are just gassed; within seconds they evaporate.
After the second world war, when it was discovered, nobody could believe their eyes. Even Germans could not believe it because they were not aware of what was happening. Millions of skeletons... everything had been taken away from them. Even if they had a tooth covered with gold, that had been taken out; that was more precious

than the life of the man. And before they were sent into the gas chamber they were destroyed completely as far as their identity, individuality is concerned.

First they had to undress and be naked; then their hair, beard, mustaches were shaved completely. Those who have survived somehow say that they could not believe, when they looked into the mirror, that "This is me." Everything had been taken away. Naked they were standing there, shaved, and they were told that they are going to have a bath -- just for hygiene and cleanliness. When they entered those gas chambers they were going to take a bath; that was what was told to them. They never came out to tell others that there was no bath. Once you are inside the chambers, suddenly you are gone within seconds. It was an oven to burn people alive -- and so fast and so efficient. You can understand: German efficiency, German bureaucracy. It must have been really tight, because millions of people died and nobody in the country even heard the rumor that this was happening.

And the people who were doing it were doing a holy job, because to them Adolf Hitler was the incarnation of Elijah. He was a prophet, "So whatsoever he is doing is right. It must be God's will that Jews are no longer needed." So they were perfectly righteous about what they were doing. They never felt that they were committing any crime; they were simply following the orders from the prophet. And his book was holy: to the Nazi, Adolf Hitler's book My Struggle is as holy as The Bible to the Christians, and the Vedas to the Hindus. And whatsoever Adolf Hitler says is the word of God.

But why, you ask, is the devil needed? It is very simple. To whom are you going to delegate all the wrong that is happening in the world, that continues to increase: the suffering, the misery, the anguish? If God alone is there, then of course he is the only source of all responsibility. To save him from all this responsibility, the poor devil.... So the first fiction is God, and to keep him clean and good -- he is the good guy -- you need a bad guy in contrast. And you can dump everything wrong on the bad guy: it is the devil.

In Germany Adolf Hitler was the prophet of God; in England he was the devil. Mothers used to make their children afraid. If they were playing outside and their mother did not want them to stay outside, just one thing was enough: "Adolf Hitler is coming" -- and they would run in. Adolf Hitler in England, and in every other country wherever he has invaded or was trying to invade, was the devil incarnate.

All the religions need the devil. It is a safety for God. Adam and Eve fell from grace, committed the original sin because of the devil. Otherwise, God was so good: he had given them all. He had given them good advice -- what to eat, what not to eat -- and he was taking care of them, but this devil disturbed it. And still, whatsoever goes wrong anywhere, it is the devil who disturbs.

It is somehow absolutely necessary because existence is a mixture of good and bad. A person like me, who says there is no God -- I can say there is no devil either, because the very necessity for the devil disappears. God was the reason. Now the very reason is not there; there is no devil. And I accept existence in its totality, in its goodness, in its

badness, as it is -- not dumping the badness on somebody's head, because that does not help at all.

For all these thousands of years this is what you have been doing: giving everything good to God, that it is his blessing, and throwing everything bad on the devil, that it is his doing. But it has not helped. The good has not grown, the bad has not decreased. In fact the bad has increased, the good has decreased. If you look at history, it seems the devil is winning and God is losing ground -- because there is more and more that is inhuman, ugly; more and more that is animalistic arising. It is not decreasing. So your device of dividing good and bad has not helped, because your dividing is basically unnatural and wrong.

Good and bad are sides of one coin, two sides, just like day and night, life and death, love and hate. Once you accept their total, integrated wholeness, then there is a possibility of making immense changes. Then the good can be put into the central place of your being and the bad can be used as a means for good. Poison can be used as a medicine, and everything that the religions have called bad can be used in a tremendously beneficial way.

For example, sex they have condemned as bad and as the doing of the devil. In fact, Sigmund Freud.... The first Jew must have written the story of the serpent seducing poor Eve's mind, and then comes another Jew, Sigmund Freud, who says that the serpent is nothing but a phallic symbol. To him everything is phallic. Wherever he looks he finds only phallic symbols and nothing else. A rocket is a phallic symbol, a flagpole is a phallic symbol, anything -- you name it and he will find it -- so the serpent certainly, very

easy. He was condemned as the devil, now Freud makes him the sex symbol -- but the condemnation continues. You condemn sex, then you become unable to transform its energy. And it is simply energy. It can move in any direction, downwards, upwards. If you accept it, in the very acceptance it starts moving upwards, because you are befriending it. The moment you reject it, you are creating an enmity, a division in yourself.

This division between God and devil is not just there in the holy books, it has penetrated you, it has made you schizophrenic. One part thinks, "This is me, the good part, and the bad part must belong to the devil." You are split. Now, how are you going to change that part you have rejected in your being as yours? It is there, and it is intensely powerful. Your rejection makes it more intense because you don't use it; you go on collecting it, you go on repressing it. Ninety percent of the mind diseases in the world are nothing but repressed sexuality, and fifty percent of bodily diseases are repressed sexuality.

If we can accept sexuality naturally, ninety percent of your mental diseases will simply disappear, and fifty percent of physical diseases will simply disappear, leaving no trace behind. And you will find human beings, for the first time, in a totally new age of health, wellbeing, wholeness. To me only that wholeness is holy, when your schizophrenia is no more there; when you are one, integratedly one, and courageous enough to accept everything, that "this is me. Whatsoever it is, it is me. And I am going to make use of it the best I can."

And you have the intelligence to make use of it There is no problem at all. The problems are created problems, created

by people who have vested interests in those problems. Those vested interests would not like those problems to disappear completely -- otherwise what will happen to them, what will happen to their profession? Their whole interest is in keeping humanity as it is. But now it has come to a point where either you have to change, and throw away all your past inheritance which divides you, and become whole; or you get ready to commit a global suicide -- because there is only a certain amount of anguish that you can bear. Now it is becoming unbearable. By the end of this century we will be coming to the point when it will become absolutely unbearable. And then there are only two possibilities: suicide or sannyas.

By sannyas I simply mean you accept yourself in your totality. You don't bypass any part of yourself, you don't hide anything in darkness. You bring yourself into the light, and see yourself with the eyes of a friend -- because this is your energy and this is the energy that you have to work upon. When you come to it as a friend, it also comes to you as a friend. And to befriend oneself is one of the greatest things in life that can happen to a man.

Jesus says, "Love your enemies like you love yourself." But he forgets completely that nobody loves himself -- how can he love the enemy? And an even more difficult saying... he says, "Love your neighbor as yourself." That is even more difficult. You can love the enemy because he is far away, but the neighbor just banging on your door -- how can you love the neighbor? -- and just like yourself....

I say don't commit that mistake. Because you don't love yourself, if you start doing with your neighbor what you have done with yourself you will kill him! -- because you

have killed yourself. You are living a posthumous existence. Please don't do the same to your neighbor, and never do the same to the enemy. What has he done to you? Why be so ugly to him? It is of course your birthright to do whatsoever you want to do with yourself, but it is not your birthright to do the same with your neighbor or your enemy. No, I would like to say to you, you have never loved yourself. Forget the enemy, forget the neighbor -- first love yourself.
Bring your good and bad together, don't divide -- become one. And in your oneness you will see that there is no God outside and no devil outside. Those were projections of your inner division. Then you will see outside also a wholeness, an immense unity between darkness and light, between death and birth. You will see that unity and wholeness everywhere, hand in hand, working together. Nothing is against anything, they are all complementaries. What you call good and what you call bad are complementaries. They cannot exist separately, they can only exist together. And to put yourself together is the way to see the universe in its totality, in its togetherness.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #18
Chapter title: Marriage -- the Coffin of Love
16 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR DISCIPLES SEEMS TO BE UNIQUE AMONG THE RELIGIONS. WOULD YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?

It is unique, for the simple reason that it is not a relationship at all. We will have to go deep into the very idea of relationship, then only will we be able to understand what is transpiring between me and you.

The old religions, all of them, accepted the relationship of master and disciple in the same way as they accepted the relationship between father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife. The relationship between master and disciple was a relationship of the same nature. The relationship between a father and a son, a brother and a sister, is a static phenomenon. It remains the same, it does not change. It is in a way a dead relationship.

You can see it when you compare it with the relationship between two lovers, the lover and the beloved. Their relationship is very fragile, every moment changing, unpredictable; one cannot say what is going to happen tomorrow, or even the next moment. This creates fear. The unpredictability, the unknown future naturally destroys the relationship between lovers, and creates something similar to father-mother, brother-sister: marriage.

Marriage is to avoid the fear of change; marriage is to make the relationship solid. But love is such a phenomenon that the moment you make it solid, it dies. The moment you make it static, it is no more there.

Love is just like a spring breeze; it comes, and when it comes it brings tremendous fragrance, beauty -- but it goes. When it comes it gives you the feeling that it is going to

remain forever. And the feeling is so strong that you cannot doubt it, there is no way to doubt it. Under that intense, doubtless certainty, you give promises, the beloved gives promises, not knowing at all that it is a spring breeze. It comes when it comes, it goes when it goes. It is not within your hands. You cannot capture it in your fist. You can feel it when your hand is open, its coolness, but the moment your fist is closed there is no breeze there, there is no coolness there, no fragrance there.

But out of fear man turned love into the same category as the relationship with your father, with your mother, with your sister, with your brother. Man forgot completely that the mother is not your choice, the father is not your choice, the brother or sister is not your choice. They are given factors. But the woman you have fallen in love with is the only thing in your life which is not given by birth, which is not determined by birth, which needs a conscious choice. That too creates fear.

Just think: if you had had to choose your mother and your father and your brothers and your sisters, your life would have been so burdened with anxiety -- whom to choose, whom not to choose? But these things are just given by your birth, nature provides for you; they are biological. Love is psychological. It depends totally on you. And because it depends totally on you it creates fear -- you can commit a mistake. You cannot commit a mistake by being a son to a mother; what can you do? Every mother is beautiful, every son is beautiful. Every father is great, every son is special. You have not been asked, you have not even thought about it: it all happened to you. You were simply a victim of all these relationships -- the mother, the father,

the brother, the sister. It was not in your hands, within your capacity, to do anything about it.
But when you fall in love then there is tremendous fear, uncertainty, hesitation, anxiety... whether you are taking the right step or the wrong step; whether this woman is made for you or you are made for this woman. Is it simply infatuation? or is there certainly something more than infatuation? Is there love? or it is only biological attraction? A thousand and one problems arise in you. And the most difficult problem is, whether this love is going to last.
So before it disappears, before it is beyond your reach, you need some support from the law, from the state, from the society -- some guarantee. You cannot depend on this woman, on this man only. It is too risky. You don't know the person, who he is, who she is; and what the future has for you in its womb, you don't know. You have to take some measures to make love a stable thing. In fact what you are saying is, it would have been good if you were born with your wife.
You will be surprised that Jainism has that idea, that in the beginning everybody was born with a partner. No single boy, no single girl was born, only twins were born: one was a boy, the other was a girl. Hence in Sanskrit the word for wife and for sister is the same, bagni; it is a very strange thing that the same word is used for both. It is a very ancient use. Slowly slowly the meaning has become sister, but originally it meant both wife and sister. In fact it was the same person: wife and sister.
This idea is not truth, is not historical. It is a projection of a deep desire in you, that it would have been far better if you were not put into this fire test of choice -- if God, nature,

existence, XYZ... anybody, had decided it. And people have tried in every possible way that it is decided by others, not by you. Hence all old societies are not in favor of love affairs. They know, they have experienced; for millions of years they have seen what can happen to a love affair. So it is better that the father chooses, the parents choose....

In India it still happens. In ninety-eight percent of cases in India, the choice is of the parents, not of the people who are going to be married. Just a few years ago it was not even possible for the boy to see the girl, or the girl to see the boy whom she is going to marry. It was disrespectful; you didn't trust your elders. They have much more experience, they have known life. What do you know? And how are you going to choose? What criteria are you going to use? Just a beautiful face? Good color? A shapely nose? A good figure? How are you going to decide? These things don't mean anything after you are married.

Once you are married, who bothers about the wife's nose or the husband's eyes? In fact nobody looks at each other. The elders know far better; there are other criteria to be thought of, considered. And they have to be considered by the elders of both the parties -- only these two persons are not to be asked even. Yes, a few other people may be asked; the palmist may be asked, the astrologers may be asked.

Do you see my point? The point is, they are taking the burden off you -- putting it on the stars, on the lines of your hand, on your birth chart, on the astronomer, astrologer -- and they are taking the whole responsibility on themselves. The father, the grandfather, the mother, the grandmother, the uncles, the whole family, the relatives -- they all will

discuss and decide and consider every aspect of it. What do you know?

This was the practice for the whole world up to now. And the reason was that love is fragile, not dependable. So if nature has not given you a wife, a husband, with your birth, then society should decide, take the place of nature. But you should not choose because your choice can change tomorrow. In fact it is going to change.

Love is a changing relationship, it is not stable. Hence marriage came into existence. Marriage is the death of love. Yes, you make a beautiful samadhi, a marble samadhi, a beautiful memorial, but it is a grave whatever you call it. But why did every society around the world decide in favor of it? It can't be just coincidence. They decided to unburden the individual of turmoil, tension, anxiety, anguish -- to protect the family, the children, their future. Millions of people have followed that, and for thousands of years nobody has raised a question. Nobody has even worked out in depth why marriage is needed at all.

It is needed because love alone won't do. Today it is there; it is a guest. Yes, when it is there it is too much there, overflowingly there. But just the same, when it goes it goes completely -- as if it has never been there. It comes with great ado, fills your whole being, gives you the feeling that all is achieved. But when it goes, it slips away so silently that it does not make even a sound that it is going; you don't hear even the footsteps when it is has gone. You come to know only when it is no longer there. And the same way when it goes: you feel all is lost.

If you are intelligent -- which very few people are -- if you are intelligent you will be grateful for those beautiful

moments that came, and are gone. You will be tremendously grateful, because there was no necessity even for those few moments to come. They had come on their own, not asking whether you were worthy of them or not. They gave you a tremendous experience, a taste of life, a feeling of flowering.

If you are intelligent, those moments will remain always with you -- young, fresh, still fragrant -- and will make your capacity to love deeper, more intense. But very few people are intelligent. Ninety-nine percent will be in despair, angry; they will forget all those beautiful moments immediately, because love has deceived them. Now, this is your own idea. Love has never said to you, "I am going to remain here forever." It was your assumption.

You have assumed -- for which love is not responsible. You were not the master of its coming; how can you be the master and force it to stay, not to go? But ninety-nine percent of people are unintelligent. Still, that's where evolution has reached. Those ninety-nine percent of people will turn those moments of love into moments of hate. They will hate the person, they will throw all responsibility onto the person. They will try in every way to make the other person feel guilty: "You deceived, cheated." And the other person is going to do the same because he also belongs to the ninety-nine percent. So those who were lovers will become enemies. Where there was love will now be hate, revengefulness.

To avoid all this, all the societies have tried to arrange that before you are caught in the whirlwind of a love affair you should be married. Hence child marriage was the general rule all over the world. You should not be allowed to be

adult, because then it is beyond you: love may strike you, so it is good to be on the safe side. All the societies have tried it: love has to be kept as far away from your life as possible. And the best way was child marriage.

You will be surprised: in India marriages even used to happen when the children were in the womb. People would make the agreement, "If a boy is born to me and a girl to you, or a boy to you and a girl to me, they will get married." Neitherof them are born yet so they are not certain who is going to be a boy or who is going to be a girl, whether both are going to be boys -- then of course, the contract fails -- or both are going to be girls... the contract fails.

But people were making contracts, and those contracts were followed. It was a prestigious thing, a question of promise, of giving your word. Nobody bothers who the beings are in the wombs, what type -- no, it is not necessary. In fact the society has found it is better the quicker you do it; if not in the womb, then as soon as the children are born.

My mother got married when she was only seven years of age. Now, what can a seven-year-old think? My father was eleven years old. Now what does an eleven-year-old boy know about love and its problems? My mother used to tell me that the whole village was agog with the ceremony, and all the people gathered in front of the house and a big band came from the capital. Only she was not allowed to go and see. All the children were outside and she could not understand what was the matter, what was wrong with her. They had to tie her to a pole inside the house because she was running outside -- so much was happening out there.

The whole house was outside, nobody was inside; only she was not allowed.

Now what can a seven-year-old girl understand? She could not understand what marriage is. But the strategy was, "Let the small children get married. Once they start living together they will start loving the same way as you love your sister, as you love your mother." It is not the love that takes you, possesses you from nowhere, changes you, makes you capable of risking even your life. It is not that mad kind of love.

No, it is simply a companionship. Two persons living together, sleeping together, eating together, being together; in pain, in pleasure, in health, in sickness, caring about each other. This creates a companionship. Millions of people on the earth have thought that this is love, this companionship. And the society had made it absolutely certain that there is no possibility of any love happening after marriage.

Women were not allowed to move about outside. In Mohammedan countries they are not allowed to show their faces. The first thing the Mohammedan wife has to ask the husband is, "Who are the people before whom I can open my veil?" -- because that is the greatest crime, if she opens her veil before somebody who is not okay by her husband. So the husband tells her, "These are the people you can show your face to; otherwise nobody is going to see you." The Hindu wife is almost in the same position -- she even cannot open her ghoonghat, her veil, before her husband if some elder is present. That is disrespectful. The wife does not move in society, does not go to the club, does not go to do the shopping. She remains confined to the house, her

whole world is within those four walls. There is no possibility of meeting somebody and falling in love.
Those who were powerful, they had even better arrangements. For example, kings had many queens, many wives. Naturally the kings were afraid -- to have one thousand wives is dangerous. The king may be getting old, and he continually goes on marrying any new, young, beautiful woman whom he comes across in his kingdom. If he asks for her hand it cannot be refused; his is the first right. So he goes on making a big campus of wives. Naturally servants will be coming in. That's dangerous -- so those servants have to be made eunuchs so they are no longer dangerous. Hundreds of servants were made eunuchs, just by a single king, because they had to go into the palace; they could not be allowed as men. Women could be allowed in, but there were certain kinds of work which women are not capable of doing. Men had to be forced to be eunuchs, and then they could be allowed in. Strictly, society tried to protect you from love. And one cannot say that it was absolutely wrong.... In this century, in the Western countries and in the East to a few people who are Westernized, child marriage is a crime. And of course they have made it constitutionally a crime because that is being absolutely ugly to children: not even knowing what marriage is, they are going to be married. They have to live with the other person their whole life, and somebody else -- who will not have anything to do with their life -- is deciding on it.
But even though the constitution, for example, the Indian constitution, declares child marriage to be a crime, to be severely punished... because it is written by people

educated in the West, they don't know their own people. They have been studying in London; they know London, they know Paris, they know the modern ideas, but they don't know their people. And those people don't care a bit about your constitution: still child marriages continue. And who is going to punish them? Because the constable believes in it, the tehsildar believes in it, the deputy collector believes in it, the whole village... everybody believes in it. On whom are you going to impose it, through whom are you going to impose it? So the constitution is good: keep it in Delhi and worship it. But people depend on their ancient experience.

So I would like it to be understood that it is not just stupidity, what they are doing, because the experience of this century, from the countries where love has become a common phenomenon -- the experience is not good. It has driven people into deep anxiety, anguish, despair, suicide. It has not given them what poets had always promised. You should read the poetry, enjoy the poetry; but please don't follow it, because those poets are not writing out of real experience. The poets who are writing about love are the poets who have not experienced love. It is a substitute, this writing poetry about love, a substitute for the experience that they have missed. Certainly in their mind love becomes so big, takes on multidimensional proportions -- they are good poets, they can bring in their imagination, in beautiful words -- but don't try to love like it, don't try to live it. You will be in a ditch, because those poets don't know that love is very fragile.

They all say that love is eternal, love is permanent; that real love never dies. Absolutely wrong. The real love dies

sooner than the unreal love. Unreal love can live long; it is unreal, how can it die? It is a plastic flower. If you are pretending, you can go on pretending as long as you want. But if something happens to you, and then one day it disappears, evaporates -- what can you do? You may have tears in your eyes but what can you do? It is no longer there. Nothing can be done about it. You had not brought it into being; you cannot keep hold of it forever. You cannot prevent it. It is something beyond you... just passes you like a wind, perhaps not even aware of you. You just came in the way, and the wind passed by, touching you, playing with your hair, playing with your body -- and went on.
The idiot goes on turning his love into hate because again and again it fails, and again and again he hopes that it is going to be permanent. When it goes on turning into revengefulness, into a feeling of being deceived by everybody, cheated by everybody, exploited by everybody -- and they all had promised, and nobody kept his promise -- naturally, you start boiling within. Your whole love energy becomes hate. This is the experience of the people who have followed love according to the poets.
These are the two kinds of relationships. One is stable: with your father, with your mother, with your sister. The other is a love affair, which is fragile; and the relationship with the master is almost the same kind of phenomenon.
As I have been telling you again and again, sexual energy turning downwards serves biology, and sexual energy turning upwards serves spirituality. But it is the same energy; what name you want to give to it does not matter. Let us call it x-energy, because if you call it sex energy then immediately some condemnation, deep down, arises.

So let us call it x-energy. That will remind you of sex too, but x is cleaner, not condemned by anybody.
This x-energy, if it moves downwards, can become a love affair which is sexual. If this x-energy turns upwards, it can become spiritual. A man falling in love with a woman is really falling. A woman falling in love with a man is really falling. The expression is absolutely accurate -- love is a fall.
But if sometimes you feel you are rising in love, then you have found the master -- with whom you have the same kind of affair, but on a different plane. It is not biology, it is not of the body; it is nothing to do with physiology, nature. But something in the master pulls you up, just as something in a woman pulls you down.
I have been asked many times why there have never been women masters. I have never said the truth. The truth is, it is very difficult for a man to feel the rising of energy towards a woman. The biological reversal... it is very difficult. Once in a while it has happened. There have been a few women masters, but rare. The difficulty is, with a woman you immediately feel your energy moving down. You can fall in love with a woman and you may think that it is a master-disciple relationship. Very rare is the possibility; you can count it out, the possibility is so rare. The same can happen, happens: a woman can fall in love with a master -- a man -- and may not be able to understand whether her energy is moving downwards or upwards. It needs a little understanding, clarity, awareness; otherwise the woman's energy can start falling. She can become infatuated with the master. Then the master is no longer of any help to that woman. And if he is no longer of any help,

she is going to become revengeful. Her love is going to become hate immediately.
So this thing has to be very clearly understood, that it is the same energy, x. If it starts moving upwards in somebody's presence -- man or woman, it doesn't matter -- then the phenomenon of master and disciple comes into being.
The old religions have stopped it from happening. In every possible way, they have done the same with this energy moving upwards as they have done with the love energy going downwards. Just as they have invented child marriage, they have invented child conversion. It is the same thing. Taking a child for baptism, what are you doing? The child is helpless, knows nothing, and you are taking him for baptism? You are trying to make him a Christian, you are giving him a master.
Or you are taking him for circumcision and you are making him a Jew and giving him a rabbi. Hindus are doing the same, Mohammedans are doing the same, Jainas are doing the same, Buddhists are doing the same. Every religion is trying: the child should be converted to the religion of his family, parents, grandparents, before he starts inquiring, before he starts asking questions. Once he starts inquiring, "What is truth? What is God? Who am I?" -- then it won't be easy to baptize him. He will ask, "First answer my questions. Only then can I become your disciple."
Once he is capable of inquiring, do you think you will be able to circumcise him? He will circumcise you all: "What nonsense is this? Are you mad or something?" So do it before he can create trouble for you. By the time he can create trouble for you, he is already conditioned, full of bullshit. He thinks he is Jewish, he thinks he is Hindu, he

thinks he is Christian. He believes in it. He goes to the rabbi if he has some problem, he goes to the priest, to the minister. He goes to the Catholic church to confess his sins. What they have done with love, they have done with meditation too. If the x-energy moving downwards is love, x-energy moving upwards is meditation. They have crippled both.

First, they had to cripple you because they were afraid that you would be in trouble, and they wanted to protect you. Second, they were afraid you may be lost -- because only their religion can save you, only their religion is the right path; you will be lost. In both ways I can understand their anxiety, and I can understand what they are doing to you is out of concern. But it is not really good. Even with love, although it may bring troubles, anxiety, anguish... it is worth it, because any challenge in life is worth taking. You should not be protected, otherwise you will remain crippled.

A mother can be afraid that if a child starts walking, he may fall. And he is bound to fall many times before he will be able to walk rightly. If she is too protective and does not allow him to walk because there is a possibility of falling -- not a possibility, a certainty of falling -- then this child is going to be a cripple his whole life. The concern was right, but what she did cannot be accepted. The child has to be allowed carefully. The mother has to be watchful, available in case of need, but the child has to be given the freedom to walk, to fall, to rise, to walk again -- to learn walking.

The same is true about love. Marriage is one of the ugliest institutions man has invented. But it has been invented with deep concern, goodwill. I do not suspect the goodwill, I

only suspect people's wisdom. Their intention is right, but their intelligence is very mediocre. If with their good intention they also had intelligence, then they would have made every possible way for the child to know about love, about their love, their anxieties, their problems, their failures, their despairs. They would have made him aware that these things are there, and sooner or later, one day you will be caught by the whirlwind of love. It is natural. Don't be afraid. But remember, what poets say is not true.

Love is not something permanent, eternal. Don't take their criterion, that the true love is eternal, and untrue love is momentary -- no! Just the opposite is the case. The true love is very momentary -- but what a moment!... such that one can lose the whole of eternity for it, can risk the whole of eternity for it. Who wants that moment to be permanent? And why should permanency be valued so much?... because life is change, flow; only death is permanent. Only in death the watch stops and remains where it has stopped. Then it does not move. But in life it goes on moving, and moving into new paths every day.

And why be confined to one love? Why force yourself to be confined to one love? -- because nature does not intend it so. Nature intends you to know love in as many ways as possible, because what you can know from one woman you cannot know from another woman. What you can know and experience through one man will not be experienced through another man. Each love is unique. There is no competition. There is no quarrel. And the more you love, the more enriched your being is.

So I am for all the trouble, the anguish, the anxiety, the despair. Only one thing I want to add: be intelligent. These

troubles are not because love has gone, these are because you are idiotic. So if you have to leave something, leave your idiocy. But people leave loving, and cling to their idiotic mind.

Be intelligent, and then love will give you all the colors of the rainbow, and you will be fulfilled by many people, in many ways, because a woman will touch one aspect of your being, and other aspects will remain hungry, starved. One man may touch one part of your heart, but other parts will remain without growth. If you cling, then one part becomes a monster and all other parts shrink.

If I'm allowed to give my advice to the world, my advice will be: Help people to experience as much love as possible. Let them go into the turmoil, into the cyclone, and let them find, in the cyclone, their rootedness. Don't try to hide them in the house, don't close the windows and the doors. Of course they will be more comfortable in the house, but dead. Then the best comfort is in the grave -- no worry, no problem, nobody can harm you any more; even death is impotent now. What more security, what more comfort, what more luxury can you expect? A marble grave and your name written in golden letters on it. But you are dead.

No, this is not the way to live and to experience life and to experience what I call godliness.

And the same is true about meditation -- even more true, because if they have destroyed your love, they have not destroyed your spirituality. They have only destroyed your biology, your lower being. But they have been trying to destroy your higher being too. By taking a child to the rabbi, to the pundit, to the imam, they are destroying your

higher possibility too, for the same reason -- the reason is the same, but now it is even more dangerous.
In the first, you may have been in trouble, but that trouble was not much of a trouble. People get into such trouble and get out of it, it is not much of a problem. But the spiritual part of your being is vast, enormous, infinite. If you are lost in it, then you may never be able to find the way back home. You may go on and on, farther and farther away from home.
And what is home? In their mind, a Jew thinks the Torah is the home, a Christian thinks The Bible is the home, a Hindu thinks the Gita is the home. And the people who become bridges to the Torah, to The Bible, to the Gita -- they are the masters. They are not. They are only teachers. They teach you whatsoever they have been taught, they have not experienced anything.
Hence the difference and the unique relationship between me and my disciples.
I am not a teacher. I am not teaching you anything at all. I am not a bridge between you and The Bible, between you and the Gita, between you and the Koran. I am not even a bridge between you and God -- no. I am not giving you a teaching, a dogma, a creed, a philosophy, a theology. So understand the difference between a teacher and a master. In the old religions teachers are called masters. They are simply teachers, they know the teaching. They have been handed down that teaching by other teachers; they will hand it over to you. They have not experienced anything, and through their teaching you are not going to experience anything either. Those are just beautiful words, and they can give you consolation -- as if you know.

A master is not a teacher in the first place. A master shares his being with you, not his philosophy.
A master exposes himself to you, allows you closeness so that you can see your face in his mirror. A master is exactly a mirror.
He never does anything to the disciple. Let me emphasize it. A master is not a doer... because if I start doing something to you I may spoil your being. I may give you a mask, a discipline, and I may change you into something else that you are not. The master cannot do that.
The teacher does that. He gives you a teaching; he teaches you discipline and then he enforces it through greed, persuasion, fear, in every possible way. He tries to fit you into a mold: how a Christian should be, how a Buddhist should be. There are thirty-three thousand rules for a Buddhist monk. I do not think that I can remember thirty-three thousand rules -- what to say about following them, I cannot remember them! And anybody doing that will be in the same situation as it happened in one of Aesop's fables.
A centipede is just going for a morning walk. Now, a centipede has one hundred legs. A frog looks at him, cannot believe his eyes, blinks his eyes, looks again... a hundred feet! How does he manage? Which one to raise first, then the second, then the third, then the fourth...? One hundred legs! If you forget the number you will be caught in your own legs and fall down.
He rushes up to him, jumps, stops the centipede and asks him, "Uncle, I should not stop you on your morning walk, but a very philosophical question has arisen in my mind, which I cannot solve -- I am just a frog, you know. Only you can help."

The centipede says, "What is the problem?"
The frog explains to him, "This is the problem. I saw your hundred legs, I counted them; and the problem is, how do you manage?"
The centipede said, "I had never thought about it. I will try and see how I have been managing. I have never thought about it -- I really have never looked down and counted the legs. You are great; you are a mathematician and a philosopher!"
The centipede tried, and you can visualize what must have happened. He fell immediately, all his hundred legs entangled in each other. He was very angry at the frog and said, "Never again ask anybody such questions. Keep your philosophy to yourself! You idiot -- I have been managing my whole life, and not only I, millions of centipedes are managing perfectly well. Nobody has fallen like me. But now I am afraid: you have created such a question in my mind that if I don't get rid of this question I may not be able to walk at all. Now tell me how to get rid of this question."
The frog said, "I don't know. I am myself puzzled. I asked you because you are an experienced person, an old centipede, and you go every day for a morning walk; if you cannot solve it, how can I? I am just a poor frog." I don't know what happened to that centipede afterwards, but I can imagine that his whole life must have become a mess. Again and again the question would have come to him, "A hundred legs! Am I putting the right leg in the right place?"
Life has its own ways. The moment you start managing everything, you spoil it.
Allow life its freedom.

About love, allow freedom, and don't be guided by fixed ideas.

Experience -- don't go with the idea that love is permanent or not permanent. Experience, and you will know it, what it is.

Don't take the criterion from others about what is true and what is not true. These are the teachers who have been spoiling the whole of humanity. They tell you how to walk, which leg first and which leg second, and if you put them in some other order you are a sinner, you will fall into hell. Hell is far away; you will fall here! You may not be able even to reach hell, because one needs legs. It is a long journey. Only very expert teachers, professors, philosophers, have been able to reach there. It is no ordinary person's business to reach hell. It is a long, long journey, and very complicated.

The master's function is not to mold you into a certain idea, but to withdraw all the crutches, all the supports that the society has given to you. Of course in the beginning you will feel very much afraid -- all supports gone, crutches gone, the very earth you were standing on is no longer there. There will be great fear, but it has to be faced. Only by facing it, going through it, will you be able to overcome it.

Love will give you troubles, anxieties, anguishes, but it is lack of intelligence that is making the whole problem. Just be a little intelligent and see that love has done nothing. It has simply given you a few beautiful, tremendously ecstatic moments. And it has not asked anything in return. It was not a bargain, it was a sheer gift. And what kind of person

are you -- you don't feel even grateful? You feel revengeful?

The person who made it possible for you to have those few moments, the woman, the man -- be grateful, immensely grateful to the person. Yes, those moments are no more there. Nothing can be done about it. They cannot be pulled back, and even if there was some way to pull them back, they would not be the same. It would be a repetition. It wouldn't bring you the same joy, the same ecstasy. It is good that they cannot be pulled back, otherwise even the memory of those cherished moments would be spoiled.

Respect the person, be grateful to the person that, for no reason at all -- she is a stranger, you are a stranger -- for no reason at all, for no bargain, there was no business... mysteriously the universe managed; something transpired between you. And it was nourishing to both of you. It has made you more mature.

Perhaps tomorrow again some spring breeze may move towards you. But never ask the return of the past. It is not possible, and it is not possible for your good. Keep the future open, available. Don't carry any grudges, because those will close the future. If you are angry at one woman, or one man, you are angry at all women and all men -- because a woman is nothing but a representative of womanhood, a man is nothing but a representative of manhood. If you start feeling hatred, anger, you are closing the doors and the windows. Now no spring breeze will be able to enter your house.

For the higher level, I am not a teacher. I don't want to make something of you resembling some of my ideas. I don't have any idea about you. I don't carry any image that

everybody should fit into. My whole approach is that each individual is unique, and nobody can predict what you are going to be. Even the master cannot predict what you are going to be, because predictions are possible only about things, not about consciousnesses. Consciousness is unpredictable. What is going to blossom in you can be known only when it blossoms.

So the master can do only one thing: he can remove everything that can stop your blossoming. Hence the master will look very hard.

The teacher will look very compassionate, because he will be giving you every guideline, he will be taking all responsibility. He will be showing you the path; he will be leading you on the path, and you have just to follow.

The master is not interested in you following him. No, just the contrary; you should not follow him, otherwise you will miss becoming yourself. Then what does he do? In fact, all his functioning is negative. He destroys your crutches, your supports. He makes you vulnerable to all kinds of fears, anxieties, challenges. This is all negative. As far as positivity is concerned, he does nothing. He is just a mirror. He allows you to come close and see your face in his mirror. He does not want you to imitate and become his face. He wants you to look into him. He has no ideas. That means all the dust from the mirror is gone. His mirror is clean. You can come close and look, and you will find your face. The mirror simply mirrors; it is not a doing, it is not an act.

Certainly my relationship with you is unique. In the first place it is not a relationship, because what relationship can you have with a mirror? You can see your face and be

thankful, be grateful -- but that is not a relationship. What relationship can the mirror have with you? There is no possibility. The mirror is simply there. It does not relate in any possible way, it simply exists.

So the relationship is unique because if you go to other religions, the master -- who is not really a master in the first place, but they call him the master -- the master, the so-called master, will have a thousand and one demands to be fulfilled because he is going to do a great job for you. I'm not doing anything for you, so I cannot demand anything from you. The 'master' will have conditions to be fulfilled. If you fail to fulfill the conditions, then the condemnation; if you fulfill the conditions, then the praise, the reward.

I cannot condemn you, I cannot reward you -- because I don't have any conditions that you have to fulfill. To be my disciple is your decision. It has nothing to do with me. To accept me as your master is your decision, it has nothing to do with me. I am not seeking converts; I am not a Christian missionary. I am not striving so that people should be converted to my way of thinking, my way of life. No, not at all. Otherwise in these thirty-five years I would have converted millions of people, with no trouble. They were ready to be converted; I was not ready to convert.

It is your decision. Always remember, whatsoever happens here is your decision.

If you are a sannyasin, it is your decision.

If you drop sannyas, it is your decision.

If you take it again, it is your decision.

I leave everything to you.

So it is a unique relationship: it is absolutely onesided; from my side there is no relationship. It has to be absolutely

clear: from my side there is no relationship. From your side... and that is continually changing. When you first come, you come as a student. It is a different kind of relationship from your side. Then you just want to learn something. Being near me, slowly you understand that learning is not enough. Some experience is needed. You become a disciple, you become a sannyasin. That is your decision. You simply indicate that you want to come closer to me. What else is sannyas? Just your declaration that you would love and like to be closer to me. From your side, the student is disappearing and the disciple is appearing. And then the last stage comes, when you feel even experiencing is not enough: being.

Now see the three points. Teaching is a very faraway thing, borrowed: experience -- but it is outside you. You are the experiencer, and the experience is there: beautiful, ecstatic, blissful, but you know it is there, an object; inside, but still an object. No, you want to be at the center of your being. Then you come even closer: the disciple disappears into the devotee. Now, the devotee means from your side also the relationship has disappeared. Now you are absolutely happy just to be the way you are. You understand now why there was no relationship from my side. I am enjoying my aloneness, and you start enjoying your aloneness.

So the relationship is not static like father and son, brother and sister; it is not static. It is not like marriage. There is no law that prevents you from dropping sannyas or that forces you to be a sannyasin. Slowly you understand that your relationship also is disappearing. When you were a student there was a very strong relationship with the teacher, with the master. When you are a disciple the relationship is

fragile, like a lover. When you are a devotee you have come... arrived. Now you can blossom in your aloneness. Gratitude is there; gratefulness is there, thankfulness is there, and infinite gratitude -- but no relationship, no demand from your side or from my side. Then it is just as if two candles are burning side by side, so close that their flames become one.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #19
Chapter title: Meditation -- the Science of Awareness
17 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SCIENCE, ART AND RELIGION?

Science discovers, art invents, religion does both. The true religion discovers; the pseudo-religion invents.
And down the ages it is the pseudo-religion that has prevailed over the human mind. It is nothing but fiction. It is closer to art, and absolutely against science. That's why there has never been a conflict between art and religion. They were, deep down, doing the same thing.
Art was inventing objectively, and the so-called religion was inventing subjectively. They could join together very easily because their game was the same. And they joined hands all over the world. Art served the so-called religion

for centuries. The beautiful churches, synagogues, temples -- for thousands of years art was doing nothing but serving religion.

If you see the temples of Khajuraho in India.... Once there were one thousand temples in that place; now only ruins are there, but twenty or thirty temples are still intact, have survived. Just to see one temple you will need the whole day. It is so full of art, every nook and corner. It must have taken hundreds of years for thousands of sculptors to make one temple.

You cannot find a single inch of space in the whole temple which has not been artistically created. One temple has thousands of statues on the outside of the temple, and that is the same about the remaining other thirty, and the same must have been true about the ruins of one thousand temples. Even in the ruins you can find treasures of art. I don't think there has ever been such beauty created out of stone anywhere else in the world.

The structure of every temple is almost the same. On the outer side of the temple, the outer wall, there are what are called mithun statues -- men and women naked, loving, making love, in all the possible postures one can imagine or dream of. The only posture that is missing is known in India as the missionary posture -- man on top of woman: only that is missing -- that was brought by Christian missionaries. Otherwise the whole idea, to the Indian mind, looked ugly -- that the man should be on top of the woman. Seems to be unfair. The woman is more fragile, and this beast is on top of the beauty. No, Indians have never thought of that posture as human. In India it is known as the missionary posture because the first time they saw it, it

was Christian missionaries in that posture; otherwise they had no idea that this could be done.

But, except that, you will find all kinds of postures, because in India sexology has existed at least for five thousand years. The oldest sexual scripture is five thousand years old -- Vatsyayana's Kamasutras. And in the time of Vatsyayana, writing sutras on sex -- kama means sex -- maxims for sex, guidelines for sex, was not thought to be a bad act; Vatsyayana is respected as one of the great seers of India, and it is said that only a seer like Vatsyayana could have given those beautiful sutras. They reveal the intricacies and the mysteries of the energy of sex, and how it can be transformed.

These temples in Khajuraho have, on the outer side, beautiful women, beautiful men, and all in love postures. Inside there are no love postures. Inside you will find the temple empty, not even a statue of God. The idea is that unless you pass through your sexuality with full awareness, in all its phases, in all its dimensions -- unless you come to a point when sex has no meaning for you... only then you enter the temple. Otherwise you are outside the temple, your interest is there.

So that was a symbol that if you are still interested in sex, then the temple is not for you. But the message is not against sex; it is the outer wall of the temple, the temple is made of it, and you have to pass through the door and go beyond. And the beyond is nothing but utter emptiness.

How many artists, craftsmen, sculptors, were employed to create one thousand temples, a whole city of temples, how many years it took! -- and this is not only one place: there is Ajanta, a group of caves which Buddhists created. The

whole mountain... for miles they have carved caves inside the mountain. And inside the caves you will find tremendous work of art, everything is beautiful. Buddha's whole life in stone.... The first cave you enter, you find the birth of Buddha. And those are not small caves; each cave is at least four times bigger than this room. They have been carved in solid stone.

The whole life of Buddha slowly unfolds in each cave, and in the last cave Buddha is sleeping. The statue must be as long as this room. It is the last moment of his life, when he asked his disciples, "If you have to ask any questions, ask me; otherwise I am going into eternal sleep -- forever." He has not even a pillow, just his hand used as a pillow. But such a huge statue, and so beautiful!

There are the Ellora caves, again carved into the mountains. There are Hindu temples in Jagganath Puri, in Konarak. You cannot imagine for centuries what art has been doing. The beautiful cathedrals of Europe, and all the great artists... Michelangelo -- what were these people doing? They were serving religion.

There was never a conflict anywhere in the world between religion and art. To me that signifies that the religion was pseudo; both were fictitious. There was no intrinsic opposition, they were moving in the same line of invention. Of course the artist was doing a far more authentic job, far more sincere than the priest, because what he was inventing was absolute fiction. There was no ground for it. His God was fiction, his heaven and hell were fiction. And these fictions have to be according to different people, where the religion existed.

For example, in Tibet you can't have the same kind of heaven as in India, obviously. India is a hot country, so hot that the heaven has to be air-conditioned. Of course the word was not available at the time, but the description is absolutely of air-conditioning. It says, "Twenty-four hours a day cool air, fresh, fragrant, like spring. It is never summer, it is never the rainy season. It is never cold winter; just a cool -- not cold, but cool -- atmosphere all the year round. And it is always spring." But the Tibetan priest cannot accept it. They are so tortured by cold, their heaven is warm, heated -- it is never cold. They don't even mention cool, because to the people of Tibet even cool is not acceptable. It has to be warm.

In Tibetan scriptures it says, "You must take at least one bath per year." When the Dalai Lama and his people started escaping from Tibet to India, many of them came to see me. Habits die hard: they were not taking baths or showers, even in India, and they were using the same kind of clothes that they were using in Tibet. I had to tell them, "I am very allergic to smells, so you sit in the other corner of the room, unless you learn how to clean your body and change your clothes every day." They said, "Every day! But the religious scriptures say once a year is enough!"

It is going to be a different fiction in different countries. In Mohammedan countries, homosexuality was very prevalent -- is still prevalent. Strange, but it shows a significant fact about the human mind. The greatest punishment also is for a homosexual act if you are found out. You just have to be beheaded; there is no lesser punishment for it. Still it is the most prevalent thing, so prevalent that in the Koran the provision is made in heaven for the great religious sages:

beautiful women are available, beautiful boys are also available. These are all fictions suiting the particular mind, climate, country, having no foundation in reality.

Reality has not to be invented, it has to be discovered. It is already there. Hence science discovers, and true religion also discovers.

But up to now, the religions that have been in existence in the world -- Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism -- they never felt any conflict with art, but they all felt tremendous antagonism towards science. Nobody has noted the fact. Why are they not against art, and why are they against science? -- because with art they can find some similarity. They can use art but they cannot use science, and they don't find the basic similarity. In fact they find science is doing just the opposite. They are inventing, they are creating something imaginary; science's whole work is to uncover the true, the real, that which is.

Now, if science goes on succeeding, then the pseudo-religion becomes afraid, because the fiction will not be able to stand in front of truth. There will be no possibility of its winning -- even standing before truth is impossible.

I have loved this story very much. One day darkness approached God and said, "I have never done any wrong to the sun, but it goes on torturing me. Wherever I go, it reaches, and I have to escape from there. I cannot even rest. I don't want to complain, but enough is enough. How long is it going to go on? And I am absolutely innocent. I have not done anything against the sun, I have not said anything against the sun. This is for the first time I am talking about it."

God immediately ordered that the sun should be called. The sun was called, and God asked him, "Why are you torturing and bothering darkness?"

The sun said, "What are you talking about? I have never met anything called darkness." And God looked around: where had the darkness gone? It had disappeared. The sun said, "Whenever you can manage to bring darkness in front of me, I am ready to apologize or whatsoever you say. But I don't know... perhaps without knowing, in unawareness I may have hurt him. But at least let me see the person -- the person who is complaining against me."

The story says that the file of the case against the sun by darkness is still lying there. God has not been able to bring both sides together in front of him. Sometimes he succeeds and darkness comes; sometimes he succeeds and sun comes; but he has not been able to bring both together, and unless both are present the case cannot be decided.

How can darkness come to face the sun? -- because darkness has no existence, it is just absence of light. So where the presence of light is, the absence cannot exist, cannot stand. And that is what pseudo-religion has been doing: creating fictions, exploiting people -- their imagination, their fear, their greed, their misery, their suffering, their poverty, everything. But the moment science started discovering things every religion became very alert, and ready to stop science in every possible way, because if truth is revealed, the untruth dies by itself; there is no need to kill it. It simply disappears.

Hence I say to you that now is the time for the first religion to happen.

For three hundred years the pseudo-religions have been fighting against science. Now they are tired, fed up, and know perfectly well that science is going to win; it has already won.

So the old religions have lost their ground. You have to understand it. What you see in the churches and in the synagogues and in the mosques and in the temples, is the dead body of the religion that once was alive. It is only a corpse. But they are pretending that it is alive, hoping against hope that some miracle is going to happen. But no miracle ever happens. And no miracle is going to happen. Science has taken firm roots.

Now, if you want anything in the world to be called religion, then you have to start from ABC, from the very scratch: a religion which is a science, and not a fiction. Just as science discovers in the objective world, outside, religion discovers in the inner world.

What science is to the objective existence, religion is to the subjectivity.

Their methods are exactly the same. Science calls it observation, religion calls it awareness. Science calls it experiment, religion calls it experience. Science wants you to go into the experiment without any prejudice in your mind, without any belief. You have to be open, available. You are not going to impose anything on reality. You are just going to be available to the reality whatsoever it is, even if it goes against all your ideas. You have to drop those ideas -- but the reality cannot be denied.

The scientific endeavor is risking your mind for reality, putting your mind aside for reality. Reality counts, not what you think about it. Your thinking may be right or may be

wrong, but the reality will decide it. Your mind is not going to decide what is right and what is wrong.

The same is the situation of an authentic religion, a scientific religion.

If I am allowed, I would like to describe science as two dimensions, the outer and the inner. The word religion can be dropped. You have two sciences: one, objective science; another, subjective science.

And that's what is going to happen; whether you call it a religion or science does not matter -- names don't matter, but the methodology is exactly the same: you should not go in with a belief. No believer is ever going to know the truth. To believe is to miss.

You have to put aside your ideology. Howsoever beautiful it looks, howsoever systematic it looks, howsoever philosophical you have made and decorated it, you have to put it aside and see within. That's the whole method of meditation, awareness, watchfulness.

Meditation, in short, is putting your mind aside. So the people who say that meditation is a discipline of the mind are absolutely wrong. It is not a discipline of the mind, because if you discipline the mind, it is going to become stronger. It is better to put it aside when it is weaker, undisciplined. Once it is disciplined it is going to give you a tough fight.

So it is more difficult for somebody who has been practicing concentration, because concentration is a mind phenomenon. Yes, it gives you a better mind, a disciplined mind, more penetrating. But to put aside this mind will be very difficult. First, you have given it strength, you have given it a certain crystallization. That's what happened to

Gurdjieff and his whole school. It was a discipline of the mind. He called it crystallization, a very right word.
The ordinary mind is a mess, a chaos. Gurdjieff's discipline gives you a crystallized mind, together, centered. And he was thinking that the more your mind is crystallized, the more you are coming closer to home. There he was wrong. A crystallized mind starts having certain powers. For example, it can read somebody's thoughts, which the ordinary mind cannot do. It cannot read its own thought -- how to read somebody else's thoughts!
But crystallization is not easy. It is a difficult and long process -- years of work, work which will look absolutely unnecessary to you, but you have to do it because the teacher says so. For example, Gurdjieff's disciples will be told to dig a trench one mile long, and all the disciples are digging the trench the whole day, and by the evening, Gurdjieff comes to look at it and he says, "Fill it up. Only then will you get food. I should not find it there when I come for my morning walk."
Now, absurd...! This man is mad, you will think. He was not mad; he was working very accurately, mathematically. The disciples started filling the trench. The whole day they were digging, the whole day they were thinking, "Why is this being dug?" Now they are thinking, "Why is it being filled again?" And nobody knows -- tomorrow morning he may say, "Dig it again." That man was known to do that. What he is trying to do is to make you not the ordinary weak mind, who needs all kinds of argument, convictions to go into anything... then too, it never goes. He is trying to teach you that you need not bother about why. That is the teacher's job, to think; your job is to do. And if a person

goes on this way, year in year out, he strangely finds things happening in himself which have never happened before. For example, you are passing by his side and suddenly he reads your thought.

It happened: One of my students, when I was teaching in the university, was very interested in Gurdjieff. So he asked me, "I am not asking whether Gurdjieff is right or wrong. Please just explain to me what the methodology is that Gurdjieff was using, and how I can use it."

I said, "If that is so, I can explain to you the method. But I am not responsible for what happens to you then...."

He said, "Of course you are not responsible."

"... Because you are not giving me even a chance to say whether it is right or wrong; you simply want to know." I said, "Just as a professor, I am telling you this is the method. You practice it. The method is simple. Do anything, for example jogging.... There comes a moment when you feel you cannot jog any more; now, that is the moment you have to jog. And suddenly you will be surprised that if you continue jogging there is a new release of energy... and you were feeling that it was impossible to jog any more."

There are three layers of energy. One: the ordinary energy which you use in daily work: eating, walking, working, typing, this and that, just the superficial layer. Underneath is a bigger layer of energy. If, doing anything, you come to the point where the thin top layer is finished, that does not mean that your energy is finished; only the top layer is finished. Then the top layer is saying, "Stop." Don't stop, continue. Soon the second layer is broken open, and

becomes available. You were thinking you cannot jog, and now you can jog for hours!

Then again a point comes when you feel, "If I go on jogging now, I am going to fall down and die." It is not just tiredness -- it is almost death. First it was tiredness, now it is almost like death. This is the third layer in you, which is vast. If you continue and you say, "Okay, if death comes it is okay, but I am not going to stop," the third layer opens up, and you have never seen such energy in you.

That sometimes accidentally happens to you. You are tired. The whole day's work and everything... and suddenly your house catches fire! You were thinking to just jump into bed and forget the whole world... and the house is burning! You forget all about your tiredness. Suddenly you are fresh, young -- as fresh and as young as you have never been, and you are running here and there, and doing all kinds of things -- perhaps it will take the whole night to put the fire out. And you will do it, and you will not feel tired.

What has happened? The same thing that Gurdjieff was trying to do methodologically. But once your mind becomes aware of these three layers, with each layer new powers are attached. With the ordinary layer you cannot do much. Scientists say that even the most talented person uses only fifteen percent of his energy -- the most talented, it is not about everybody. An Albert Einstein uses perhaps fifteen percent of his energy.

The average, ordinary person never goes above seven percent. Einstein, using fifteen percent, becomes aware of many things which you are not aware of. He lives in a different universe than you live in. His universe is so vast you cannot even imagine it. It was said that while he was

alive there were only twelve people in the whole world who understood exactly what the theory of relativity means -- only twelve persons all over the world who understood exactly what he means! But if you use thirty percent of your energy, fifty percent of your energy... who knows what is in store?

So this student of mine.... He was a Mohammedan, and Mohammedans are fanatic people, very stubborn; trustworthy, but idiotic. Idiots are always trustworthy because they cannot doubt, they cannot suspect. So what I told him to work upon, he started working on it. He was a woodcutter's son, so I said, "You go with your father and cut wood as much as you can. And when you feel you are going to fall down, you cannot raise the axe again, that is the moment that you have to raise it. Then is the right time to begin work. Up to then it was only superficial. From there Gurdjieff comes in." He did it.

One day he came running to me, very much shaken and afraid. He said, "What is happening? I was going in the bus and I just thought... a strange thought, I had never thought such thoughts before. A man was sitting in front of me with his back towards me and I just thought: just by my thinking can he be made to fall from his seat onto the floor of the bus? And the man fell!"

He was just thinking this: "Can it happen?" and it happened. He became very frightened, but he thought perhaps it may be a coincidence, so he tried it on another man -- and the other man fell! The driver said, "What is going on?" One man falls for no reason at all, because there is no jerk, no turn. Then another man sitting just falls down, and he is not asleep; his eyes are open.

And my student asked those two persons what happened. They said, "We don't know." But he thought that before he came to me, he should try one time more, and better to try on the driver. He tried it on the driver, and he caused a whole accident of the bus in which two persons died and many were injured. Then he came running to me. He said, "What is happening?"

Now, unknowingly he had got that energy by which he could project ideas into somebody's head, and they would work. Now his mind was becoming crystallized, coming closer. It was only the second layer. I told him, "Do you want to enter into the third layer? -- because in the third layer you can cause the death of somebody. If you trust yourself, I can give you the method to go into the third. But then, that power -- are you capable of not misusing it?"

He said, "No. I am capable of misusing it. And forgive me, I was wrong when from the very beginning I said to you, 'Don't say to me whether Gurdjieff is right or wrong, just give me the method' -- because I was reading the book and I was so impressed. I don't want to go into it. This is dangerous."

Concentration, discipline, yoga discipline, other methods of chanting mantras -- they all reinforce your mind and make it stronger, capable of using the powers that are in your subconscious, in your unconscious, in your collective unconscious. If you are not aware -- and you are not aware -- this is like giving a sword, a naked sword to a child to play with. Either he is going to hurt himself or kill somebody, but something wrong is going to happen. You cannot conceive that anything good is going to happen out of it.

The brahmins in India have used the discipline of the mind for thousands of years to keep the whole country enslaved under them. In India, in five thousand years no revolution has happened. And there were all the possibilities for revolution to happen thousands of times in these years. The brahmins have made one fourth of India untouchable.... Those people cannot touch you. Not only can't the people touch you, they are so dirty -- they are suffering from their bad, evil karmas of past life -- that even their shadow falling on you is enough to disturb your existence. You have to take a bath immediately. Do you see the stupid idea? The shadow of a person passing over you has made you dirty. A shadow has no existence! A shadow cannot touch you. A shadow cannot carry any contamination.

In India, for thousands of years, one fourth of the country has lived in such slavery that they have to walk with a bell around their neck, just like you put a bell around the neck of a cow or a buffalo, so you know when the cow is coming because the bell goes on ringing. So they had to keep a bell continually ringing, so anybody hearing it can escape, even from their shadow. And at the back they had to attach a long brush, like a tail. That was to go on cleaning the path on which they are traveling, because the shadow is falling there, and the shadow has to be cleaned because some brahmin may come afterwards and walk on the earth where some untouchable, some achhoot -- that is their word -- has passed.

Now, what power had these brahmins? They were not kings, they had no armies; they had no temporal power of any kind. But they had a tremendously disciplined mind, which became more and more disciplined with every

generation. Alexander the Great remembers it in his memoirs.... He came to India before Jesus Christ, and this was the thing that impressed him the most -- of course he came across thousands of things which impressed him, but this was the thing that impressed him most.

He was the disciple of Aristotle. Socrates' disciple was Plato, Plato's disciple was Aristotle, Aristotle's disciple was Alexander the Great. When he was returning after invading India, he remembered that Aristotle had asked him, "When you come back bring the four Vedas, which Hindus think are the only God-written books. And of course they are the ancientmost books in the world, so, God-written or not, they are the ancientmost treasure. Bring the four Vedas with you, I don't want anything else."

So he inquired, "Can I find a person who has all the four Vedas?"

People said, "Yes, in our village there is a great brahmin scholar -- ancient, very old, perhaps two hundred years old -- and he has all the four Vedas. They are inherited, so there's no fear that anything can be wrong in them. They are thousands of years old -- you can get them from him."

Alexander went to the brahmin, asked the old man -- he had never seen such an old man. In fact, he had never seen such a man. The old man looked into his eyes and said, "Okay. Tomorrow morning, as the sun rises, I will give you the four Vedas."

Alexander was immensely happy. He said, "Whatsoever you want me to do for you, you have done such a great favor for me... because I was told that 'no brahmin will give you the Vedas. Even if you give your whole empire, no

brahmin is going to give you the whole Vedas.' And you have not asked anything."
He said, "No. No brahmin asks anything. Whatsoever he wants, he gets. Those who beg, they are not brahmins. You come tomorrow morning and you will see."
The whole night Alexander could not sleep. What is going to happen tomorrow morning? What kind of man is he? And what the old man did.... He had four sons: he called all four sons, sat around the home fire, which had been kept alive for thousands of years, burning twenty-four hours a day, day in, day out, year in, year out -- they all sat around that fire, and the father said, "You take, each of you, one Veda. Read one page and drop it into the fire; read another page and drop it into the fire. Before the morning rises you have to finish all the four Vedas."
They did what the father said, and by the morning, when Alexander reached there -- and he reached a little early, he was so curious -- he could not understand what he saw. What was happening? They were throwing the last pages into the fire.
Alexander said, "What is going on?"
He said, "Nothing. You take these, my four sons. These are the four Vedas. This is Rig Veda, this is Yajur Veda, this is Sam Veda, this is Athrva Veda."
Alexander said, "But I was asking about the books."
He said, "They remember every word. That's what we have been doing the whole night."
He asked, "How can a person remember the whole book in one night?"
The old brahmin said, "You don't know brahmins. This is our discipline. Our whole discipline is to sharpen the

memory to such a stage that once you have read anything, there is no way to forget it."

This story came into the hands of another great king, Akbar, a Mohammedan. He could not believe it, because the Vedas are big, voluminous collections. He inquired in his court: "Find somebody who can repeat this incident in front of me."

One man stood up and said, "This is nothing. I know a brahmin in my village who can do a thousand times more. This is nothing." The man was called to the court of the great Akbar. And in his court there were scholars of Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Prakrit, Pali -- other ancient languages -- because he was very scholarly himself and he wanted the topmost scholars to be around him. There were thirty people who knew thirty different languages.

And this was the arrangement that was made: this man who was brought from the village looked like a villager, a simple brahmin.... This was the arrangement, that everybody should keep in his mind one sentence in his own language. So there would be thirty sentences in thirty languages -- and this man knows only one language, Sanskrit, so in those thirty languages Sanskrit was not included.

This man will go to the first man; the first man will say the first word of his sentence, and a gong will be struck. Then he will go to the second man who will say his first word, and there will again be a gong. He will go to the thirty people again and again: second round, second word, a gong; third round... until all the sentences are complete. And then he will repeat all the thirty sentences... and he did it.

Must have been a great computer! But if computers can do it, why not mind? If mind can create computers... and I have not heard about any computer yet creating a mind. The mind has much more power. You can discipline it in many ways, and the pseudo-religions have developed these methods of concentration.

Remember, concentration is not meditation, because concentration is a discipline of the mind and meditation is putting the mind aside.

In fact the English word meditation is not the right word, because in the West nothing like meditation has ever happened. The Sanskrit word is dhyana. The problem was the same when Buddhist monks went to China; they could not find the right word to translate dhyana into Chinese, so they wrote dhyana, which to the Chinese sounded like 'zana'. Hence the Japanese Zen; it is a transfiguration of the word dhyana.

'Meditation' gives again the wrong idea, as if you are meditating upon something -- as if it is an activity -- not much different from concentration. You are concentrating on something, you are contemplating on something, you are meditating on something, but you are always concerned with something. And what dhyana is, is dropping all objects, dropping anything on which you can concentrate, contemplate, meditate; dropping everything, nothing is left -- only the one who was concentrating, only the one who was contemplating.

That pure awareness is dhyana.

In English there is no right word, so you have to understand that we are using 'meditation' for dhyana.

Dhyana means a state of being where there is no thought, no object, no dream, no desire, nothing -- just emptiness. In that emptiness you come to know your self. You discover the truth. You discover your subjectivity. It is perfect silence.

There are methods to put aside the mind, just as there are methods to discipline the mind. But in the West, and more so in America... because if the West is bad, America is worse. I have been looking at American books -- not now; for four years I have not touched a book. All the books that are best sellers in America are somehow concerned with how to increase your willpower, how to influence people and win friends, how to grow rich, mind over matter... but they are all talking about the discipline of the mind. Certainly if you discipline the mind you are a better competitor, you can fulfill your ambition more easily. You can manipulate people more easily, you can exploit people more easily, you can use others as a means to your end. Friedrich Nietzsche has written a book, Will to Power. That is the very essence of the whole Western effort: will-to-power.

Will-to-power needs first you should have willpower. And willpower is another name for your mind discipline, crystallized. No, these methods won't do. You have to learn methods to put the mind aside. It is already too powerful; don't make it more powerful, because you are feeding your own enemy. It is already crystallized. Your school, your college, your university, they are all doing that.

After remaining nine years a professor in university, I resigned. I said to the vice-chancellor, "I cannot do this work because this is destroying people."

He said, "What do you mean, that this means destroying people? Students love you. They won't allow you to leave. And I don't see on what grounds you are saying that you cannot continue to destroy people."

I said, "You will not understand, because although you are born in India, you don't know India. You have been educated in the West" -- he had remained his whole life in the West. "All these books, all these psychologies that I have to teach, I am teaching against myself. I know these are going to do harm to these people. Their minds are already in a bad shape, and now they will become stronger. Their chains will be far stronger, their slavery of the mind will be far stronger."

The pseudo-religions depend upon disciplining the mind. The real religion's first work is to put the mind aside. And it is, in a way, very simple. Those disciplines are very difficult. To train the mind for concentration is very difficult, because it goes on revolting, it goes on falling back into its old habits. You pull it again, and it escapes. You bring it again to the subject you were concentrating on and suddenly you find you are thinking of something else, you have forgotten what you are concentrating upon. It is not an easy job.

But to put it aside is a very simple thing -- not difficult at all. All that you have to do is to watch.

Whatsoever is going on in your mind, don't interfere, don't try to stop it. Do not do anything, because whatsoever you do will become a discipline.

So do not do anything at all. Just watch.

Watching is not a doing. Just as you watch the sunset or the clouds in the sky or the people passing on the street, watch

the traffic of thoughts and dreams, nightmares -- relevant, irrelevant, consistent, inconsistent, anything that is going on. And it is always rush hour. You simply watch; you stand by the side unconcerned.

The pseudo-religions don't allow you to remain unconcerned, because, they say, greed is bad. So if a thought of greed comes you jump to prevent it; otherwise you will become greedy. Anger is bad; if an angry thought passes by, you immediately jump -- you have to change it, you have to be kind and compassionate, and you have to love your enemy just like yourself. If something against your neighbor comes up... no, you have to love your neighbor just like yourself. So all the old religions have given you ideas of what is right and what is wrong -- and if the wrong thing is passing by, you certainly have to stop it. You have to interfere, you have to jump in and pull that thing out. You miss the point.

That's why I don't say to you what is right and what is wrong. All that I say is: to watch is right; not to watch is wrong.

I make it absolutely simplified: Be watchful.

It is none of your business -- if greed is passing by, let it pass; if anger is passing by, let it pass. Who are you to interfere? Why are you so much identified with your mind? Why do you start thinking, "I am greedy... I am angry"? There is only a thought of anger passing by. Let it pass; you just watch.

There is an ancient story.... A man who has gone out of his town comes back and finds that his house is on fire. It was one of the most beautiful houses in the town, and the man loved the house. Many people were ready to give double

price for the house, but he had never agreed for any price, and now it is just burning before his eyes. And thousands of people have gathered, but nothing can be done.
The fire has spread so far that even if you try to put it out, nothing will be saved. So he becomes very sad. His son comes running, and whispers something in his ear: "Don't be worried. I sold it yesterday, and at a very good price -- three times.... The offer was so good I could not wait for you. Forgive me."
But the father said, "Good, if you have sold it for three times more than the original price of the house." Then the father is also a watcher, with other watchers. Just a moment before he was not a watcher, he was identified. It is the same house, the same fire, everything is the same -- but now he is not concerned. He is enjoying it just as everybody else is enjoying.
Then the second son comes running, and he says to the father, "What are you doing? You are smiling -- and the house is on fire?"
The father said, "Don't you know, your brother has sold it." He said, "He had talked about selling it, but nothing has been settled yet, and the man is not going to purchase it now." Again, everything changes. Tears which had disappeared, have come back to the father's eyes, his smile is no more there, his heart is beating fast. But the watcher is gone. He is again identified.
And then the third son comes, and he says, "That man is a man of his word. I have just come from him. He said, 'It doesn't matter whether the house is burned or not, it is mine. And I am going to pay the price that I have settled for. Neither you knew, nor I knew that the house would

catch on fire.'" Again the father is a watcher. The identity is no more there. Actually nothing is changing; just the idea that "I am the owner, I am identified somehow with the house," makes the whole difference. The next moment he feels, "I am not identified. Somebody else has purchased it, I have nothing to do with it; let the house burn."

This simple methodology of watching the mind, that you have nothing to do with it.... Most of its thoughts are not yours but from your parents, your teachers, your friends, the books, the movies, the television, the newspapers. Just count how many thoughts are your own, and you will be surprised that not a single thought is your own. All are from other sources, all are borrowed -- either dumped by others on you, or foolishly dumped by yourself upon yourself, but nothing is yours.

The mind is there, functioning like a computer; literally it is a biocomputer. You will not get identified with a computer. If the computer gets hot, you won't get hot. If the computer gets angry and starts giving signals in four letter words, you will not be worried. You will see what is wrong, where something is wrong. But you remain detached.

Just a small knack... I cannot even call it a method because that makes it heavy; I call it a knack. Just by doing it, one day suddenly you are able to do it. Many times you will fail; it's nothing to be worried about... no loss, it is natural. But just doing it, one day it happens.

Once it has happened, once you have even for a single moment become the watcher, you know now how to become the watcher -- the watcher on the hills, far away. And the whole mind is there deep down in the dark valley, and you are not to do anything about it.

The most strange thing about the mind is, if you become a watcher it starts disappearing. Just like the light disperses darkness, watchfulness disperses the mind, its thoughts, its whole paraphernalia.
So meditation is simply watchfulness, awareness. And that reveals -- it is nothing to do with inventing. It invents nothing; it simply discovers that which is there.
And what is there? You enter and you find infinite emptiness, so tremendously beautiful, so silent, so full of light, so fragrant, that you have entered into the kingdom of God.
In my words, you have entered into godliness.
And once you have been in this space, you come out and you are a totally new person, a new man. Now you have your original face. All masks have disappeared. You will live in the same world, but not in the same way. You will be among the same people but not with the same attitude, and the same approach. You will live like a lotus in water: in the water, but absolutely untouched by water.
Religion is the discovery of this lotus flower within.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #20
Chapter title: You Cannot Manufacture Enlightenment
18 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE YOU THE WORLD TEACHER?

I am not even a primary school teacher, and you are asking about being a world teacher.

But this foolish idea of being a world teacher is very ancient in India. Shankara, Ramanuja, Vallabha, Nimbaraka, and hundreds of others down the ages have claimed that they are the world teachers. Strange: they have never gone out of their small states, not even all over India. They don't know anything about the world, but they are claiming they are world teachers.

The world knows nothing about them, the world has not accepted them; how can they be world teachers? But they had found a logical basis for it, and they had all agreed upon it. That was: whosoever won in debating theological, philosophical questions, interpreting the so-called holy scriptures, whoever won in these debating competitions, the defeated one had to accept him as his teacher. And then that winner would go around the country challenging every other person who was pretending to be a world teacher. If he was defeated, then of course he had to accept the other person as a world teacher. If he was the winner, the other would follow him as a disciple.

These people used just logical, linguistic discussions to decide who was the world teacher. Now, to win in a logical discussion is a childish game. You may not have experienced anything, yet you can be a good logician. You may not know anything at all about the truth, but you can argue well. That is a totally different quality.

In Greece these people were called sophists. By and by they became condemned; in the beginning they were respected just like the world teachers of India. The work of

the sophists was to argue and to teach how to argue. And argument is simply a game, just like chess. It has nothing to do with truth. Nobody has ever achieved truth through argumentation. Yes, you can defeat somebody. You can even defeat the person who may have experienced. If you are articulate enough and can bring in language and logic in your support, there is no difficulty. By the time Socrates arrived on the scene in Greece, the sophists were everywhere. It was Socrates who condemned sophistry. He said, I can argue from any side. You tell me to be for God or to be against God: I can argue from any side, and I am going to win." And he demonstrated it. He would argue from both sides and he would win from both sides. And he said, "What is the meaning of all this argumentation?"

I know it because it happened to me. While I was a student in the university I loved only one game, and that was argument. I hated every other game because all other games looked very childish. If you know argumentation, then there is no game compared to it. And I was going from one university to another university for debating, for eloquence competitions.

In Nagpur University it happened.... Two people always used to go, one person with me: one for and one against the subject. One, the person who had gone to speak against the subject, suddenly became sick. It was time to go to the university auditorium, and he had diarrhea. He said, "It is impossible; I cannot make it, I cannot go. I cannot remain even five minutes in the room and I have to run to the bathroom -- how am I going to wait there for three or four hours continuously? And one never knows when our number is to come... impossible."

So I said, "Don't be worried. I will take care of it."
He said, "How are you going to take care of it?"
I said, "You will see."
I was for the subject. This was my approach always, that whoever was going with me.... It was a competition first in the affiliated colleges -- you have to win in all the affiliated colleges -- then the university competition, your own university competition, you have to win that. Then two people would be chosen. Then they hade to decide which one was going to be for, and the other would be against. It was always troublesome because people wanted the stronger side.
With me it was never a problem. I always told them, "You choose the side you want to be on, and the remaining one is mine."
"But," they said, "that never happens. People fight and then we have to draw chits for and against, or we have to go to the vice-chancellor to decide. With you it is so simple, you allow us the choice. What is the secret?"
I said, "There is no secret. If you know how to argue, it does not matter for what you are arguing. If you don't know how to argue, then too it does not matter."
I was speaking for. I spoke for, then it was the number of my opposite colleague; his name was Karl. I stood up and went to the opposite side. The vice-chancellor of Nagpur University was presiding. He said, "What! You have just spoken for, and now you are standing against?"
I said, "What can I do? The man who was to speak against is suffering from diarrhea. It is not my fault, and for me there is no problem."
"But," he said, "just now you have spoken for."

I said, "Yes, I have spoken for. Now listen to me speaking against too. Just forget that I am the same person. Why bother about the person? -- you have to listen to the argument. Who is arguing should not be your concern, your concern should be for the argument."
He said, "Okay."
I argued against. I won both the prizes. Against, I won the first prize; for, I won the second prize. And I told the vice-chancellor, "Look, what do you say now? Of course when I was arguing for somebody else then I did my best. When I was arguing for myself, I knew perfectly well that I was going to be first, so who bothers? But I am neither for nor against; I am absolutely neutral. It is just a game, and you are taking it so seriously."
That's what Socrates did in Greece. And sophistry, because of Socrates... a single man's understanding, experience, awareness condemned the whole development -- and it was almost a one thousand year-old development -- of sophistry. And they were very respected people: kings would send their princes to learn sophistry. The function of the master was to teach how you can argue from any side and yet win. He was not concerned about truth, the concern was winning, conquering. Socrates condemned sophistry; he said that your approach should not be for conquering, for winning. Your approach should be to know the truth. You are using even the name of truth to fulfill your ego desire.
But in India, the same sophistry continues even today. Of course it is not called sophistry. The word was beautiful; it comes from sophia -- sophia means wisdom. It was not wisdom. What was happening in the name of wisdom was

just stupidity -- good to play a game, but not to find out and seek the truth.

The sophist was respected before Socrates, but after Socrates the very word became so condemned. And Socrates proved it so basically and finally, that after him, in the West, that game completely stopped. Philosophers continued to argue, but argument was not to win but to discover, and this is a totally different attitude.

But in India it has continued even today. Still there are jagatgurus -- jagatguru means world teacher; the world teacher is simply a translation of jagatguru. And you will be surprised that there are many world teachers in India. Every shankaracharya is a world teacher because the original Shankaracharya was really a sophist. He went around the country one thousand years ago and defeated all the known, respected philosophers, scholars -- anybody who had any claim to know he defeated -- from one corner to another corner. His disciples wrote the book Shankara Digvijaya, Shankara's World Conquest. But that was their world. He conquered Buddhists, Jainas, atheists, and different interpreters of the Vedas, and he became the most famous world teacher. And the world knows nothing about him.

But just like a frog in a small well thinks that that is the whole world, for Shankara India was the whole world. Outside India the people were not really human beings. The condemnation in Shankara's mind was the same as that which India has carried for ten thousand years: whoever lives outside India is subhuman; India is the chosen race, the Aryans.

Adolf Hitler got the idea of Aryans from India. He got the symbol -- the swastika on his flag -- from India. It is an Indian symbol, one of the most ancient symbols of India, and the word aryan is Indian. And certainly, basically all the Europeans have come from the same race as the Indians. It is proved by their languages, because all these languages -- German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish -- all have their roots in Sanskrit. From thirty percent to seventy percent of their words are derived from Sanskrit roots. That simply means that originally all these people have come from the same stock.

So Germans ARE Aryans -- but the idea that Aryans are the chosen ones also comes from India. That's why there was a great sympathy in India for Adolf Hitler -- for two reasons: India was against the British because they had been enslaving it for three centuries, exploiting it; and now Adolf Hitler was promising that India was the homeland of the Aryans. So one of the greatest Indian leaders, Subash Chandra, escaped from India and reached Germany; and Adolf Hitler had never received and welcomed anybody else like Subash. And he was nobody; he had escaped from a British jail.

What Adolf Hitler had said, receiving Subash Chandra, is worth remembering. He said, "I am the leader of a small group of Aryans. This man, Subash Chandra, comes from the original Aryan home. I represent only a small fragment; he represents the whole Aryan race. Give him the respect that he deserves." It was Adolf Hitler who sent Subash to Japan to persuade them to attack from the other side.

The idea that you are special needs some way to be proved, and argumentation is a very sophisticated way to prove it.

The sword is not a very sophisticated way to prove that you are right, but argument is. It looks very cultured, but deep down the game is the same -- just the same ego, the same trip. It is unfortunate that in India there was no Socrates.
I have been meeting these world teachers, and they have become so settled with the idea of their being world teachers -- now it is inherited. When one shankaracharya dies he writes a will for somebody else to succeed him. That one becomes a world teacher... not even defeating a single person in debate. And I have been discussing with many of these world teachers. They have forgotten completely what argument is.
I am reminded: with one jagatguru, with one world teacher, I came in conflict -- that was my first conflict with a shankaracharya -- in a world religious conference. He was telling a simple story, a very simple story which I had used many times before. And I have nothing against the story; the story is beautiful and significant to explain a certain truth. But it is not a question of truth; it was the way he was speaking -- that he was the world teacher....
He told the story... the story you may have heard: ten blind men crossed a river holding each other's hands. When they reached the other side of the river one of them said, "It is better to count. We are blind. Somebody may have been left in the river -- the current was strong. Somebody may have gone with the river, so let us count."
So they started counting. One tried; there were nine, because he started counting from the person by his side, excluding himself. Of course he came to the number nine. The second one tried... again nine. Then they became very

afraid; one man was lost! The third tried, again there were nine. It was settled: one is lost.

One man sitting by the side was watching the whole thing. He laughed at the foolishness of these blind people. He came close to them and said, "What is the problem? Why are you crying and weeping?"

They said, "We have lost one of our friends. We were ten, now we are only nine. One person has been taken away by the river."

The man must have been a very nonserious, joyful man. He said, "You just do one thing. Stand in a line and count the way I tell you. I will hit on one person's head and he has to say 'one'; then I will hit twice on the second person's head, he has to say 'two'; then I will hit thrice on the third person's head, he has to say 'three'...."

They said, "This is perfectly right." And of course there were ten. They all fell at his feet and said, "You saved us."

This is an ancient story, in perhaps one of the most ancient collections of stories, Panch Tantra. You know in the West Aesop's Fables; they are derived from Panch Tantra. All the stories of Aesop are very ancient -- in fact, there has never been such a person as Aesop. Panch Tantra is at least five thousand years old. It has all the fables that Aesop has, and many many more.

Buddha loved to explain matters through fables, so he used those from Panch Tantra. In the West, by and by, as people came to hear about Buddha, first Buddha's name became Bodhisat. And from Bodhisat, where it became Aesop is still not known. But it is Buddha's name that turned into Aesop's fables. All those fables are there.

This one is not in Aesop's fables; this is one of the most significant. For five thousand years the wise men have been telling it: "Remember that you have to start counting from yourself, that you are the first and foremost responsibility. Remember that the other is number two. The other can never become number one, there is no way. And the other is available to your eyes, to your senses. The other is an object there -- outside, visible, tangible -- and you are inside where your senses don't reach. So there is every possibility of forgetting yourself, not counting yourself."

I had used the story myself many times. But that day it was a question of argument and the haughty way the shankaracharya was telling it; I had to stand up, and I said, "The whole story is absurd." There were at least fifty thousand people: they were in shock. I was absolutely unknown in Punjab at that time; that was my first entry into Punjab. And Punjabis and Sikhs... dangerous people, and to challenge their jagatguru....

There was pin-drop silence. The jagatguru asked -- he must have thought nobody could prove this story absurd; in five thousand years not a single person had questioned it -- he said, "You come to the microphone and prove that the story is absurd."

I said, "It is so simple it needs no proof. How did these people know that they were ten? They must have counted themselves before they entered the river. And if they could count rightly before they entered the river, it is strange that after getting out of the river they forgot how to count! You tell me how they came to know that they were ten."

Now he was in shock. How did they come to know? If somebody else had counted, then too they would have

known how the counting was done. Later they knew -- they got hit on the head by a man -- then they knew what was missing: they were not counting themselves. If somebody else had counted, then too they would have known. If they themselves knew how to count, what happened in that small river -- their arithmetic went with the current? I said, "You have to answer that first, otherwise the story is absolutely absurd."

He could not answer. He started trembling. He was an old man -- he died after three months. He became so angry that I said to the people, "Look, he is so angry. So all this wisdom and that peace and that silence -- where has it gone? With the arithmetic of those ten blind people? He is the eleventh blind person!"

He became so violent that he thought that if he remained there on the stage he might say something, or do something or attack me, so he simply jumped off the stage and left. And I said, "Look! He is escaping. This is your jagatguru, the world teacher. He cannot explain a simple story, which he had raised -- what to say about other things!" But this is the way sophistry functions. It can prove anything right, it can prove anything wrong.

In Jabalpur, where I was for at least twenty years, there was a shankaracharya, a jagatguru, a world teacher, and he lived just very close to me. So once in a while I used to harass him. Whenever I saw that there were people there, I would go there. And the moment I arrived he would say, "Today's meeting is dismissed."

I would say, "Whether you dismiss the meeting or not, you cannot dismiss me. I am going to remain and have a few arguments with you." I told him, "Nobody knows you in

the world -- and still you call yourself a world teacher? Do you have any grounds for it?"
He said, "I don't have any grounds for it, but don't raise such questions before the public. They don't understand."
I said, "Yes, they don't understand because of people like you who are preventing the raising of valid questions. This is a valid question. You know that the world knows nothing about you, the world has not accepted you as its teacher." I told him, "If you start following my advice, then I can give you valid grounds."
He said, "What are the valid grounds? I am ready to follow your advice."
I said, "You just do one thing. You have one disciple who continually serves you" -- he was almost like a servant -- "you change his name."
He said, "But how is that going to help?"
I said, "Just listen. Call him Jagat, the world. Jagat is a common name in India, so you call him Jagat and of course you are his guru; by calling him Jagat, you logically become Jagatguru."
He said, "This is right. Then nobody can ask me why I call myself Jagatguru."
These fools... but in the beginning of this century the idea was brought to the West by one of the most bogus religious movements that has ever happened in the world. It was theosophy. Theosophy was a world movement, and theosophy translated the word jagatguru as world teacher. And just as the Jews are waiting for the messiah, Buddhists are waiting for Buddha's coming. His name is going to be Maitreya, the friend. And this is the time predicted by

Buddha "... when I will be coming back." So the theosophical movement took the opportunity....
It is a hodgepodge of all the religions: Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Jainism, Hinduism. From everywhere whatsoever good, whatsoever appealing has been found, they have collected. But sometimes you can do such an idiotic thing. A nose is beautiful, so you cut it off. Somebody else's eyes are beautiful; you take them out. Somebody's hands are beautiful; you cut his hands off. And you go on collecting all these features from different people and then put them together. Do you think you will have the world's most beautiful person? You will simply have a corpse, not even alive. And a nose that may have looked beautiful on a certain face, may not look at all beautiful in this new combination. The eyes which were beautiful with one kind of hair, with one color of hair, may not look beautiful with this man at all. This hodgepodge of a man is dead and all the parts are disconnected; there is no thread running between them.
That's what theosophy is. It has taken everything beautiful from every place possible. They did a great job. And when they came across the idea that this is the time that Buddha is to come, they started -- because only then would their religion be well established. Otherwise it was only a scholarly job: a few scholars working from Jaina sources, other scholars working from Buddhist sources, other scholars from Hindu sources. And it is a big job even to work from one source. There are so many Buddhist books, so many Jaina books. They are not as poor as the Christians -- one Bible. They are not as poor as the Mohammedans -- one Koran. They have thousands of books, and

commentaries on those books, and then commentaries on commentaries and commentaries on commentaries. For centuries... one book may have created a series of a thousand commentaries, one commentary upon another commentary. To find out the best parts is not easy, but theosophists worked tremendously.

They have one of the most precious libraries -- in Adyar, in Madras, India -- where they have collected all possible sources of religion. Even religions which have disappeared and of which there are no followers, they have searched through and worked on. If they have not been able to find authentic sources, then they have drawn from other contemporary religions, because they were constantly arguing. One religion may have disappeared, but its arguments are compiled in some other religion, a contemporary religion, which is alive. From these sources, secondary sources, they started collecting, and they created great literature. They created a tremendous following around the world... because people were fed up with all kinds of old religions. It was very appealing that they have taken the most essential core of every religion and had created theosophy: theo means God, sophy means wisdom -- wisdom about God.

But unless they had a founder like Gautam Buddha, Jesus Christ, Krishna, Mahavira, Mohammed -- a man of authority who can say on his own experience that this is so... and they had only scholars. Those scholars could say, "This is written in this book, upon that page." But they themselves had no experience, so the religion had no foundation. So then they started looking for somebody who could be declared jagatguru, a world teacher. That's how

the expression world teacher came into English, a translation of jagatguru.

They prepared small boys. They searched for some genius, and wherever they found a small boy who seemed to be immensely talented, intellectual, and had the potentiality, if he could be trained and conditioned to become.... This was a strange experiment, never done before. Buddhas are born, not made. This was for the first time that people were trying to make a buddha. But our century is accustomed to readymade things. So they tried to tailor a buddha. Of course they were not perfectly certain whether this man would turn out or not, so they tried on at least five people I know of. Perhaps they tried on more....

One of them was J. Krishnamurti. The second was Nityananda, J. Krishnamurti's elder brother. The third was an Anglo-lndian, the fourth was a Ceylonese, the fifth was also an Indian, and the sixth was a German! And they tried to train them -- rigorous training and discipline. Nityananda died because of too much training. He was a fragile person, not very strong, and they were training him according to all the laws of all the religions. Anybody would go mad. He preferred to be dead. So when he was twenty-two, he died. He died simply because of discipline -- because you had to sleep three hours only, you had to take three baths every day, you had to eat certain food, not just anything; you were not allowed to mix with women or touch any woman or even talk to them -- all kinds of disciplines.

One religion is enough to kill you -- and they had all the religions after you! And these boys were small: Krishnamurti was nine years old when they caught hold of him, Nityananda was eleven years old. At that time both

used to take a bath in the Adyar River near the headquarters of the theosophy movement. Nearby their father lived, who was a very poor man. Their mother had died, and the father was in great difficulty because he had to function as a clerk the whole day, and then to take care of these two children, prepare food for them, and send them to school. He was just looking for some opportunity to get some help for these children.

And it came as if from God. Leadbeater, who was one of the leaders of the theosophists, and was thought to be a man capable of knowing the future.... And it is not right, because he proved absolutely wrong. The five people he chose all failed in one way or other. He watched these two boys every day, and he felt that these two boys could be potential victims. He suggested them to Annie Besant, who was the president of this world movement.

It was just like John the Baptist used to say: "I have come just to prepare the ground for the messiah to appear. My work is not to give you the message. My work is to prepare the ground, so when the messiah comes you can recognize him and you can understand him, and you can follow him." And when Jesus came, John the Baptist initiated him and told his people, "Now the messiah has come. My work is finished, now he takes over this work and I go into isolation." Of course he could not go into isolation -- he was caught by the Romans and beheaded; jailed and beheaded, because he was a very fiery man, his words were always full of fire. He was in the real sense a prophet, plus a revolutionary.

The theosophists said, "Our function is to prepare the ground. Soon, the messiah, Maitreya, the friend of all, the

reincarnation of Gautam Buddha, the world teacher, will appear and transform the whole world." Just the same idea: salvation, redemption, transformation, and for the whole world; just his coming is needed. And he is already on the way.

They did not declare him because they were themselves not certain who it is going to be out of these six people. One died. If they had declared him, and he was far more intelligent than J. Krishnamurti.... If they had to choose between the two they would have chosen Nityananda, but he died in time, before they could force him to become the world teacher. The other, Raj Gopal, another Indian, proved to be mediocre. They could see that he could not be declared a world teacher. At the most he could be a helper to the world teacher, but not the world teacher himself.

The German fellow, seeing that they are leaning more and more towards Krishnamurti... Krishnamurti, of course, after Nityananda was the most potential person. The German fellow, seeing that they were going to choose Krishnamurti, immediately split from the group and declared a new movement in Germany -- anthroposophy. Theosophy means... theo means God, sophy means wisdom. Anthroposophy means... ANTHROPO means man, sophy means wisdom. He said, "God, and all talk about God, is absurd, meaningless. We have to think about men, and we have to explore the wisdom hidden in man." So the German theosophical movement turned into anthroposophy.

Leadbeater, who was thought to be a knower of the future, firstly did not know, "Nityananda is going to die, don't waste time!" -- they wasted twenty years on him; that this German fellow was going to create a split in the movement:

"Don't waste time"; that Raj Gopal was going to prove to be mediocre.... The Ceylonese was taken back by his parents.

Even Krishnamurti's father tried to take Krishnamurti back, and there was a case in the Madras high court, because when he heard about what was going on there -- one boy had been killed.... He had given the boys thinking that they would be well educated, would become something; he could not make anything out of them. One boy was killed now; the other was there and they would kill him too. These people were strange, and what went on in their inner circle, which was not known to anybody outside...? Krishnamurti was not even allowed to meet his father, because a world teacher should be above all attachments; he has no father, no mother. That's how Jesus behaves with his mother. His mother comes to see him, hearing that he is speaking in the town, and there is a crowd. Somebody in the crowd says, "Jesus, your mother is standing outside, and she wants to see you." And how ugly it looks that Jesus says, "Tell that woman that I have no mother. I have only my father who is above, in heaven."

They were teaching the same to Krishnamurti. Finally the father had no other resort except to go to the court and ask that "my son should be returned." But it was British rule in India -- who listens to a poor Indian? And Annie Besant was a very powerful woman -- powerful in England, powerful in India, powerful around the world. George Bernard Shaw wanted to marry her. She refused; he was below her. She was the president of the Indian National Congress. Even though she was English and the Indian National Congress was fighting against the British, she was

respected so much in India that she was chosen the president of the Indian National Congress. And she was the president of the theosophical world movement.

So naturally it was very difficult. The case went on and on, from one court to another court, from the high court to the supreme court. From the supreme court she took the case away to the privy council, which was in London. That was very cunning. That was the last resort, above the supreme court of India.

The privy council was in England; she took the case there, and because the case was now to be fought in England, she took Krishnamurti away to England. Once he was outside India then no Indian law was applicable. He still carries a British passport, the same that was given to him by Annie Besant. He is a British citizen because Annie Besant made him a British citizen, so that nothing from India can bother him in any way.

Krishnamurti was going to be declared the world teacher. Great preparations were made. In 1925, in Holland, a world conference was called of all the theosophists. Six thousand representatives from every country of the world gathered there for this great event. Krishnamurti was going to declare himself the world teacher, and immediately there was going to be a tremendous transformation in the world. But Krishnamurti was also tired of these theosophists. They had been as nasty to him as anyone can be. And it was not his desire -- it was imposed upon him forcibly. Books were written in his name by others and he had to sign them; he was going to be the world teacher, so he had to show some wisdom before he declared it. So there is a book, At the Feet of the Master; Krishnamurti does not remember at all

that he ever wrote that book -- and that is one of the best books theosophy has produced. It is rare, a masterpiece; it must have been the work of Leadbeater, because he was a master writer, a master orator; or perhaps many people may have joined together.

The book is of immense value in itself; who wrote it does not matter. But Krishnamurti does not even remember. He says that three hours of sleep and the whole day he was feeling sleepy... and they were chanting mantras and they were reading Tibetan scriptures and Chinese scriptures, and telling him the meaning, and he was not there at all -- he was almost in the state of a zombie. And they were taking signatures from him for all kinds of things.

He took good revenge. At the first day of the meeting he stood up and declared, "I am not the world teacher at all, and I dissolve the organization that has been created for me." A special organization, Star of the East -- a wing of the theosophical movement -- was created especially for the world teacher. It was to have offices all over the world, secretaries, funds, lands -- everything that Krishnamurti as a world teacher needs. He was donated castles, palaces -- and this whole wing of thousands of people he dissolved. He returned all the castles and all the palaces to their owners and he said, "I am finished with it." Leadbeater had failed again.

And why did Krishnamurti become so adamant against the idea of world teacher? These theosophists made him. It was a constant torture. This was for the first time he was free to speak before the world audience; now they could not do anything else. Annie Besant started crying and weeping. But what can you do? And he was saying, "Yes, yes" up to

the last moment, and at the last moment he just turned around one hundred and eighty degrees and said, "I am nobody's teacher."

The theosophists must really have tortured him -- for his own sake. He still carries the scars, they are not healed. Krishnamurti is not healed yet. He is still angry at all those people who died long ago; not one of them is alive. But he carries those years with them. From the ninth year to his twenty-fifth year were too much because they were trying to compress the whole wisdom of the world in him. Wisdom does not happen that way. They were filling him, forcing him, striving so that he memorized everything; and he was doing whatsoever they were saying because he was at their mercy. All that together became a revolt -- and the scars have gone so deep and the wounds are so deep.

I feel sorry for him. What those theosophists did is not of much importance now. They are all dead, have been dead for at least forty years, all of them. The theosophical movement has dispersed, it has no grounds. I feel sorry for Krishnamurti. If he cannot get rid of that anger, that rage, his unfoldment will not be complete. He has to get out of this trap. It is only a memory, but he is so trapped in the memory; otherwise he is an immensely intelligent man. But the memory surrounds him from everywhere; anything resembling... and he immediately loses his temper.

It has been happening... my sannyasins go to listen to him. If they ask me, I say, "Certainly you can go. You can go anywhere. If you don't ask me which movie you are going to see, why should you be bothered about whom you are going to listen to? Go, and particularly to Krishnamurti you go, and sit in front." They don't know why I say, "Sit in

front." When for the first time it happened in Bombay that a few of my sannyasins asked, I said, "You go and sit in the front." They said, "But why?" I said, "That I will tell you later on."

They went and they sat there, the whole line in the front row, and the moment Krishnamurti saw the red and orange, the color of sannyasins, he was so angry, and started on against sannyas and against the master and the disciple. The sannyasins were shocked: what has happened? He was going to speak on some other subject; he forgot everything and he spoke on this subject. And since then it has been happening almost everywhere, because now my sannyasins are everywhere. Wherever he goes he finds my sannyasins and he behaves just like a bull: you show the red flag and immediately, seeing the red sannyasins, he is like a bull in a china shop. Then he loses all control. Then he forgets against whom he is speaking. These people have not done anything to him, I have not done anything to him.

But the people he thought were his masters, the people to whom he was taught to surrender and be a disciple, the people to whom he was forced in every possible way to be committed -- their ghosts are following him. Unless he gets rid of those ghosts he will not be able to blossom fully. Then something inside remains tethered to the dead, to the past. And a man tethered to the past, to the dead, cannot be fully alive. He is carrying so much dead weight that he cannot see the present, he cannot see anything else.

I am not a world teacher. I am not a teacher at all, because I don't teach you anything.

Teaching means conditioning you. Teaching means giving you a certain doctrine. Teaching means words, ideologies,

philosophies. I am not giving you anything. Whatever I am doing is trying to destroy everything that you may have gathered from somewhere. You may have gathered from me, because you are such a gatherer. Things just simply go on clinging to you like iron filings to a magnet; they come from all directions. I want to destroy this state of continually gathering crap. But it is so difficult.

The day I declared the Sambodhi Sansad, The Senate of the Enlightened Ones, I declared a few names just as a joke too. But people are so foolish. I declared that Somendra is enlightened, although he is no longer a sannyasin. And do you know what happened? Actually what I was thinking -- exactly predictable. He immediately wrote a letter. Suddenly I became "Beloved Master." "It has happened" -- in the letter that was the only content, again and again: "It has happened."

Now, enlightenment does not happen that way. It is not EST. There it happens, and very easily: two hundred and fifty dollars and two weekends, and it happens. That's how it happened to Werner Erhard. He must have seen the Indian gurus doing great business in California. It happened to him too. Looking at his name you will think he is a German: Werner Erhard. He is not, he is a Jew. He changed his name -- good strategy, only a Jew can do it. Now, being a Jew, who was going to listen to him? And who has ever heard of a Jew becoming enlightened? He changed his name. He dropped his family, his wife, father, mother -- escaped from there. And of course California is the right place for 'It' to happen. And since then, to everybody and anybody it is happening. When you pay two hundred and fifty dollars you cannot say it has not happened. That looks

stupid -- then why did you pay two hundred and fifty dollars?

Somendra did the same. Immediately the letter: "It has happened, it has happened." And what I was expecting... he wrote a letter to Teertha too, asking, "Has it happened to you or not?" -- because he was continually in competition with Teertha, that was his trouble. He has not dropped out of sannyas for any other reason, it was the competitiveness with Teertha. He wanted somehow to be above Teertha. And he tried in every possible way. But when he could not manage.... So the second letter comes to Teertha on the same date: "Has it happened to you or not yet?" And I have not included Teertha in the Sambodhi Senate knowingly. These two letters I was waiting for. You don't need a certificate for enlightenment -- who has heard of it? Never in history has it happened this way, that you receive a certificate that you are enlightened. And fools believe immediately. Fools are, after all, fools.

And remember, it is not only about Somendra, it is about you all, about everybody. Remember, the ego plays very subtle games. The games are so subtle and the work is sometimes very delicate. It is almost like brain surgery -- perhaps finer than that. In brain surgery, if your hand trembles a little it may cut thousands of tissues inside the brain. Your hand has to remain absolutely untrembling, and you have to be perfectly certain where your instrument is going, because in this small skull you have seven million cells. All those cells are contributing to your life, and everything is controlled from these seven million cells -- your sex, your love, your poetry, your mathematics, your

pain, your pleasure. Everything is being controlled from those cells in the head.

Whatever you feel on your hand is not really felt there; it is felt in the head and projected there. There are brain surgeons who say that it is within our control now to put electrodes in your head. This is one of the mysterious phenomena about the brain, that it is absolutely insensitive. Once your skull is opened you can put any instrument inside and you will not feel it, because the inner structure of the brain has no sensitivity. If something is left there, you will never feel it.

In the second world war -- it happened after the war, three years after -- a man's head was opened for some other reasons. He had some growth which was creating trouble, headaches, and his eyesight was being affected. So for the growth, to see whether it was canceric or not, his head was opened. They were puzzled. It was a bullet, and around the bullet the growth had happened, just to cover it -- but the man for three years was unaware that he was carrying a bullet in his head. The bullet must have gone there, and in a military hospital he must have been treated as if there was just a wound. The wound was treated and the bullet remained inside.

Now brain surgeons say you can put an electrode... there are seven hundred very significant points in your skull, in the brain. Those seven hundred points control your whole life. These are exactly the seven hundred acupuncture centers for the body. So what acupuncture does, has been doing in China for centuries, is trying -- through the body -- to manipulate the brain center.

Each brain center is connected to a certain center in the body. So, for example, when you are having a sexual orgasm, do you think it is happening in your genitals? You are wrong, it is happening in your head. Now it is possible to put an electrode at the sex center in your brain and give you a remote control which you can carry in your pocket. Any time you push it you will have immediately a sexual orgasm -- far stronger.... It depends on you how much you push; you can have it as much as you want.

You will be surprised that when this experiment was done by Delgado on a white mouse.... Strange why they do it on a white mouse; perhaps they think black mice are not so intelligent or something. An electrode is fixed on a white mouse at his sex center in the brain, and he is shown the button in front of him. He just has to put his feet on the pedal and he will have a sexual orgasm.

Can you believe, in one hour he tried it seven hundred times! -- and died! Yes! What else can you expect? It was such a great joy, he forgot about eating. Food was placed around him, water... he wouldn't look at them. Beautiful white females... no interest at all, because what this button was giving had never happened before. And it was in his control -- he could go on pressing it deeper, deeper, deeper, and it could go on endlessly.

All these religions up to now have been simply working on these brain centers unknowingly, putting ideas at certain centers in your mind through exercises, disciplines, fasting. Yoga is nothing but changing your body chemistry and making it possible that you start controlling your mind centers. That's why a yogi can remain without food as long as he wants. It is that he is not hungry. He simply goes on

pressing, through a certain discipline that he has learned -- you may not be aware of it, the discipline is such. He knows the posture in which to sit, and then in that posture hunger cannot happen. In that posture a particular brain center is pressed and you feel as if you have just eaten.

He can remain without water for days. He can remain without breathing. He can drink any kind of poison that can kill a person immediately it touches their tongue; he can drink as much poison as you want. And yogis have been photographed, X-rayed; the poison simply does not touch them at all, it simply goes through their system without affecting the system at all. Because they know what to do with the system, they have prepared the body in such a way -- arduous, difficult, yearlong processes, but they have done it, they have tried it.

Mohammedan fakirs cut their tongue underneath, where it is joined to the bottom of the mouth. Slowly slowly they go on cutting it. A time comes when the tongue is no more joined there. When it is no longer joined, then it can be turned up to close the nose from behind. Then you cannot breathe; the mouth is closed, the nose is closed. But in that particular position the tongue presses a certain center in your brain which makes it possible that you can exist, remain alive, without breathing.

All the religions have been doing things with you which you may not be aware of. In fact, even the so-called teachers may not be aware what they are doing, but the effects are there. But this has nothing to do with realization, enlightenment, awareness. It has nothing to do with knowing the truth of your being, and the being of the whole universe.

So remember, when I am saying anything... for example, I used the name of Somendra, but don't simply laugh at Somendra. It has nothing to do with Somendra -- you have to watch yourself. Santosh is here.... Do you know what he wrote? Exactly predictable... I knew that he was going to write this. He wrote, "Osho, I am not much impressed by the declaration that I am enlightened, but I am very much impressed that I have been included in the council of the enlightened ones."

Now, can you see the contradiction? First: "I am not impressed by being declared enlightened." Then why are you bothering to write to me at all? -- because nobody else has written! You want to show me that you are not impressed, you are far above that. Enlightenment is far below you; you are not impressed by it. But you are impressed -- otherwise there is no necessity for writing this letter. Why waste paper? Why waste this letter?

If you are not impressed, good. I have not declared you enlightened to be impressed. And in the same sentence he says, "But I am impressed that I am included in the council of the enlightened ones." Why are you impressed that you are included in the council of the enlightened ones? If you are not impressed by enlightenment, then what does this council mean to you? It does not mean anything. If enlightenment does not mean anything, then why does being included in the council mean so much to you?

You cannot hide anything from me. You are impressed by enlightenment. If your name was not declared you would have been in the same position as Somendra. He always wanted to be the chief disciple, so desperately. And my trouble is there are no chief disciples here. There is no

teacher, no taught, so what is the point of being chief? Who is chief disciple? Nobody is a chief disciple.
And why should you be impressed by inclusion in the committee? The same ego comes in from the back door. You were pushing it out from the front door, that "I am not impressed," that that will be egoistic to be impressed -- you were pushing it out from the front door and it said, "Okay, I am coming in from the back door." And it has come in immediately in the same sentence.
My effort here is such that it can only be called an absolutely thankless job. I have to hit you, I have to hurt you, I have to remove so much cancer in your consciousness. And you go on watering it. I am trying to remove it some way, and you are trying somehow to grow it. Even in the name of egolessness the ego comes in.
Now Somendra is spreading all over Europe the news that he is declared enlightened. Just now he has gathered one hundred and fifty people in Holland -- and many sannyasins are in it, most of them sannyasins. He has become enlightened. Have you ever heard that people become enlightened by certificates? Have I got any certificate from anybody? It is not a question of certificates, it is not a question of declaration. It is a question of your realization -- and the moment you receive my letter it happens. And now when he hears what I am saying today, then it will disappear.
The third letter I received was from Gunakar in Germany, who has become many times enlightened, many times unenlightened. Each time he goes to Germany he becomes enlightened. Then he used to come back, and when he came to me I would explain to him, and he would say, "Yes, it is

foolish, but what to do? The urge..." and he would become unenlightened again. Since I have come to America he has not turned up. Perhaps out of the fear... because whenever he comes to me he becomes unenlightened. When he goes to Germany... Germany is far better. He has a beautiful castle and a few sannyasins taking care of him, and he becomes enlightened and they all recognize his enlightenment.

I have received his letter. He is so angry because he was in a great competition: the same competition as Somendra was in with Teertha, Gunakar was in with Somendra. Both were candidates for enlightenment. Now that Somendra has received it, Gunakar is very angry; he wrote a very angry letter saying, "I want to drop sannyas and I want to forget all this. How come Somendra has become enlightened?" Now what trouble is it to you if Somendra becomes enlightened? Let him become! But before Gunakar? -- it is not possible. And he has been declaring himself enlightened many times, but he needs a certificate; that's what the letter is for: "A certificate is needed urgently." Otherwise, how is he going to fight with Somendra? They have been exchanging letters and writing strange things to each other, showing that this is how enlightenment is -- absurd things, meaningless things; both were doing the same job.

I told both of them, "Don't waste time. This is not a way to prove your enlightenment, and even if you convince Somendra that you are enlightened, will you be enlightened? Or if Somendra convinces you that he is enlightened, will that be his enlightenment? Then it is very

simple, a mutual understanding: you both recognize each other's enlightenment and be finished with it. It is only a problem between you two."
No, it is difficult for you to understand me, my ways, my devices. It is difficult for you to see what I am doing, why I am doing it.
Whatsoever is happening around here is only for one thing -- that you become unburdened of all that burdens you... so light, as if you have grown wings, and you can fly.
The only right comment came from Maitreya. He said to Sheela, "Osho is naughty." That's true.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #21
Chapter title: Enlightenment -- The Only Way Home
19 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT? HAVE THE EXPERIENCE AND THE IDEA OF ENLIGHTENMENT EVOLVED WITH TIME?

Enlightenment is not something special, it is one of the most simple, natural phenomena. Just because it is so simple and natural it has become extraordinarily difficult for man to understand.
Man's mind is attracted towards the difficult. There is challenge, something to prove, something to feel one's

mettle. Man is interested in going to the moon. It is absolutely pointless. There is nothing there at all; it is a dead planet. But man is ready to risk his life to go to a dead planet where he is not going to meet anybody, even to say hello.

Man is interested in reaching Everest. The peak, the highest peak in the world is so narrow that you can barely stand on top of it. You cannot do anything else there, and there is nothing else to do... eternal snow. But for a hundred years, hundreds of adventurers have been going to climb Everest. The majority of them have died on the way, but still it has not prevented new adventurers, new climbers.

One has to understand this point very clearly: the difficult is attractive because it is ego-fulfilling. The impossible is very magnetic; it pulls you to risk everything, to risk even life, because if you can manage that which has been thought up to now impossible, you have fulfilled your ego the way nobody has yet been able to fulfill it. You are the first man, like Edmund Hillary on Everest -- the first man in history -- but what is the point? What have you gained? What has humanity gained? No, nobody even asks the question. Everybody knows, deep down, the answer; that's why nobody asks the question.

The more difficult, the more impossible, the more attractive: its impossibility has a fascination. The ego is not interested in the simple, in the ordinary, in the day to day; everybody is doing it. Because of this stupid ego, religions turned enlightenment also into something very difficult, perhaps the most difficult thing in existence. It has to be so. It is the realization of God, it is the realization of eternity. It

is going beyond death; it is moving into the very mystery of existence.

All the religions of the world have been exploiting your ego. And the ego is very vulnerable to being exploited; it is just ready to be exploited: show it a goal, give it a way, make it difficult, almost impossible. I say almost impossible; I'm not saying absolutely impossible, because if you make it absolutely impossible then the ego loses hope. You have to keep the candle of hope burning. It is difficult but possible -- almost impossible, but yet possible. But it is possible only for rare, superhuman beings.

All the religions learned the simple strategy, in what man becomes interested, and why. And they want you to remain interested your whole life. It is not something that you achieve today and you are finished tomorrow. Religion does not deal in the commodities which you can get and be finished with. It deals with commodities which you can never get, but only hope for. And you go on hoping till death comes and destroys you.

Enlightenment itself is absolutely simple, but to say so is to destroy all priesthood. To say it is ordinary is to take away the very base of all the religions, their great scriptures, great masters, rabbis, messiahs. What meaning will these people have if enlightenment is an ordinary, simple, human experience?

No, they all will deny that it is simple and human, and they will all emphasize that it is superhuman, very arduous. Hindus say it takes thousands of lives to attain it. Buddhists say even Gautam Buddha, such a superman, had to pass through millions of lives before he could manage to reach the peak which is enlightenment. In fact the very idea of

extending life into millions of lives is a byproduct of making the experience of enlightenment so difficult, so impossible, so far away, that one life is not enough.
How can you attain enlightenment in one life? One life is too short. Perhaps that is the reason that in Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity, there exists nothing equivalent to enlightenment. These three religions were born outside India. These three religions believe only in one life. Just in one life, all that you can do is to believe in a savior, in a messiah: cling to his apron and he will take you. You cannot depend upon your own effort, because what effort can you make?
Just look at your life. Half your life is simply wasted in sleeping, taking baths, eating food, changing clothes, shaving your beard. The most important years of life are wasted in learning all kinds of rubbish: geography, history, geometry. By the time you come out of university you are almost thirty. If you have gone on to attain a Ph.D. or D.Litt., you are thirty. The best time of your life has gone down the drain. And now you have to get married, and the wife, and the children, and the service, and the politics... all your time is taken up.
If you count, you will not find even seven hours in seventy years which are absolutely yours. No, life keeps you engaged... in the movies, with the television, with the radio, in the churches, in the synagogues, in things in which perhaps you are not interested at all... in God.... I can't think what kind of a man is interested in God. And why? What wrong has he done to you? You don't even know whether he exists or not but you listen to sermons on God every Sunday. People are reading the same Bible, the same Gita,

every day continually, their whole life. And how much life you have got? Only seventy years.
One day just sit down and note how your life is being wasted, and how much time is left just for you. You will not find seven hours. I am absolutely certain it will be impossible to find seven hours in seventy years of life. If sometimes you have some time, then friends are there, picnics are there, football matches are there, Olympics are there. From every direction you are being called.
So these three religions never developed the idea of enlightenment. In English there is no equivalent to the Eastern words for enlightenment. 'Enlightenment' is a very poor substitute. In the Western languages, a person who is well educated, cultured -- you call him enlightened. A whole century, when science developed in the beginning, is called the Age of Enlightenment. In Western history books you will call Bertrand Russell a very enlightened man. About each and every subject he is very progressive; he does not accept anything just because tradition has brought it to him -- no, he thinks it over. Unless he is rationally satisfied, he is not going to believe in it.
He was born a Christian, but he wrote a book, Why I am not a Christian, because he found so many logical contradictions, fallacies, inconsistencies in The Bible, that he could not accept it. And he wrote a beautiful book bringing in all his arguments as to why he cannot accept Jesus. He would love to accept him, but he cannot because of the contradictory nature of his statements. He cannot accept him because Jesus gives no logic, no proof.... What proof has he got that he is the only begotten son of God? Anybody can say that. Any madman can declare that --

there are madmen who have been declaring that. There have always been madmen who have been declaring that. Neither they have any proof nor did Jesus have any proof. What he says and the way he behaves are contradictory. He says, "Blessed are the humble." But he is not a humble person at all. He is very arrogant, very irritable, very egoistic. What more can the ego declare than to say, "I am the only begotten son of God"? At least Mahavira accepts twenty-three other tirthankaras. He is only the twenty-fourth. Buddha accepts twenty-four lives of his own before he became a buddha; but he accepts the fact that others can become a buddha. Anybody who tries, endeavors, is capable of becoming a buddha. So it is not his monopoly. But Jesus seems to be very monopolistic, a real Jew: the only begotten son of God. He closes all doors for anybody else to be the son of God -- nobody before him, nobody after him. He is incomparably unique.

Hindus have twenty-four avataras, and Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism -- all the three religions born in India -- believe in cycles. One creation is one cycle. And it seems to be very close to modern physics and its explorations. Modern physics has come to know that in existence there are black holes -- it is a very strange thing, the black hole. And there are white holes. Anything coming close to a black hole is simply pulled in. For example, if this earth passes by the side of a black hole, it will be pulled in. It will be a de-creation. It will disappear into the basic elements, electrons, protons, neutrons, of which it is constituted. It is only a hypothesis right now, that perhaps the black hole is one side and the white hole is the other side of the same phenomenon. The black hole pulls things into de-creation

and the white hole creates them again. From the white hole, new earths, new stars, new suns go on pouring out.
This has been accepted by all the three religions of India -- that this is only one creation. It is a cycle, just as the sun rises, then the sun sets, then again the sun rises, then again the sun sets, in a cycle. In one cycle there are twenty-four tirthankaras, according to Jainas -- in one cycle. They are not making claims about the whole universe and eternity. There are millions of cycles, infinite cycles. There is no beginning and no end. Each cycle will have twenty-four tirthankaras. If you count all the tirthankaras of all the circles, they will be millions and millions. So Mahavira is nothing unique. He is not trying to say, "I am the only one; with me comes the full stop."
What happened to God after Jesus? Has he accepted the idea of birth control? Or is the holy ghost no longer interested in women? -- has become really holy? What happened to God?
In India the religions make enlightenment very difficult, but they have a different strategy to make it difficult. One cycle is millions of years. Even if you can attain in one cycle, you have attained it easily; otherwise souls go on from one cycle to another cycle, to another cycle -- and just moving in the same vicious circle again and again and again.
A man, a very rich young man, listening to Buddha, asked to be initiated. Buddha said, "You should think about it; don't be so hasty" -- because Buddha knew about the man. He was well known in the capital; perhaps he was the richest man after the king. And he lived such a luxurious life that even the king was jealous of him, because the king

had to think of many things, the whole kingdom, and this man has no responsibility of any kind. He was living as luxuriously as one can live. So Buddha knew about the man, that he has never even walked on the bare earth; he sleeps the whole day, and the whole night goes in music, dances, girls, wine. He was a drunkard. It was a miracle that he had come in the early morning. Perhaps he had come directly from his wine and women. He had not gone to sleep, thinking, "One day at least I should listen to this man. So many people are going there, and talking about him... gather about him."

Shrone was his name, that young man's name. Indian stories use names with some significance. Shrone means one who is capable of hearing, of listening. So the name is significant. He heard Buddha for the first time and he went to him and he said, "Initiate me."

Buddha said, "Think it over. I know you, I know about you."

Shrone said, "Once I have decided something, I have decided it. I am not accustomed to thinking twice about anything. Give me initiation right now." As he was so determined, Buddha gave him initiation. He became a Buddhist monk.

But he was the latest arrival. The serai, the caravanserai where Buddha was staying, was full of Buddhist monks. There was no space inside for him to sleep, so he had to sleep just on the steps -- and he could not sleep. He had never even dreamed of such hardship... just on the steps. And Buddha had this idea that the monk can have only three pieces of material for clothes. So one he uses for the bed -- a long piece of cloth -- and also uses it to cover

himself, so it becomes a kind of sleeping bag. And two he uses for himself: one for the lower body, one for the upper body. That's all a Buddhist monk is allowed to use. He could not sleep on a stone step with just a thin cloth... and there were so many mosquitoes, and the whole night monks were coming in, going out, coming in, going out, and he was just on the steps, so each time anybody would come out or go in he was awakened.

Just early in the morning, when he was falling asleep at last, tired, Buddha came, awakened him, and said, "There is still time -- you go back home. Nobody knows you have become a sannyasin. Once people know, it will be difficult for you to go back. Go back! I know the whole night you have not been able to sleep. It is difficult: there are mosquitoes, and only three pieces of cloth are allowed, and in this place there is no space. And you are the youngest monk, just one day old, so you cannot have the space of some elderly monk. There is a seniority, and you are the last."

Shrone said, "Don't disturb me. What step I have taken, I have taken. Now whatsoever consequence has to be suffered, I will suffer. But I don't know how to look back. The question of going back simply does not arise; I never even look back."

Buddha said, "It is good, because in the last life you had become a monk and just because of these same difficulties you had gone back. So I thought perhaps you might do it again, because people go on in the same vicious circle again and again and again -- the same habit. And they go on moving in the wheel of the habits. I had come to ask you particularly because I knew that in the last life you had

turned back. This is a good sign that you have grown up, that you have stopped turning back. But ahead it is not easy; perhaps a few lives with this determination, if you go on and on and on, you might achieve nirvana" -- that is the Buddhist term for enlightenment.

Bertrand Russell cannot be called an enlightened person. He is a very great intellectual, a rational being, very progressive, and capable of getting out of the bondage of convention, tradition, but the reasons he chooses to get out are all of the mind. He finds Jesus to be contradictory -- it is a mind statement. Jesus behaves arrogantly, and he talks of being humble. He says to the people, "Blessed are the poor," and then he promises them the kingdom of God. Now, there is an apparent contradiction. If poverty is a blessing, then all the sages in heaven should be the most poor, because it is a blessing. In fact the people who live in hell should all be rich, super-rich, if you follow it logically. Jesus says, "Even a camel can pass through the eye of a needle but a rich man cannot pass through the gates of heaven." Well, where are rich men going? They must be going somewhere. So all the rich and super-rich -- if you want to meet the Fords and Rockefellers and Morgans, you have to go to hell. They will all be there, with all their riches. Because if rich people cannot go to heaven, how can their riches go? Who will take them? And perhaps hell will be, right now, the most luxurious place to live in. You will find all Hollywood there; where else will they go? All the actors and actresses must be there in hell.

"Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God." But what is the kingdom of God? Is it poor or rich? If you call it a kingdom, it means it is rich, tremendously rich. So

it is a strange logic: being poor makes you capable of being rich in the other world; being rich makes you capable of entering into hell.

This is strange. It is against all mathematics, because these poor people will not be able to enjoy the kingdom of God -- they have known only poverty. Only the rich people have exercised, prepared for how to use riches. In fact, they should get into heaven and the kingdom of God. They are prepared and they will enjoy it. What are the poor people going to do there? And what kind of argument is this, that poverty makes you blessed in the eyes of God?

Bertrand Russell could not agree; hence he is called one of the enlightened men of the twentieth century. But this is not the meaning of enlightenment when I use the word. It is out of compulsion that I have to use it. The Buddhist word is nirvana. Nirvana means, literally: you are sitting with a candle on a dark night and you blow out the candle. Suddenly the light disappears and all is darkness. With the light disappearing all the objects that were seen because of the presence of light disappear. Now there is infinite darkness, and silence.

Nirvana simply means cessation of the candlelight, so that you are in absolute silence. And darkness has no bad connotation in Buddhism. It is peaceful, it has depth. Light is shallow; darkness is infinitely deep. Light is always bounded, it has boundaries. Darkness has no boundaries, it is unbounded. Light comes and goes; darkness always is. When there is light you cannot see it. When light is not there you can see it. But it is always there; you cannot cause it. Light has a cause. You burn the fire, you put on wood. When the wood is finished the light will be gone. It

is caused, hence it is an effect. But darkness is not caused by anything, it is not an effect. It is uncaused eternity.
Nirvana is a very simple phenomenon. It simply means blowing out the small candle of the ego. And suddenly.... The reality has always been there, but just because of the candle of the ego you were not able to see it. Now the candle is no longer there, the reality is. It has always been there. You had never lost it in the first place. One cannot lose it even if one tries. It is your very nature, so how can you lose it? It is you -- your very being. Yes, you can forget, at the most.
Now, see the emphasis. It is not an achievement. Achievement is in the future, far away. Achievement is difficult, can be almost impossible, will take time, will take will and willpower, struggle. No, it is not an achievement. You have not lost it. Even if you want to lose it, there is no way to lose it. Wherever you go it will go with you. It is you, too. How can you escape from yourself? You can try, but you will always find you are there. You can hide behind trees and mountains, in caves, but whenever you look around you will see you are there. Where can you go from yourself?
So nirvana is just like darkness. The light is put off and your reality is all there, with all its beauty, benediction, blessing. But there is no word in English to translate nirvana. Jainas use the word moksha. Moksha means absolute freedom, ultimate freedom, freedom from all fetters. And the biggest fetter is the ego. Other fetters are just parts of the ego: greed, lust, ambition, anger. All that is thought to be sin in other religions, in Jainism is thought only to be a fetter.

But the root, the main root of the whole tree of your slavery, is the ego. So cut the main root and all other roots will die of their own accord. Don't bother to cut small roots, branches, leaves, because they will come again. Cut the main root and the whole tree will die. And when all your fetters fall, what remains? The unfettered consciousness, the freedom.

That freedom is not anything political, anything economic. It has nothing to do with the word freedom and its connotations that you have become acquainted with. It is simply an unfettered existence. You don't find anywhere around you, anything holding you. You are no longer tethered to anything. This untethered state they have called moksha. It makes no difference, just their terminology is different.

Patanjali, the founder of the system of yoga, has his own name. He calls it kaivalya. Kaivalya means absolute aloneness, where the other is no longer needed. Otherwise you are continuously in need of the other: the father, the mother, the brother, the wife, the children. You are continuously hankering for the other. You cannot live alone, you are afraid of being alone. You have never tasted it, still you are afraid -- because from your very childhood you have not been told to make a distinction between two words, loneliness and aloneness. All your dictionaries go on saying they are synonymous. They are not. They are as far away from each other as two things can be.

Loneliness is where you are missing the other. Aloneness is when you are finding yourself. Aloneness is the finding of your true and authentic being. Loneliness is simply searching for the other, to get occupied, because if the other

is not there then you don't know what to do with yourself. Anytime when you are lonely you start doing something or other.

For twenty years I was traveling continually in India. And I was always traveling in an airconditioned coupe, so there was always a possibility that once in a while there would be another passenger too -- rarely, because very few people bother about air-conditioning. But once in a while it was a great opportunity for me to watch the other. And it was sometimes a twenty-four hour journey, or a thirty-six hour journey, or even more.

I was living exactly in the middle of India and traveling all around. So if I was going to Calcutta it was twenty-four hours in one direction, and if I was traveling from Calcutta to Bombay, then it was forty-eight hours. And if I was going to Gauhati, it took six days, and so many trains to be changed.... But it was a great experiment to be with someone for forty-eight hours -- and I would not speak. He would try... he would say, "Where are you going?"

And I would say, "I am going to Calcutta. I am coming from Jabalpur. My father's name is this. My mother's name is that. My profession is" -- just to hit the garbage out of people's heads. I would answer anything.

He would say, "I have not asked about all these things."

I would say, "I am answering once and for all, because then, please, be silent -- for forty-eight hours, no questions. You can ask anything else that you want right now. In the beginning let all the questions be settled. Otherwise soon you will ask, 'Where do you live? How many brothers?' I will tell you that I have eleven brothers and sisters... everything!"

He would say, "You are a strange man. I have never come across a man.... I have just asked, 'Where are you going?' and you are telling me everything, what your grandfather's name was, what work he usually does...."
I said, "I am trying to finish it all so nothing is left for you."
Then I remained silent and just watched the man, how difficult it was. He opened his suitcase, and he knew, and I knew, and he knew that I knew it was meaningless. He closed it, put it back -- but what to do? He opened the window, and he knew that this is foolish, opening the window of an airconditioned compartment. He knew that I was there, so he shut the window again. He started reading the same newspaper he had been reading since the morning, again from the beginning, went to the bathroom, came out again, called the servant to bring the tea. Forty-eight hours....
After a few hours he said, "Do you really mean that you won't speak?" I was quiet. I did not even answer this question, because once settled, it is settled. Then by and by he started forgetting me, because how long could he remain remembering me? He was suffering.
I have seen people in airconditioned compartments perspiring, so nervous, trembling. There is nobody; nobody is going to harm them. I am absolutely harmless. I had told them in the very beginning, "I am absolutely harmless, and you need not be worried about me. You can sleep. You can do whatsoever you want to do, I will not interfere. You can dance, you can sing, you can make faces, you can do anything you want. I am not the type of person to interfere in anybody's life. Just don't talk to me, because that is interfering with me."

And for forty-eight hours I would see such misery and suffering, for no reason. The person had a beautiful, comfortable coach -- airconditioned, clean -- good food, servant continuously available. It was no problem for him. But no, this was not the real problem. The real problem was that he was finding himself without somebody to be occupied with. Anybody, even if it was his enemy, even if it was a quarrel, that would have done: he would get engaged and he would be able to forget himself. I was not letting him forget himself -- that was the trouble. He was perspiring. He was nervous because he knew only one thing, and that was loneliness. He had never tasted aloneness.

When he was departing I again said to him, "Just look. Remember one thing: I was also in the same compartment -- I was not perspiring, I was not nervous. I was not opening my suitcase again and again, and closing it. I was not calling the servant unnecessarily. I was not reading the same newspaper again and again and again. Why were you doing it? Can you see the difference? I was alone, and you were lonely. Just remember it. Perhaps sometime it may be of help to you."

Kaivalya means aloneness. That is Patanjali's word for enlightenment. Now, in English there is no word which can convey these tremendous insights. 'Enlightenment' has been chosen for the simple reason that it means you become full of light. Yes, it is a lightening, uncaused -- not from the outside, but an explosion within. And suddenly there is no problem, no question, no quest. Suddenly you are at home, for the first time at ease, not going anywhere; for the first time in this moment herenow....

Enlightenment is a very simple and ordinary experience. I emphasize it again and again because I am not a priest, I am not a rabbi, I am not a messiah. I have no desire to exploit anyone in the world. My function is totally different. I want to share with you something that is overflowing in me. I don't need anything in return. Just that you share it is enough obligation upon me; I am grateful.
That's why I say this is the first religion in the world: because all those religions were making you, forcing you to be grateful to the messiah, to the tirthankara, to the master -- but why? Why should you be grateful to Jesus or Buddha or anybody? If Buddha had something too much in him, and was overburdened just like a cloud full of rainwater, in tremendous need of showering upon you -- actually that's the case: Buddha wants to shower upon you -- then who is going to be obliged? He or the earth that receives it, that opens its heart and invites it?
A real master is grateful to the disciple, to the devotee. Only a pseudo-master tries to satisfy his ego trip through the disciples, the crowd of disciples, the number of disciples.
And because it is your own nature I'm not giving anything to you. All that I am doing is just putting a mirror before you so that you can look into it. The mirror loses nothing when you look into it. Or do you think it becomes less of a mirror once you have looked into it? Twice you have looked into it, thrice you have looked into it -- is it exhausted, spent? No, in fact the more you go on looking into the mirror, the more you go on cleaning the mirror, because you have to see into it. If nobody looks into it, dust is going to gather on it.

The mirror is grateful that you go on looking into it, and you go on cleaning it. But the mirror does not give you anything. Still, in a way it gives you... it gives you yourself. It takes away all the wrong ideas you have about you, and gives you your original face.

You have asked, Sheela, "Has the experience and the idea of enlightenment evolved with time?"

Experience is the same. It cannot evolve, because it is not a thing. It is an experience when all things and thoughts are dropped -- just a clean mirror, empty. Now in what way can emptiness become more empty? If it can become more empty then it was not emptiness in the first place. Emptiness, aloneness, freedom -- all these different names -- they can only be total.

It is just like the circle in geometry. You cannot draw half a circle, or can you? If it is half, it is not a circle. You may have thought before that you can draw half a circle, what is wrong in it? You cannot draw half a circle because -- just because it is half, it is not a circle. It is only an arc. The circle is always complete, there is no other way for it to be. So whenever enlightenment has happened -- ten thousand years ago, now, or ten thousand years ahead -- it is the same experience. As far as experiencing is concerned it is the same.

But the idea evolves, the concept evolves. You have to understand the difference between the experience and the idea. The experience is when you are absolutely thoughtless, wordless, in absolute emptiness... no movement, utter rest. When you bring it into language then it becomes an idea, it becomes a concept. Then certainly as

language evolves, man evolves, the idea, the concept evolves.

For example: Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism use very crude and primitive terms -- the kingdom of God. This is a very primitive way of pointing to enlightenment. But Jesus is a poor man, uncultured, uneducated, a carpenter's son, born in a country which is very primitive.

Buddha was born five hundred years before Jesus, but that was the peak for India. It never came to such a height again, not even now, and perhaps may not come to that peak again. The languages had evolved to such accuracy, to such scientific expression, to such beautiful poetic potentiality. Now, no language can compete with Sanskrit. There are beautiful languages in the world, tremendously beautiful languages in the world, but no language can compete with Sanskrit. It has such a long history of evolution that for an experience like enlightenment....

In English you have to coin the word enlightenment, and you have to know that you can be misunderstood because it is being used in other contexts too. Bertrand Russell is an enlightened man, Kant is an enlightened man, Hegel is an enlightened man. None of them is enlightened in the way I am using the word. They are far away from enlightenment -- much farther away than you are because they are more in the mind, and they have very disciplined minds, hence they are caged in their own minds. And they have not even heard... Bertrand Russell lived a hundred years and had not even heard about enlightenment, the way I am using the word.

Buddha used another language which had evolved side by side with Sanskrit. He used Pali. Mahavira used Prakrit,

another language, which is perhaps more ancient than Sanskrit, perhaps the most ancient language in the whole world, out of all the languages. Its very name indicates it. You will have to understand: prakrit means natural and sanskrit means refined. The very word sanskrit means refined, cultured. Prakrit is the language which is not refined. It is not yet the language of the scholars, of the learned people; it is the language of the masses. But it is certainly far more experienced than Sanskrit, because Sanskrit is nothing but Prakrit refined, just like crude oil -- you go on refining it and it becomes petrol, and you refine it more and it becomes something else....

Sanskrit is refined Prakrit. Prakrit is just like a raw diamond, just out of the mine, not polished, not cut, not given a shape yet. But that too has its beauty, because it has its naturalness. Sanskrit is very refined, very polished. For ten thousand years millions of brahmins were refining it, giving it such a quality which is not available in any other language.

It is so difficult to translate anything from Sanskrit to English because Sanskrit has fifty-two letters in its alphabet -- almost all the possibilities. You cannot make another sound, more than fifty-two. They have exhausted all the possibilities of sounds. In English you will be in trouble because there are not fifty-two letters in the alphabet. So those letters which are missing you will have to somehow coin, somehow make. And the same is true about words. Because the experience of enlightenment has been going on for thousands of years, different people using different languages use different words -- nirvana for example. Nirvana is a Sanskrit word. Buddha actually never used the

word nirvana. Pali is the language of the masses, so he used the word nibbana. Now that is crude, nibbana. Sanskrit has cut it, made it rounded: nirvana... given it music.
But you cannot hope for that from Jesus. He is at a loss. He has to use the Old Testament words which were available to him. He must have felt the difficulty, and he got into unnecessary trouble. If he had used some words other than kingdom of God he might not have been crucified and there would have been no Christianity at all. These words, kingdom of God, created suspicion in the Romans, who were the rulers of Judea. They thought that this man really means a kingdom.
And Romans have never been philosophical. They are not like Greeks. They have not produced a single Socrates or a Plato or an Aristotle or a Heraclitus or a Diogenes or a Plotinus -- not a single man who can be counted in the galaxy of philosophers. Romans were soldiers, great soldiers. But a soldier's life and work is very momentary. Poetry lasts longer, philosophy lasts longer. But the Romans were only soldiers. They had no idea what this man was talking about. They were afraid, they were really so afraid....
King Herod who was on the throne in Judea heard this Jewish story, that soon the messiah is going to be born, "and once the messiah is born you will be redeemed from all suffering." Naturally Herod thought, "This means you will be redeemed from slavery too, you will become free from the Roman empire." He asked his soldiers, "Find all the children below two years of age and kill them all. Don't leave a single child below two" -- because the Jews were saying, "The messiah is born, and he must be nearabout

two by now." The rumor was spreading so fast, like wildfire, because everybody was waiting for the messiah. They were in so much suffering, they could not do anything other than hope. And this was purely a rumor. But Herod became so afraid that he ordered a massacre, a wholesale massacre of all children below two years of age.

Joseph and Mary just heard that this was going to happen, that it had started happening in the capital. Soon they would be coming into the villages, and the smaller villages. Bethlehem was a very small village, so small... and perhaps there may have been some story about it, I don't know, because it is said that Jews used to laugh at the idea that the messiah has been born in Bethlehem. They used to say, "Who has ever heard of a messiah being born in Bethlehem?"

Perhaps it was something like a city in India which is called Hoshyarpur. Hoshyarpur means the "city of the wise," but the rumor about the city is that every single person in the city is an idiot. If you are traveling near there in Punjab don't ask anybody where he comes from. If he comes from Hoshyarpur there will be difficulty. Then, "Why do you ask this question? What do you mean? Do you think everybody is an idiot?" Immediately there will be trouble, because he cannot accept the idea, but the rumor seems to be old enough....

In the times of Akbar even, four hundred, five hundred years ago, the Hoshyarpur myth was there. The story is that they all complained to the great Akbar, "We are just normal people, just like everybody else. But we cannot even pronounce our town's name if somebody asks it. If we say 'Hoshyarpur' people start laughing, and they say, 'You must

be joking!' Nobody believes it. And if they do believe it then they believe we are idiots."

So they asked Akbar, "Please send an inquiry to look into the matters of Hoshyarpur, and declare whether we are idiots or normal people, so that this thing is simply finished." Nobody knows who started it. Perhaps the name Hoshyarpur may have given the idea: "city of the wise." The name may have given the idea, because it means city of the wise... and it is so difficult to find even a single wise man -- and this is the city of the wise -- it must be that all its men are fools.

Akbar sent a commission. Eleven very learned people from the court went to Hoshyarpur; and in Hoshyarpur there were tremendous preparations to receive them, and to prove to them that, "We are not idiots." Everything went well. Those eleven people were surprised that it was absolute nonsense, those people were all normal, better than normal. Everybody was behaving the best he could manage. They looked better than normal. Their answers were wise, because they had been preparing for months. When the commission was going to come for three days, you had to prove, once and for all... this notoriousness had to be dropped.

Everything went well, and the commission was very happy. The chief of the commission said, "I am very happy and I will say to the great Akbar that not only are the people normal, they are far better than normal, they are far superior." And the people were immensely happy. They went with them for miles to give them a send off. It was very difficult to persuade them to go back, they were so happy. In their whole life they have never been so happy

because now the great Akbar would declare, "You are superior to the normal people."
While coming back they started talking: had anybody committed any mistake or anything? One man said, "I have committed one mistake, but I was afraid to say so, because you will kill me." He was the cook -- the best cook in Hoshyarpur -- who was preparing food for the eleven members of the commission.
They said, "What mistake?"
A small spice in India -- jeera, it is called, a small spice, nothing significant, but it gives a good taste to things.... He said, "I forgot to put jeera in the dal."
They said, "You destroyed everything! What will they think? 'These people are absolute idiots, they don't even know about jeera, which every villager knows. Even the most idiot person knows that jeera exists!' What will they think? And you remained silent for so many days!"
They turned around, kicked their horses into a run, stopped the commission, and they said, "One day more!"
The commissioners said, "What is the problem?"
They said, with tears in their eyes, "One day more."
"But," the commissioners said, "there is no problem. Everything has gone perfectly well. We have prepared our report, and you are going to be declared superior by the king."
They said, "We don't agree. A great mistake has been committed -- and you know it. You are just being gentlemanly and nice with us saying 'You are superior to idiots.' We are idiots."
The commission members said, "What happened?"

They said, "What has not happened?" And they brought the cook whom they had beaten.
The commission members asked, "What have you done to this man?"
They said, "He needs to be killed! He forgot to put jeera in your dal."
The commission members said, "Jeera? But we were never aware of it. And he has made everything so tasteful that who cares about jeera? But one thing is certain -- that you are a city of idiots. You go back!" They threw away the report they had written and they said, "Now you are idiots."
So something about Bethlehem must have been true. I don't know what was the matter, why Jews consistently again and again said to Jesus and his apostles, "Who has ever heard of a messiah being born in Bethlehem?" It was a small village, a very small village, almost a nonentity. So first they were destroying the children in Jerusalem. As they started destroying the children in Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary ran away to Egypt. That's the only place Jews knew. From Egypt they had come -- that's what the great dream of Moses had been; he had brought them from Egypt.
Now, putting Mary and the small Jesus -- he must have been one and a half years old or something -- on their donkey, they started moving towards Egypt. That's how a beautiful story happened on the way. They were getting farther away from the danger and Mary said, "Joseph, have you thought what name we are going to give to our little boy?"
At the moment she said that, Joseph was struck by a rock, and said, "Jesus!"

Mary said, "Right, that's a beautiful name! It suits him." And Jesus was brought up in Egypt. Whatsoever he knew was only heard from others. He traveled far and wide but still he was an uncultured man, uneducated. He could not give a concept, a refined idea to enlightenment. So it has not happened because Jesus was not able to give it. The fools who have been following Jesus -- and remember, only fools follow -- the popes and the so-called Christian saints and sages... they have all been following and they have been stuck where Jesus left them, because he was the last word of God. So no evolution has happened; otherwise they would have come to beautiful concepts, beautiful ideas. Islam has stopped where Mohammed stopped, and he was even more uneducated than Jesus. But Buddha was very cultured, the son of a great king. All the great scholars were teaching him every possible subject that was available in those days. Mahavira was very cultured. He was also the son of a great king. So they brought refined words, and that process has continued. It has never stopped in India, because India has a tradition of writing commentaries which no other country has.

People think that what Jesus has said is enough. When I spoke on the gospel of Thomas, I received many letters from Christians: "What is the need of commenting on it? What Thomas has said is enough, clear enough." Certainly it is clear enough, because Thomas was also an uneducated man; he has ideas that are not very complex, that can be explained. But if I want to make something complex out of something simple, I can. That is not difficult. And when they heard me on Thomas, then they started writing letters

to me: "We had never known that this is the meaning of Thomas."
It has nothing to do with Thomas, it is simply my meaning. It is my gun on poor Thomas' shoulder. I am using him as a jumping board; and I have used all these people as jumping boards. I don't say that what I have said is their meaning -- how can it be? I have come twenty-five centuries after Buddha; how can it be? Twenty-five centuries have not gone by uselessly. So when I speak on Buddha, it is not the meaning of Buddha, it is my meaning. I am using his words and putting my meaning into his words. This has been a continuity in India that makes for a tremendous development of ideas.
Krishna's Gita -- there are one thousand commentaries on it. One thousand people, of different kinds, using their intelligence, their experience, and putting it into Krishna's mouth. Of course if Krishna comes back he will be very angry, particularly with me, because I have put many things into his mouth with which he cannot agree. But he is not going to come, so there is no problem. I don't think that we are going to meet anywhere. And even if we meet, I can simply say I'm sorry.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #22
Chapter title: Theology -- The Jungle of Lies
20 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
YOU SAY THERE IS NO GOD. CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY MAN HAS VENTURED INTO THE SPIRITUAL REALM IN SEARCH OF GOD?

Existence as such has no meaning. Nor is it meaningless. Meaning is simply irrelevant to existence. There is no goal existence is trying to achieve. There is nowhere it is going. It simply is.
Meaning is goal oriented: some purpose, some achievement.... Man's mind brings the problem of meaning. The mind is the root cause of all the questions that arise in you. The mind cannot rest at ease with things as they are. It is the nature of mind. The oceans are not worried about God, the mountains are not contemplating on God, the trees are not thinking about God.
Look at it from a different angle. A ship sinks in the ocean: is the ocean moral or immoral? The very question is irrelevant. The ocean is not doing it purposefully, there is no motivation. It is not gaining anything out of it. It was not intending to do it. If It had not happened, the ocean would not have been In despair. If it has happened, the ocean is not going to celebrate the victory. In fact, for the ocean, the very existence of the ship is not in any way a concern. So the accident of the ship sinking is neither moral on the part of the ocean, nor immoral. It is amoral.
Morality is man's mind game. Existence knows nothing of it, animals know nothing of it, the birds are not aware of it. It is only man. And man is different from the whole existence because of the mind. It gives him a totally new dimension.

The mind asks, "Why is existence there at all? Who created it? Why did he create it? There must be some purpose behind it," because the mind cannot conceive of anything which has no purpose. The mind is very Jewish, it thinks in terms of business: what are you going to get out of it? If you are not going to get anything out of it, then why are you doing it? You cannot say, "Just for its own sake." Then you are mad, crazy.

I am reminded: somebody asked Picasso -- he was painting something by the beach, near the ocean. A man was standing there looking: he could not figure out what it was. In fact it is very difficult to figure out Picasso's paintings. And that is the genius of the man, that he has brought his paintings to the state of existence. They are existential. You cannot ask their meaning, their purpose, what they are. But the man was perfectly right. He asked, "I have been waiting, watching. What are you doing? What is this? What is this painting?"

Picasso looked at him and he said, "I know you have been waiting, watching, and I was worried that you were going to ask this question. I don't know. I myself don't know what it is, and I don't care to know. Nobody asks the flowers, 'What are you? Why are you? Why are you red, why are you blue, why are you yellow? Why this shape and not another shape, and why this season, not another season? And why this perfume, not another perfume?' Nobody asks the flowers.

"Nobody asks the clouds, 'Where are you moving to? What is the purpose of all this activity?' Nobody asks the stars. The whole existence is continuously active. Everything is moving, nothing is static. Nobody asks. So why do people

go on torturing a poor painter? I just enjoy doing it. Is that not enough? I am immensely happy that it has happened. I don't know what it is."
The man simply thought, "He is mad!"
But painters are forgiven. People don't expect them to be sane at all. Poets are forgiven. You know that they are a little bit crazy; otherwise who bothers about painting and poetry when there are so many things to do in the world? -- to earn mountains of money, to be presidents and prime ministers, kings and queens.... And these fools are wasting their time, their life, and if you ask them, "For what?" they don't even have the answer.
The man simply moved away. He said, "I knew it, that you don't know what you are doing. No madman knows what he is doing."
Picasso laughed, and he said, "That is right. I would prefer to be a madman rather than to be a reasonable, rational businessman. I want to be part of this existence."
Mind is part of the society. It is not part of existence. Hence, it needs a society for its growth. The better established the society, the more proficiently the mind grows.
The question of God arose in the very beginning, perhaps ten thousand years ago, because in the Rig Veda -- the oldest scripture in the world -- one of the most important statements occurs. And that statement is, "We do not know who created the world. We do not know whether anybody created it or not." This must be in the very beginning when man starts the first stirrings of thought: "Who created the world? We do not know."

Yes, the theologian has not appeared yet; the man with the answer has not appeared yet. He comes very soon, he is not far away. Once you ask, "We do not know who created the world," the cunning man amongst you will come with the answer. He will say, "You don't know -- I know." And immediately he becomes your superior. He becomes the wise man, the priest, the rabbi, the messiah -- because he knows, and you don't know.

Later on priests condemned this statement in the Rig Veda by entitling it Nasdia Sutra -- it means negative sutras. The title must have been given by those people who were pretending that they knew. But the people who must have written those sutras, raised those questions, were more innocent. They were simply saying, "We do not know. And there seems to be no way to know who created it all, or whether anybody created it at all. It may have existed for ever." Is there any necessity that there should be a beginning and an end? Yes, in a human story you have a beginning and an end. In a movie you have a beginning and an end. But in existence there is no beginning, no end. But the mind cannot conceive that there is no beginning. The mind can conceive -- you can take it as far back as possible, millions of light years back -- it can conceive of any beginning, but it cannot conceive that it is a beginningless universe.

Mind feels some intrinsic incapacity to conceive beginninglessness and endlessness, that is the truth. But mind wants the answer to, "Who began it all?" And to satisfy the mind... otherwise it goes crazy, asking these questions and finding no answer; it becomes more and more desperate. It becomes a constant anguish. Because we

don't know the meaning of our lives, then a thousand other questions arise. Then why do we go on living? If we are just accidental, without any purpose -- we happen one day, and one day we disappear, leaving not even a trace behind -- the mind is not capable of conceiving it. It wants to create history; it wants to leave its name behind. It makes pyramids which will last for thousands of years. It makes monuments. Even ordinary people....

In Jabalpur, where I lived for many years, there is one of the most beautiful spots possible. One of the most beautiful rivers of India, the Narmada, passes for almost two miles between two mountains of marble, pure white mountains of marble for two miles on both sides, mountains of marble. You can see their reflection in the river, and on a full moon night it becomes absolutely a dreamland. You cannot believe it.

When I took one of my professors, Doctor S.K. Saxena... because I was saying again and again to him, "One day you have to come with me." Finally he said, "I don't believe that something can be dreamlike, but if you insist, I will take the chance." He used to live one hundred and twenty miles away from Jabalpur. I took him on a full moon night to the marble rocks. And the moment we entered the Narmada, he looked here and there. In the beginning, for half a mile, it is just an ordinary river. After half a mile, suddenly you enter into the marble world.

He could not believe it. He said to me, "Forgive me that I doubted you. Take me close to the mountains because I want to touch and see whether they are there or there is some trick, some magic. It is really dreamlike, but I want to

touch and see that it is real, not just a dream, not that you have brought me into some magical world."
I had to take the boat close to the mountains. He touched the mountains, felt the mountains and took a small rock with him. I said, "What are you doing?"
He said, "I will carry it to remember that it was not a dream. This rock will remind me that it was a reality; otherwise in the morning I may start suspecting. It is unbelievably true." But if you ask for the meaning, there is none. If you ask for the purpose, there is none. It is utterly beautiful, just pure beauty. But bring the mind in, and immediately the question, "Why?"
The mind wants first to know: "Why? Where? By whom? For what purpose?" So the first rising of the mind in human beings... you can conceive what they had faced... the sky full of stars.... Just think of yourself as Adam and Eve, the first man and woman on the earth. To you it does not create any question because you don't even see the stars; you have become accustomed, you take them for granted. But the first glimmerings, stirrings, of intelligence in man... all was a fairy land. Everything was a question mark.
So many stars! Why? Who created them? So many trees, so many flowers -- who goes on painting them? The sunrise, the sunset -- everything was thrilling, ecstatic. And all the questions became one question and that question is God. God is not a simple question. All these questions of purpose, meaning, motive, beginning, end.... The cunning priest exploited the situation of the simple human mind. He said, "You don't know, but I know." God is the invention of those cunning people: "God created it." And then they started figuring out about God, because people started

asking, "Who is this God? Where does he live? Why did he create?" So they had to invent: "God is omnipotent, all-powerful; he can do anything."

Just the other day I received a letter. I receive many letters from Christians. This poor fellow says, "You don't know, miracles happen! I have seen it happen; they have happened to me. My truck was stuck in the mud, and I tried everything that I could, but it wouldn't budge. Then I prayed to God, and suddenly, the miracle: the truck moved! And you say there are no miracles."

Now this poor fellow thinks that God is so interested in him and his truck, which is stuck in the mud, that when he prays, God immediately runs, as if he is a mechanic. Prayer is a phone call. He runs immediately, fixes it, and the truck is on the road. "And you say that there are no miracles." All these Christians have been relating their experience of miracles, which are just like this.

Man's ego finds it very satisfying that God cares even about you, knows about you, even about your truck stuck in the mud. But this man is not aware of what he is saying. It has nothing to do with God, it has something to do with the ego. The cunning priest played the game, fulfilling your ego, answering the questions raised by your mind in such a way that with one stone he killed two birds.

The answer was a fulfillment for the ego and a fulfillment for the mind. If it was not fulfilling for your ego, you would have rejected it. You would have doubted. You would have raised a thousand and one questions -- but it was very fulfilling to the ego. To doubt means your fulfillment for the ego disappears. It is better to drop doubting. It is far more profitable; your ego is fulfilled. God creates the

world; he is omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient. He knows everything -- past, present, future. Unless he knows everything, he will not know you and your truck, stuck in the mud in Oregon. And can you conceive the idea of the mind and the ego, and their games?

Up to now they have counted at least two million galaxies. Our sun, our moon, our earth, all the planets, and all the stars that you see with your bare eyes, are one galaxy. This sun is the center of this solar system. Everything is moving around the sun. The sun is the center of one solar system. At least two million galaxies have been discovered. Many more are there -- one can be certain about it, because we have not come to the end of the universe, and we are not going to come to the end. The mind cannot conceive of it. The mind always thinks somewhere there must be an end. When Columbus was trying, persuading people... because nobody was going with him; there was nobody ready. It was one crazy queen of Spain who said, "I will give the money. You try." It was not a problem for her. Money was simple for her and she was known for crazy things, and this idea struck her: "It is perfectly good. If you are lost, you are lost; you are asking for it yourself. I will pay for the trip, but you find the men."

He needed at least ninety people to go with him to take care of the ship, food, everything, because he estimated it would take at least three months to come back home. To make a round trip and come back home would take at least three months; that was his calculation, which was proved wrong. But because the queen was helping, a few daring people, courageous people, started to be ready to go with him. And one day, with ninety people he started.

The pope sent him the last warning: "I tell you, don't do such a stupid thing. You will repent forever, because it says in The Bible the earth is flat, so one day you will come to the very end of the earth and your ship will go down. From the very edge of the earth, where will you go? You will fall into eternal hell! There is bound to be an end, you cannot go on for ever and ever. The earth is flat, so there is an edge and you are going to fall off, and with you these ninety fools who are going -- they are going to fall. I am giving you the last warning: don't go against God!"

But Copernicus, Columbus, Galileo -- these people are not gullible. They are not the mediocre masses which the priest can exploit. Columbus said, "I am going. It is better to fall from the edge -- but at least I will see with my own eyes the edge of the earth, the flatness of the earth. And I will see what happens after the fall -- where we end up, whether we land anywhere or we go on falling. We will see."

But as days started passing... weeks, months... the ninety people who were with him started becoming afraid. Only three days more and their rations would be finished. They had traveled two months, twenty-seven days, "and he had promised that in three months we would be back home. There seems to be no sign anywhere...." They all gathered in the night when Columbus was sleeping, to kill him, and go back -- because alive he was not going to go back. He was not a man to go back; he would rather fall into the eternal ditch. He was not the man to go back -- even to say anything about it was impossible.

But Columbus suspected that these people must be getting afraid. He himself was having doubts: three months were ending and there was no sign -- neither home, nor the edge.

Nothing had happened, and there seemed to be that ocean going on and on. So when he saw that all the ninety people had gathered -- he had pretended to sleep, he was not sleeping -- he went to listen. They had closed the door; he listened. They were saying, "We throw him into the ocean, and we go back. This is the only way; otherwise we are finished. He is finished, we are finished. He is finished because of his own stubbornness; we are unnecessarily finished."

Columbus knocked on the door; they became afraid. They opened the door, saw Columbus. Columbus entered. He said, "You are perfectly right. There is no need to conspire; you can throw me into the ocean. But listen to one thing: you have rations for only three days. If you go back, you need rations for at least two months, twenty-seven days. Three days won't help. After three days what will you do? In three days will you reach home? That much is absolutely certain. My calculations may have gone wrong, but this calculation you can do yourself: we have come this far in two months twenty-seven days. Now, going back will take the same time -- if you don't drift here and there, if you don't lose the way. If you go back exactly on the right course, which is not certain, then too you need that much rations. You don't have that much rations. And you will have one person less, Columbus.

"You idiots! Listen to me. It is better to go ahead -- perhaps in three days we may reach -- because going ahead is open. We may reach, we may not reach, but there is a possibility we may reach. And I have absolute certainty that we will reach because today I saw a bird flying in the sky, and I have seen a few leaves floating in the ocean. So we are

very close to land. We may not reach our home, but we are going to reach some place."

The logic was absolutely clear. Even those idiots could understand that that was true. Backwards, it was absolute death. After three days they would start starving, and without the intelligence of Columbus.... Ahead there was a possibility; he might still prove right. Three days were still left. They changed their plan. They asked to be forgiven. Columbus said, "No problem. I myself doubt many times what I have done. I am not concerned about me, I am concerned about you because it is not your project; it is my project, and you are unnecessarily being sacrificed for it. But wait three days more. Give me my three months completely." And in three days he reached America.

He did not reach home. He did not reach India. That was his second thought, that if they don't reach Spain, then they might reach half way at least -- to India, from the other side. From one side the traffic was open; between Spain and India, between England and India, the traffic was open. So at least from the other side they might reach India. And he thought, "This is India." That's why the people who are living here, were living here, to whom this country belongs, are called Red Indians. That is not their name, it is the name Columbus gave to them. They were of a red color, reddish, and he thought it was India, so he called them Red Indians.

The priest did two things. He satisfied your mind, put it into a coma: there is God, he knows all, and he has created everything. When the all knowing, all powerful, everywhere present God is there, you need not worry about the purpose; he will take care. He has already taken care.

He has created man as the supremost creation to rule over the whole world of animals, mountains, oceans, trees. He has created man in his own image.

Just think of that statement, "God has created man in his own image." The priest is fulfilling both things. He is saying: "You are created by God in his own image, you partake of something of God's... you are his inheritors." It helped, consoled, took away the worry, anxiety, fear. You have somebody so powerful, so all knowing and everywhere present, that there is no need to be worried whether in time of trouble you call and he has gone somewhere else. He is present everywhere. So you can pray and he is listening. And he is all powerful, so don't suspect that he will not do it. He can do anything.

So you can ask for anything, if you ask with total faith. See the trick. These are the tricks that the priest has played over the whole history of man: "With total trust...." Now, trust can never be total; "Doubtless belief...." Now, belief can never be without doubt. He is giving you conditions to fulfill, so that if your prayer is not fulfilled, you will know why it is not fulfilled -- not that God is not there to listen, not that he is deaf, not that he is no longer concerned about you, not that he has retired or died, no -- your belief is not absolute. You are having doubt, by the side, around the corner. And you know the doubt, so you are at fault.

And once in a while, when the truck moves out of the mud, then it is so gratifying to think that in two million galaxies -- and each galaxy can have many solar systems, and each solar system has one sun and many planets -- your tiny earth.... It is a very tiny earth. This sun is sixty thousand times bigger than the earth, and this sun is a very mediocre

sun; it is not the biggest sun, just in the middle range. There are suns which are thousands of times bigger than this.
So this small earth, and on this small earth, this small America, and in this small America, this small Oregon, and in this small Oregon, the Big Muddy Ranch... your great truck caught in the mud and God comes running. It is so gratifying.
So, once in a while, if you go on praying, once in a while you will find that your prayer has been heard. Then it is gratifying. Then you completely forget that there was still doubt. No, when things are gratifying, who bothers about such uncomfortable, inconvenient truths? No, one completely forgets, one is so overjoyed in one's belief. And one is satisfied also that one's belief is so powerful that God has to listen to it.
Now these fools write to me in their letters that they are praying for me to God, that God should forgive me. They should pray to me that I should forgive their God, because he has tortured humanity enough. He and his company of messiahs, avataras, tirthankaras, paigambaras -- this whole lot, and the priests all over the earth -- have been sucking the blood of humanity. They should pray to me that I should forgive their God and their messiahs and their tirthankaras and their avataras.
But they are asking that I should be forgiven because I don't know that miracles are there; because I don't know that Jesus is the true messiah, that he is really the only begotten son of God. They are praying for me.... At least a dozen letters every day: "We will pray in the church to Jesus, to God, that you should be forgiven."

There is no God. Even if I want to forgive him, it is pointless. There is no God whom I can forgive. And I cannot forgive the company that has used the name of God and exploited the whole of humanity up to now. I cannot forgive, nor can I forget, because this company is the worst gang of criminals possible. They have used your weakness. The mind's weakness is, it wants a certain support of meaning. They give it -- a false support, a promise which is not going to be fulfilled. And they fulfill the ego, which is one of the greatest barriers to knowing existence. So both ways they have committed such a crime that it is incalculable. On the one hand they stop the mind from getting into the quest because they supplied readymade answers....

A true religion will say, "Your question is valid, go on searching. And there is no answer which can be given by anybody to you. Any answer given to you by anybody else is a wrong answer."

Remember it. It is not a question of whether it is right or wrong. If it is given by somebody else, the very fact that it is given by somebody else to you, not found by you, means it is false. You have to find it yourself, and you have to risk everything to find. The question is valid. The answer is wrong.

So in the Rig Veda, the statement, "We do not know why this existence is, who created it, whether there is anybody who created it at all," is the only authentic statement in the whole Rig Veda -- and the priests call it the Negative Sutra; they think some atheist.... The Rig Veda is not a book written by one man, it is a collection. Hundreds of poets, seers, scholars have contributed to it. It is almost like the

Encyclopedia Britannica. The four Vedas contain all the knowledge of those days -- ten thousand years ago -- whatsoever was known, whatsoever questions were raised. It contains all; it is really an encyclopedia. It should be put with the encyclopedias; it is not a holy book. There is no holy book at all.

It's just like the Jews and Christians are so very worried about the Song of Solomon in the Old Testament. They would have loved it not to be there. But what can they do? It is there, and now it is too late to take it out. And they are really ashamed. No rabbi comments on it. No Christian priest comments on it. And it is the only beautiful piece in the whole Bible. But because it is a song of love and Solomon is singing in the praise of his beloved, it is very sensuous. I don't think any poet has ever come close to the Song of Solomon in sensuousness. Your D.H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and others, have much to learn from the Song of Solomon.

But Jews go on hiding it, Christians go on hiding it. If you simply go to church, you will never know that there is something like the Song of Solomon. No rabbi is going to comment on it, he will feel ashamed. Solomon is so authentic about his feelings, emotions, sensuality, that it seems he knows Sigmund Freud perfectly well, and that Sigmund Freud may have to learn something from Solomon. Solomon need not bother about Sigmund Freud.

You will be surprised that the Song of Solomon is a Jewish and Christian phenomenon, but in India, Solomon is called Suleiman; that is the Indian pronunciation for Solomon. And in India there is a proverb: if somebody tries to be very wise, he is told, "Don't try to be a Suleiman" -- don't

pretend to be a Solomon, don't pretend to be so wise as Solomon was.

Now, in India that proverb is very ancient. But India can accept Solomon because it can accept Khajuraho. Solomon's song should be engraved in the temples of Khajuraho -- only there is it befitting, where stone has been turned into such sensuous beauty. The thousands of women and men which are sculptured look so real you would like to hug them. You will feel ashamed: why are you not so beautiful, so proportionate? Solomon's song will be exactly the right book for the temples of Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri. And in India this is one of the ancient proverbs: "Don't try to be a Suleiman." But Jews and Christians don't accept Solomon as a really wise man. He seems to be the only 'other-wise' man in the whole Bible.

The same is the situation of the Nasdia Sutra in the Rig Veda. To me that is the only sutra which is authentic. Anybody who wrote ten thousand years ago, "We do not know. We only have questions, we don't have any answers," must have been a man of tremendous courage. And this courage is needed to search, to seek, and to find -- but you will not find God; you will find yourself. You will not find the creator, but you will find the creative energy that surrounds you, within and without. If you listen to others, it is "God the creator"; if you search on your own, then it is godliness -- the creativity.

Once the priest started answering that there is God, and people started asking about God, they forgot why they had asked in the first place for God. Who created the world? The priest answered: God. And in every country, the priest was free to imagine what God is, how he looks.

The Chinese God looks like a Chinese. He cannot have a beard like me. Chinese cannot afford my beard, that is impossible. They have just a small beard -- hairs you can count on your fingers. The Chinese God also has the same beard. When one Chinese friend brought me a statue of the Chinese God, I told him, "You could have been a little generous, at least with your God. What kind of beard -- just twelve hairs? And a flat nose, and both the cheekbones standing out... it has to be Chinese."

The Hindu God has to be Hindu. I was telling you about Khajuraho. If you see those women, they are Hindu women, and not of today, but of those days when those women were carved. Women must have modeled, otherwise you cannot have all that proportion. You will not find such round breasts anywhere in the world as you will find in the Khajuraho statues. But Indian women used to have that kind of breast. Unless a woman had that kind of breast, full grown, fully rounded, she was not beautiful. And she was missing something, she could not be a true mother. Of course, little kids would have been in trouble with those breasts, that I can understand.

When I was visiting -- and I was visiting Khajuraho again and again because Khajuraho is one of the tremendous phenomena, those thirty temples -- I asked the guide, who finally became a sannyasin -- he is now a sannyasin, the guide who was in Khajuraho -- I asked him, "If the breast is so round, then it will be very difficult for the child to drink milk out of it. His nose will go into the breast. He will choke. Because the mouth is drinking, the nose will be closed, he will die."

He said, "You are a strange man. I have been here for thirty years, I have shown thousands of people these temples, but nobody bothered about it. Not even I myself have thought.... It is true."
I said, "You can try."
He said, "There is no need to try, it is absolutely true."
With such a round breast, the nose is bound to be squashed and the child cannot breathe. It would have been really difficult for the kids. But I have looked in the ancientmost scriptures of India: the breast is depicted by Kalidas, Bhavabhuti, by all the great poets, in the same way.
In the West the breast is disappearing. In the East also it is no longer the same. Something has gone wrong somewhere. Something has changed. In the West, the woman is trying to be equal to man in every possible way. Her psychology is different now: she wants to wear the same clothes as man. Naturally her body is changing its shape. With the clothes, with the psychology, with her desire, her body is changing: her breasts and her bottom are both disappearing. She is becoming a straight pillar, with no ups, no downs. That is ugly, but unless she stops the idea of becoming like man.... The body follows the mind. It slowly slowly fits to the idea of the mind.
I have been a guest in tribes, very ancient tribes, where the woman is stronger than the man. For the first time when you see the fact, you cannot believe it. All over the world the man is taller, stronger, muscular; the woman is smaller, not muscular. But in these tribes in central India, the woman is taller. The woman has muscles. The woman does all kinds of work, the man takes care of the children. Naturally he has shrunk, he is no longer the same man

because he is not using his muscles. He has become the wife, the wife has become the husband.
Once your psychology changes... and why did it happen in central India? -- because the man found it easier. You can marry as many women as you want, so man started marrying many women. And he started putting them to use, to work: "Go to the farm, go to the orchard, go to the river, go to the well to bring water." What should all these women do, sitting in the house? He started resting and the women started working. And of course when women are working, they will leave the children with the husband, saying "Just watch over the children, take care of them." Slowly slowly the woman became taller, stronger. Now the situation is, the man cannot beat the woman. In central India the woman beats the man, and that is accepted, just as in other parts of India, if a man hits his wife it is accepted. He need not even give an apology -- it is his right. The same is true in central India; the wife can beat the husband, it is her right. If he has not been taking care of the children well, he is going to be punished.
All over the world the woman has remained small because man has been imposing the psychology: "I am bigger, stronger. I am your caretaker, your safety, your security." And he is making the woman weaker, because the weaker she is, the more she will be dependent on him. So don't educate her, don't let her work, so financially she is weak, educationally she is weak. She has to depend on you. Where can she go? What can she do? How can she earn her livelihood? It is impossible.
When Bhavabhuti, Kalidas, and other poets, and these unknown sculptors, were painting the women.... It was not

imaginary because it is not only in one place. All over India, in any temple, you will find the same statue, the same kind of statue, the same figure. It must have been common. But it started disappearing as the Mohammedans entered India.

As the Mohammedans entered India, they brought women who used a veil called a burkha, a black veil covering all the body. They rarely see the sunlight; many may not ever have seen the sun in their life. They rarely see other human beings, other than their husband, their children. Their bodies are pale -- are bound to be -- weak, fragile. They don't have round, big breasts; their bodies cannot support that kind of breast. When Mohammedan women came to India... and Mohammedans are very interested in other people's women because they can marry four women. In their own society they cannot find four, because the proportion always remains the same, naturally -- as many boys as girls are born.

You will be surprised -- nature has a way of its own, its own arithmetic. One hundred girls are born, then one hundred and ten boys are born, because by the time they become mature ten boys will have died. Boys are weaker: their resistance to diseases, to sickness, is less than the woman's. So one hundred girls and one hundred and ten boys -- that is the proportion nature brings. Ten more, because ten are going to be finished before they become marriageable. By the time they are sixteen they will be of equal numbers.

So it seems to be a natural arrangement: one man, one woman -- that should be the way. How can you get three other women, from where? So they were grabbing

anybody's women. With the Mohammedans, purdah, ghoonghat, entered India. The Indian woman also started hiding herself in her sari, with her sari pulled down over the head so nobody could see her face, and she started using clothes which don't show her breasts. Otherwise she was joyous about her body. With Mohammedans coming to India she became afraid of her body. She became, deep down in her psychology, shrunken. To be a woman became a sin, a danger. It is from the Mohammedan period in India that the woman lost her old beauty, her old proportions. She is no longer the Khajuraho woman.

What I was saying is that Solomon in the Old Testament is the only authentic, realistic, existential person. He is not a priest and he is not a rabbi and he is not a prophet. He is truly a man, a human being. And he is not ashamed of being a human being, or of human qualities.

The same is true about the Nasdia Sutra in the Rig Veda. We don't know who wrote it, but whoever wrote it, humanity owes much to that unknown man. Ten thousand years ago, when everybody was trembling before the priests... and what all the priests were doing was all mumbo jumbo. They were not allowing the people to read the scriptures, because if the people read the scriptures they will know what is written there: it is all rubbish. So the priest would repeat it, and Sanskrit is such a beautiful and poetic language that even if you are reading the daily newspaper it will look like poetry. It will look like great poetry.

It is so musical that listening to Sanskrit you will forget that you need to understand what is being said. You will simply love and enjoy the chanting of it, the music of it, the

rhythm of it. And that quality the priest used very cleverly. He did not allow the masses to read them, so they never understood what actually was written. The masses had to use other languages to talk. Sanskrit was only for the priests, brahmins. So they kept what was written there unknown to everybody.

Women were completely cut out because no woman was allowed to read the holy scriptures, the Vedas. The sudras, who are one fourth of the country, were completely prohibited, so that if they were found even hearing the scriptures, to say nothing about reading them.... If some brahmin was chanting and some sudra, hiding, tried to hear it, it was enough: he could be given the ultimate punishment, the death penalty. Even a man like Rama, whom Hindus worship as God's incarnation, did such an inhuman act that that single act is enough to condemn him forever.

A brahmin came to Rama with his young son who had just died and he said, "My son has died. And this shows that some sudra, some untouchable, somewhere in your kingdom, is reading the Vedas." Now, what is the connection with a sudra reading the Vedas? Now everybody can read them, they are available in all the libraries, and all the sudras are reading them and no brahmins are dying. Why would this particular brahmin's son die if some sudra somewhere was reading them? Immediately a great search was made. It was found that one sudra was not reading, but hearing the scriptures. Somebody was chanting, and he was listening because the chanting was so beautiful. There was nothing wrong in it, but this was enough: he was called to the court, and Rama

ordered that molten lead should be poured into both of his ears so he would never again hear anything.

And this man is God's incarnation. This was done -- such a cruel act! It does not help the brahmin's son. He had died, he did not come back to life. If he had come back to life, then there would have some meaning to it. He did not come back to life, but this man was deaf for the rest of his life. And perhaps it might have destroyed his brain cells, his eyes, who knows -- because the scriptures don't bother to describe what happened to the man, whether he died or lived.

You are pouring fire into both his ears. And the ears are connected with the nose, connected with the eyes, connected with the brain; you may have destroyed such fragile tissues in his brain that even if he was alive, he would have been just a robot. And what was his sin? He had heard some brahmin chanting a mantra, which he could not even understand because he did not know Sanskrit.

The priest tried to make sure that people could not know much about scriptures; they should not ask questions, they should not raise doubts: "Their function is to believe, to pray, to worship, and they will be benefited in the coming life after death."

God is the greatest lie that has been uttered.

Now I laugh because I have been in the courts a few times. One time I was in a court and they said to me, "Take the oath in the name of God."

I said, "Don't mention the name of God, because I cannot take the oath of truth in the name of the greatest lie."

The judge could not believe it; he said, "What are you saying?"

I said, "God is the greatest lie. And you are telling me to take the oath of truth in the name of God? If you want that, I will do it, but remember, I am taking the oath of truth in the name of a lie. The 'truth' means nothing, the oath means nothing, and you are giving me absolute freedom to lie from the very beginning."

Then he said, "Then there are other alternatives. You can take the oath on any holy scripture you believe in."

I said, "I don't believe in any holy scripture. I have never come across any holy scripture."

Then he said, "The last thing is, you can take the oath in the name of the constitution of India."

I said, "I am not ready to take the oath in the name of those scriptures which have some beautiful statements, which have some beautiful poetry, which are written by poets, seers. Some of them may have known the truth; but as a whole I don't consider any book holy, so I am not taking the oath on them. Do you really think I will take the oath in the name of the constitution, written by third class politicians, the worst people in the country?"

Then he said, "Then what can be done? -- the oath has to be taken."

I said, "I can take the oath on my own authority. That's the only way. There is no other way. All other ways are created by the priests, and I don't believe in priests."

The priests have given you the greatest lie, and then to protect their lie they have to create more lies: that God punishes you, that he rewards you, that he sends special messengers to you, that whenever there is trouble, whenever there is suffering, he comes. It is strange that people go on believing it. People are living in suffering and

misery, and he does not seem to come -- except to remove a truck! A great miracle.

People are dying... so many wars... so many people being killed -- and he is not coming. Do you think those millions of Jews who were gassed in Germany -- many of them were rabbis, very learned ones -- were not praying? He comes to move a truck in the Muddy Ranch, and what about those millions of Jews and hundreds of rabbis being gassed, and he does not come at all?

What happened in Russia? Since the revolution at least ten million people have been killed. And not rich people -- because where can you find ten million rich people in Russia? -- poor people, for whom the revolution was made, in whose name the revolution was made, in whose name the communist party was ruling, were being killed for small reasons... those poor people. And Russia was very poor, one of the poorest countries, because the czar and the super-rich people who were surrounding the czar were exploiting the whole country so tremendously for hundreds of years that everybody was starving, dying, sick.

Now, a man has two hens, and you can just see that poor man: he has two hens, and only two hens -- it's all that he has. So he can sell two eggs every day, and with some earning out of it, some earnings from somewhere else, somewhere he can work.... Now the communist party says everything belongs to the state; these two hens are now the property of the state. Now, that poor man does not understand communism or anything; he understands only one thing, that his two hens are going. He tries hard not to give them his hens -- so he is shot because he is fighting

against communism! He was simply fighting for his two hens, without which he cannot live. Such poor people. Millions of people were simply shot, and they were all very orthodox Catholic Christians. The Russian church was the most orthodox church in the whole world; the Vatican is nothing. And it was independent of the Vatican just because of orthodoxy; it thought that the Vatican was too liberal. It was absolutely orthodox. These people who were praying every Sunday in the church -- what happened to them? What happened to God? Did he suddenly disappear from Russia? Was he afraid of the communist party? Was he afraid of Stalin? Was he afraid that he would be shot? What happened to his all pervading wisdom, compassion, love? Everything disappeared, and these millions of people simply died, went on dying.

So the priests have to invent miracles. They have to invent great fictions, stories, in which God does great things. He never does them in front of you -- not a single eyewitness for anything; it is just written in the books.

Jesus raised Lazarus from his grave. Now, a man who can raise a dead man back to life is absolutely impotent on the cross. That was the time to show the miracle. He could have changed the cross into a crown, into a golden throne. That would have been a miracle. But at that time he could not do anything. He prays to God -- and up to now he was doing miracles -- now he is asking God to do the miracle. And God is completely deaf. Jesus shouts, "Have you forsaken me?" But there is no reply from the sky.

Priests created God; then, to support a lie they created other lies. They went on creating lies for thousands of years, and people went on searching for some way to find the truth

among these lies. You will be lost in those theological lies; it is a jungle of lies.

No, that is not the way to the truth. The way to truth is just to avoid all theology: Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, Jaina, Buddhist -- avoid all theology. Avoid all that the priests have invented. Remain with your question, and make it a quest and search within. It is better to ask, "Who am I?" rather than to ask who created the world. Even if you know, what are you going to do? I say, "A created the world." Then what? You will ask, "Who created A?"

The real religious question has nothing to do with God at all. The authentic question is, "Who am I?" And the only way to know is to be silent, be alert, be aware, watch your thoughts, and let them disappear.

One day you will find all has become silent, not even a murmur of thought. Everything has stopped, as if time has stopped. And suddenly you are awake from a long, long dream, from a nightmare. And once you know your being, you know the whole of being, because your being is not an island. It is not separate from the whole. It is part of the whole continent, of the whole existence. And once you have known your part, you have tasted... and the taste all over the existence is the same.

The moment one comes to know oneself, one knows that all religions have been businesses, business establishments founded by a cunning people. You have been cheated. The moment you know yourself, you know such a blessing that in that blessing all doubts, all questions disappear.

Have you observed a simple fact? -- that when you are happy you never ask, "Why am I happy?" But when you are miserable, you always ask, "Why am I miserable?"

When your head is healthy you don't ask any questions: "Why is my head not suffering from a headache?" But when you have a headache, then certainly you ask, "Why this headache?"
I am trying to remind you that when you are full of blessings inside, all your questions will disappear -- not answered, disappear; dissolved, not solved. And being in that state of no questioning, no doubting, no belief but utterly fulfilled, contented, knowing happens. One becomes a Solomon.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #23
Chapter title: The Only Way to Fail Me is Not to Be Yourself
21 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HAVE WE FAILED YOU IN ANY WAY, THAT YOU HAVE TO START SPEAKING AGAIN?

It is impossible to fail me. It is not in your hands. You can fail Moses, if you don't follow his ten commandments. I have not given you any commandments. You cannot go against me. You can fail Jesus very easily because whatsoever he is telling you, teaching you, is against human nature, and you are human beings trying to be superhuman. You are bound to fail.

I have not given you any superhuman ideas. I have never, in any way, persuaded you to go beyond your ordinariness. How can you fail me?

Jesus says, "Love your enemy, just the same as you love yourself." You may not be able to find the contradiction. First you accept somebody as your enemy. In that very acceptance, you have hated him. And now, Jesus is saying, "Love him." He is saying, "Love the person you hate." Translated directly, that's what his statement means: love the person you hate.

People have done it, but just the other way round. They have hated the person they have loved. And at the moment Jesus says, "Love thy enemy," he is not aware of the fact that you cannot even love your friend without hating him, that hate and love are two sides of the same phenomenon. Whomsoever you love, you hate too. Sometimes the hate comes up and love goes down, and sometimes the love comes up and the hate goes down. And in twenty-four hours you can watch the wheel of love and hate going up and down, towards the same person.

Jesus is talking about love but seems to know nothing about it, because the first thing to know is that love and hate are not two things. You cannot separate them. If you want to love, you have to accept hate too. Yes, your love can be so understanding that it absorbs the hate in itself, that you accept the hate as an essential part of it, that you don't hate hate, and you don't create a division in yourself.

You cannot fail me for the simple reason that I have never expected anything from you.

All these messiahs have been expecting things from you: you have to do this, and you have not to do that. Once you

go against their idea of how you should be, you have failed. And you are going to fail them out of sheer necessity, because you cannot fulfill somebody else's idea.
You have a being of your own which needs fulfillment. You have no responsibility towards me, to fulfill my idea. My idea I have fulfilled. Now it is your idea, your being, your essence that has to be fulfilled.
Nobody else can give you the discipline. But down the ages people have ruled people in a thousand and one ways. They will rule you through money, they will rule you through power politics, they will rule you through knowledgeability. They will rule you by becoming a certain image that the society respects.
For example, I would like to say something about Mahatma Gandhi. It was an everyday affair in his ashram that some disciple failed him, because what he was asking of those poor people was so unnatural, so devoid of any reason and sense, that unless they were absolute idiots they were going to fail him. That was the only way to save themselves, otherwise they would be destroyed by him. In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram you could not drink tea. That was enough to fail him. Now, tea is such an innocent thing. Buddhist monks have used it for thousands of years as a help to meditation because it keeps you alert, awake. When you are feeling sleepy, just a cup of tea brings you a little awareness.
The story is that Bodhidharma was determined to remain awake for twenty-four hours. But the body is the body, the eyelids get tired, and when they get tired the eyes close. He became so angry that he cut off his eyelids and threw them in the grass. Then his eyes could not be closed. It is a

symbolic story. It did not happen, it cannot happen -- because I know Bodhidharma perfectly well.... He is the last person to do such a thing. But the story is significant, although it is just a story: those eyelids grew into a plant that became the tea plant. And because those were the eyelids of a man like Bodhidharma, the tea still carries the quality of awareness. That is the significance of the story.
In every Buddhist monastery, the first thing is the tea. But in Gandhi's ashram, if somebody was caught drinking tea it was a great sin: he has failed the master. And the master was a sado-masochist. All disciplinarians, whether they are mahatmas, sages, rabbis, saints, principals, teachers, headmasters -- all disciplinarians are, deep down, dictatorial.
Discipline is a beautiful name for an ugly thing: dictatorship. But you cannot revolt against a disciplinarian. You can revolt against a dictator. You can revolt against Stalin, you can revolt against Mussolini, but you cannot revolt against Mahatma Gandhi, and there is the danger. Why can't you revolt against Mahatma Gandhi? -- because before he disciplines you, he tortures himself. He is a sado-masochist. Before he tortures you, he tortures himself more than he is asking you to. You cannot revolt. This man is not simply torturing you like Joseph Stalin. He has tortured himself, he has disciplined himself, far deeper than he is asking you. How can you revolt against him? You cannot find any excuse.
Gandhi had one ashram in South Africa, in the beginning of his career of mahatmahood. The ashram was called the Phoenix Ashram. There, he tortured his wife and his children so immensely that I wonder why nobody bothers

and nobody thinks about it. And people like Richard Attenborough make films on Gandhi, and all that is essential, all that should be brought to the eyes of the people, is completely left out. Perhaps these people like Attenborough are blind completely -- blinded by his mahatmahood.

What was he doing to his wife? First, she had to clean the toilet... and you don't know the Indian toilet. Don't compare it with the Western toilet. The Western toilet can be cleaned, there is no problem. There is nothing to clean, it is already clean. But the Indian toilet is really dirty. And Kasturba, Gandhi's wife, could not say no either, because Gandhi himself was cleaning. When the husband is cleaning... she knew that he was a mahatma. She knew that it was a dirty job and she did not feel like cleaning other people's dirt and carrying it out from the outhouse, way back, and throwing all the shit into a ditch -- because Gandhi had this idea that the shit should not be misused. Everything had to be used.

He was really a miser. There is no question about why he suffered from constipation -- his whole life he was carrying the enema with him everywhere -- it was his psychology. The shit had to be collected and thrown into a ditch behind the house, and then mud had to be thrown over it, so it becomes manure for the next year's crops.

Now, for Kasturba it was so difficult. And the way it has to be carried in India, you cannot believe. But in India, they have reduced one fourth of the country to such a state that they are not allowed to do any other work. So only this work is available, they have to do it. They are born to do it; that is their destiny. So they collect the shit in buckets, and

carry it on their heads for miles. In India, Kasturba had never thought that she would have to do this, because she belonged to a higher caste; she was not a sudra, an untouchable.

But Gandhi was carrying it himself, and he was the mahatma. And when he carries it he gets a subtle right over you. You have to understand the subtle power politics in such small things. Because he gets up at three o'clock in the morning, everybody has to get up at three o'clock in the morning. And when the old man is getting up at three o'clock: you are young, you will feel guilty if you don't get up. And if you are caught, then you have failed the master. And what is the master going to do? He will not punish you, he will punish himself -- because he had this egoistic idea that if he is truly pure then nothing can go wrong around him, then everything is going to be right. If anything goes wrong, that simply means something is impure in him, so he has to purify himself by fasting.

So if you fail him, he will torture himself. That will create even more of a burden on you. First: guilt that you failed him. Second: guilt that now he is suffering because of your stupidity -- you could have awakened at three o'clock, it was not such a big deal. And now for a few days, nobody knows... because he would always start a "fast unto death." Although he never fasted unto death he would always start a fast unto death.

Then Gandhi had to be persuaded; then all the leaders of the country had to run to his ashram and say to him, "Just for one man's failure you cannot punish the whole country." Then after two or three days he would be ready to take food, and that one man would be condemned by the whole

country. He had been punished more than you could have imagined. Wherever he went, people would talk about him: "This is the man for whom Gandhi is fasting unto death." And if Gandhi died, they would have killed this man, they would not have left this man alive.

One night Gandhi threw Kasturba, who was pregnant, out of the house because she was reluctant to clean the latrine. A pregnant woman, a woman who does not know any other language, in a foreign country, absolutely dependent on him -- he closed the door, threw her out, and said, "If you don't clean the latrine, then this is not your house, then you don't belong to me. If you cannot follow my discipline, if my own wife fails me, then who else is going to listen to me? In the cold winter Kasturba wept outside and finally decided that she should agree to clean the latrine. Only when she agreed to clean the latrine was she allowed in. Now, you can fail such a man very easily by anything, just by smoking a cigarette, drinking a cup of tea... anything.

He did not allow his children to be educated. He didn't send them to school. They wanted to go, their mother wanted it also. Naturally she wanted them to be educated, "otherwise who is going to feed them? And their whole life is ahead of them. You are educated, you are a barrister, you earn. And you are a mahatma -- even if you don't earn, you have thousands of worshippers. But your children -- don't you send them even to the primary school?"

He was against the education that is available in the schools, colleges and the universities. Why? -- because it creates doubt, it destroys people's faith; because it teaches people science and technology, which he was against: against things so simple and so essential that you will not

be able to believe it -- that in the twentieth century a man can be against the telephone!

Now, the telephone does not do any harm to anybody. One can be against nuclear weapons, I can understand -- but the telephone?... railway lines?... trains?... airplanes? He was against anything except the spinning wheel -- that was the only technology that he accepted. Beyond that, all technology was evil, all science was evil; so why send your children to learn the devilish ways of science, technology, logic, philosophy, and destroy their faith, their belief in God? No. He would not send them.

His eldest son, Haridas, escaped. Seeing the situation -- "This man is going to destroy our lives completely" -- he escaped, reached a relative's family and told the whole story, what was happening, and that "I want to go to school." Just see the situation: the boy has to escape from the home to get into school. Boys escape from school, not to go there... and Haridas had to leave his home and ask some uncle, some faraway relative, "Please help me. At least I would like to be a matriculate; then I will see later on. But up to matriculation, that much education is absolutely necessary."

Gandhi was very angry. The prophet of nonviolence was angry, violently angry. What he said was, "Now this home is closed for Haridas. He should not be allowed in and nobody from my family should meet with him. Even his mother, his brothers, his sisters -- nobody should see him and meet him. If anybody meets with him, he also goes with him. He has failed me." You impose such stupid ideas.... Now, what Haridas was doing was perfectly right. This man had to be disobeyed. The other children did not

escape; they were weaklings. Haridas had some guts. And he showed later on that he did have some guts.

Gandhi used to say, "All religions are one." That was also a political gimmick: "All religions are one -- Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jaina, Buddhist, Sikh... all religions are one." But the basic politics was to capture all these people and their votes, and to keep the whole of India undivided, so that Gandhi's party ruled over the whole of India, not only a part of India.

In his prayer meetings every morning the Koran was recited, The Bible was read, and other holy books were also included. Just a few pieces read from The Bible, a few pieces read from the Torah, a few pieces read from the Koran.... And there too was great cunningness, because I have looked into those pieces that were read: they were the pieces which were synonymous with the Gita. Only those pieces were chosen from The Bible that were synonymous with Krishna, because Gandhi used to call the Gita his mother. He never called the Koran "my father" or The Bible "my uncle" at least... only the Gita his mother. And all these fragments that he had chosen were deceptive. They were simply translations, as if they were the same message so there was no problem. All that was against the Gita -- or different from the Gita, not even against it -- was not chosen.

So he was deceiving Mohammedans, he was deceiving Christians, he was deceiving Jainas, he was deceiving Buddhists, he was deceiving Sikhs, everybody. And they all thought that this man is a super-sage -- that is the meaning of mahatma: the great soul. As if souls are also small or great! Souls are simply souls, neither small nor

great. But the great soul, mahatma, because he was so liberal, unprejudiced... and he was full of prejudice. Haridas knew it. So what he did was, he converted himself to Mohammedanism. He did well. I appreciate him. The doors of the home were closed. Gandhi had abandoned him, declared, "He is no longer my son. I am no longer his father. He has utterly failed me. If he had died it would have been better." And what sin had he committed? He had gone to school! But he was really an intelligent boy. As he left the school, he turned to Mohammedanism. And Mohammedans rejoiced. They enjoyed the idea that Gandhi's eldest son found shelter in Mohammedanism. They started calling him "Mahatma Abdullah Gandhi." They kept 'Mahatma' and 'Gandhi' so people remembered who he was, and changed 'Haridas' into 'Abdullah' -- which means literally 'Haridas'. abd'allah -- servant of God, and that is exactly the meaning of haridas: servant of God. It is the Arabic translation of Haridas, so it was exactly the same.

But Gandhi was so shocked! You can imagine, if just his son's going to school was enough for Gandhi to abandon him as a son, now he has become a Mohammedan! Gandhi wept. Now, this is the man who says all the religions are the same. So what is the difference? Whether he is Hindu or Mohammedan -- what difference does it make? And even his name was nothing but an Arabic translation of the Sanskrit name -- an exact translation.

Just by coincidence, there was a meeting in Bombay. Just by coincidence, Gandhi was going into the same train from which Haridas was getting out. Kasturba, after all, was a mother; she wanted at least to have a look at her son. She

knew that her husband wouldn't allow them to talk, but Gandhi didn't allow her even to see him. He said, "Remember, don't look at him. He is dead for us. He has slapped me on my face by becoming a Mohammedan." He forgot all that synthesis of all the religions... and still the prayer continued the same way every day.

You can fail this type of people very easily. You cannot fail me, it is impossible. There is no way to fail me; because I don't impose any discipline on you, how can you fail me? I don't give you any doctrine against which you can go. How can you go against me? All that I go on saying to you is: be authentically yourself. Now, the only way to fail me is not to be yourself. How can you do it? And it is good that you cannot do it.

It is not because of your failing me that I have started speaking. It has nothing to do with you. I am just a man who lives moment to moment. One day I felt like going into silence. I went into silence. Anybody in my place would not have gone into silence that way because so much was incomplete, so many things had to be done. But I couldn't care less. One day I will die, and things will be incomplete -- have I to postpone my death too?

I live life as I will live death, moment to moment.

If things are incomplete, let them be incomplete. Perhaps that is their destiny. Perhaps somebody else will complete them. Who am I to be bothered?

So one day I stopped, because I felt like it. And one day I started speaking. I just told Sheela -- that time also it was poor Sheela -- I told her, "I'm going to stop speaking." She was shocked. What would happen to the whole movement? How would the sannyasins survive? They had become so

accustomed to hearing me every day; it had become their nourishment, daily nourishment. But I never consider anything, I am very inconsiderate. Whatsoever I feel, I do, without thinking at all about the consequences. I am ready to accept any consequence happily.

Again it was poor Sheela. I told her, "I am going to speak today!"

She asked me, "But arrangements have to be made, and this and that.... Can't it be tomorrow?"

I said, "No. That is your business -- arrangements and other things. I am going to speak today."

It has nothing to do with you. It is just my way of life, moment to moment, remaining spontaneous, remaining unpredictable. Not only to you or to the world at large -- to myself I am unpredictable. I don't know, tomorrow I may not speak, I may stop again. I cannot guarantee about tomorrow because tomorrow is not in my hands, it is open, undecided. We will see when it comes. We will see what it brings. And I have lived this way my whole life.

One day I left my family. They were all worried about me. They wanted me to go to a science college, and I simply refused. I said, "That is not my interest. I am going to study philosophy, religion, psychology.... That is my interest, because against philosophers, theologians, priests, psychologists, I am going to fight -- my whole life."

My father said, "A strange interest -- you are going to fight against these people?"

I said, "Yes, that's why I have to study them as deeply as possible. With science I have no conflict. Science I am going to use, but the religions, the philosophers -- these people I am going to fight."

My father said, "Will you ever come to your senses or not? I am not going to give you a single pai to study in any arts college."
I said, "I have not asked for a single pai. Even if you give me money, I will not accept it." He did not think that I was serious. He loved me so much. I left home without taking a single pai from my parents. I traveled without a ticket, eighty miles away to the nearest university. When my father saw that I had really gone, he rushed to the station. By the time he reached it, the train had left. He inquired, and people said, "Yes, we saw him; he has gone."
He followed me on the next train, got hold of me and said, "Don't take my words seriously. I was just trying to persuade you some way so that you go to a science college, become a doctor, become an engineer.... What are you going to gain out of art?"
I said, "That is not the point at all. I am not after gain. And I cannot conceive of myself being a doctor. I would rather commit suicide. Constructing bridges and houses -- I cannot think of myself as an engineer. That is not anywhere in my being. I don't feel any synchronicity -- no bell rings in me. Seeing a doctor, I say, 'Poor fellow. The whole life he will be just bothering about diseases, sicknesses, sick people, and he will completely forget that his whole life, his own life, is going down the drain every moment. He is thinking about other people's life and how to save them, and he has forgotten completely that he is not saved yet.'"
He said, "Forgive me. You go to the arts college. I will be sending you money."

I said, "I cannot accept it. You know me. You told me you will not give a pai. I said, 'Even if you give it, I will not accept it.' Now you are giving, and I am not accepting."
And I did not accept money from him. In the night I worked as a journalist on a daily newspaper, as an editor; and in the day I was going to the university. He was really very much troubled. Every month he would come, again and again. It took two years for him. Then one day when he came, I said, "Okay, I accept." He had not said a single word. I said, "Don't say a single word. If you say a single word, then I have told you that if you give me any money, I will reject it. So don't give it to me, and I will not reject it. Simply go on putting the money here on my table, whenever you feel I will need it. Neither you give, nor I accept."
And that's how it continued for six years. He used to put the money there. He would not say to me, "This is for you," because if he said that, there would be trouble. Nor would I talk about the money; money was not a thing to be discussed because we had settled long things long ago about it. Of course I had not said that if I find money on my table I will not use it....
I have lived without thinking of the past, without thinking of the future, and I have found that that is the only way to live; otherwise you only pretend to live, you don't live. You hope to live, but you don't live. You remember that you had lived, but you have not lived. Either it is memory or it is imagination, but it is never reality.
And I don't make anybody responsible to me. Try to understand my basic approach. All the religions have said that you are responsible towards God, towards Jesus,

towards Buddha, towards your parents, towards your teachers, towards this, towards that. None of them has said that you are responsible only towards yourself.

And I say to you that you are not responsible to God, because God exists nowhere. You are not responsible to Jesus, because Jesus was not responsible to you. So what business have you to be responsible to Jesus? You are not responsible to your parents, because they had not asked you, "We are going to give birth to you, are you ready to come into the world or not?" You came to them just accidentally.

I say to you, you are responsible only to yourself. And the miracle of this statement is: if you are responsible to your own being, you will find many responsibilities are being fulfilled, without being considered at all.

I was never responsible to my parents, but I don't think anybody else could have fulfilled his responsibility to his parents better than I have done. But I have not done it, it is just a by-product of my responsibility to myself. The moment I was fulfilled, the moment I was blessed by truth, of course I wanted it to be shared; and it was natural that I would share it with my father, with my mother, with my brothers, with my sisters, whom I had known longer than anybody else. And I shared it.

I never asked them to become sannyasins -- never. It was their decision to become sannyasins. If they wanted to become sannyasins, it was their decision. If you have become sannyasins, it is your decision. I do not convert people. I think of conversion as one of the dirtiest things one can do to you. Christian missionaries go on doing it to people, converting them. Who are you to convert anybody?

You can open your heart. If you have some light there, you can share it with others. If they feel it, they will start searching within themselves. It will not be a conversion; it will be an inversion.
If you know me well, you will try to know yourself well. That's the only way. Knowing me well, you cannot feel responsible to me. You will feel responsible, utterly responsible, to yourself. So much life you have wasted and who knows how little is left? So each moment has to be lived intensely, totally, fully.
You can fail yourself -- you cannot fail me. The person who could fail me is dead. It was I myself before I knew. That was the person who could have failed me. But instead of failing me, he died, because only in his death was my life. Only by dying was the space for my life to grow created. So I am thankful to the dead person that once I was. And I will remain thankful for eternity.
You cannot fail me because you are not responsible to me. You can either be fulfilled, then you will be grateful, thankful; or you can remain unfulfilled, then you will be angry with me -- as if I have prevented your growth. Neither I can help your growth, nor can I prevent your growth. I can only share my growth, expose myself in utter nudity to you, so that you can see what happens when one comes home, when one arrives. And that glimpse may trigger the process of transformation; not of conversion, but of transformation.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF BEING SELFLESS, MODEST AND HUMBLE, AND YOUR WAY OF BEING EGOLESS AND ORDINARY?

The Christian way of being humble, modest, selfless, is basically wrong. The words they are using may sound exactly the same as I use, but they don't mean the same. When Jesus says, "Be humble," what does he mean? He means just the opposite of the ego: the ego is standing on its head, but the ego is there... upside down. When I say be ordinary, the ordinary is not against the ego; the ordinary man is not humble.

I am not a humble man. I am not an egoist. I am just exactly in the middle. The humble man is exactly opposite to the egoist.

I am reminded of a small story. There were three Christian monasteries, very close to each other, belonging to three different denominations. One day, just by chance, the chiefs of all the three monasteries met on a morning walk. They sat under a tree to rest for a while.

One of them said, "Your monasteries are also doing our lord's work" -- carefully take note what he was saying: "Your monasteries are also doing our lord's work, but as far as scholarship is concerned, you cannot beat our monastery."

The second chief said, "I agree, I agree perfectly. Your monasteries are also doing our lord's work, but as far as service to the poor, to the sick, to the old, to the orphans is concerned, you cannot come even close to us. You are far behind."

The third monk said, "You are both right: your monasteries are doing our lord's work. And this is true: the first monastery has great scholars in it, the second monastery has great servants of the people, of the poor, of the sick. But as far as humbleness is concerned, we are the tops."
Humbleness is nothing but the ego standing upside down. A humble person is not egoless; he has repressed his ego, forced his ego to stand on its head. He is trying to be the humblest man in the whole world. But what is ego? Somebody is trying to be the richest man in the world -- then it is ego. And somebody is trying to be the humblest man in the world -- then is it not ego? If the president thinks he is at the top, then it is ego. And when the saint starts saying that he is at the top as far as humbleness is concerned, everybody is below him, then is it not ego?
Jesus has to be analyzed very carefully. He says, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." On one hand to be meek... but why to be meek? The motive? The motive is given in the other part of the sentence: "to inherit the kingdom of God" -- great meekness! Jesus also says, "If somebody hits you on one cheek, give him the other too." These statements look so beautiful because you have been conditioned to hear them again and again, and you have completely forgotten that they have to be analyzed, psychologically understood. Great research is needed, in depth. Research is needed into a statement like this.
When somebody hits you on one cheek, Jesus says, give him the other too. It looks like he is teaching nonviolence, he is teaching love, compassion. But what he is teaching is to behave like a superman, and reduce the other man to

sub-humanity. Have you ever thought that if somebody hits you, and you give the other cheek, what you are doing to him? Are you not saying to him, "Look, I am a saint"? Yes, you are not saying it, but it is all over the place. It is quite loud, even though you are not saying it: that, "Look at my saintliness, my humbleness, my meekness; you hit me on one cheek, I give you the other."

When Jesus was teaching this message to his disciples, one of them had asked him, "And if he hits you on the other too?" Jesus may not have thought of the possibility of such a question. Yes, that is possible, because if you yourself are offering another cheek, it will be just ungrateful not to accept the offer. And if you enjoyed the first hit so much that you are welcoming another, he may give even a stronger one.

So the man asked, "Then what have we to do?"

Jesus said, "You have to forgive seven times."

He said, "Okay." From the way the man said "Okay," it was clear that he knew that seven times he could tolerate it, but let the eighth come, and in just one single hit, "I will show him that what he has not been able to do in seven, I can do in a single one." Looking at the man, the way he said, "Okay," Jesus said, "No! Seventy-seven times." But even seventy-seven times will be finished....

Jesus is not trying to solve the problem, he is simply postponing it. First he postponed it twice, then seven times. Now seeing the person, that it makes no difference -- after seven times he will do exactly the same as he would have done the second time, the first time, in the first place.... But he is again postponing it, making it longer -- seventy-seven times. But I say, even seventy-seven times will be finished;

then will your humbleness be finished too? And then what are you going to do?

No, this is not the right way. You are not being humble. On the contrary, you are humiliating the other person. Jesus has told you to give him the other cheek. "Deep down he is saying: Humiliate him. He may not be conscious himself of what he is saying. He may be thinking that he is giving you a great teaching. I do not doubt his intention, but his intention is not in question at all. What is in question is the statement, the principle. What is the basic psychology in it? Somebody hits you and you give him your other cheek; you reduce him into a subhuman being, and deep down your ego is fulfilled -- so pious. But the ego feeling pious is far more dangerous than the ego feeling wrong, ugly -- because you can get rid of the ugly ego; you cannot get rid of the pious ego. The pious ego is a treasure to be saved, to be protected: that man has made you a saint.

That's what Jesus himself did on the cross. Even on the cross he is humiliating the people. He is asking God, "Forgive these people because they know not what they are doing." As if he knows! In fact, those people know perfectly well what they are doing. They know that they are crucifying him because of his claim that he is the messiah, and the scriptures say that the messiah will be crucified and the miracle will happen: he will be resurrected by God. And that will be the only proof of his being the true messiah; otherwise he is a false one.

They knew perfectly well what they were doing. But even hanging on the cross... the pious ego still has the last word: "God, father, forgive these poor people. They don't know what they are doing." Only he knows, and nobody else

there knows. And what does he know? Just a few moments before he himself was asking God, "Have you forsaken me?" There was doubt. He was shocked that the miracle was not happening, that nothing was happening, that the sky was absolutely silent, no response. All kinds of doubts must have arisen in his mind.

You can think of yourself on the cross, and you have been declaring... and he believed it. I never doubt his intention. It was not that he was befooling, or cheating. He was not a fraud, he was sincerely insane. He believed he was the messiah who had come to redeem the whole of humanity. And he went to the crucifixion himself.

There is every possibility of a strange conspiracy. Only Gurdjieff used to talk about it; he was the first man to talk about it. Christians of course cannot talk about it. And Jews have never bothered about the crucifixion; they have not even mentioned anywhere that this carpenter's son was crucified. They simply ignored it -- just a mad guy -- in their history books, their religious book. Nnowhere is crucifixion mentioned, other than in Christian books. That is the New Testament, which was written three hundred years after Jesus' crucifixion, so-called crucifixion.

Gurdjieff had a few very significant ideas. I can only call them ideas because they cannot be authenticated by any other source; but Gurdjieff was a man of penetrating mind. One idea was that the story of Jesus is not historical. It was a drama that was played year after year in olden times, just as Rama's story in India has been played year after year for five thousand years. Even today, every year in every village, every town, every city, even the smallest village has its own group of actors playing the story of Rama,

Ramleela. The same time each year the story is played. There is a possibility that there has never been such a man as Rama; it has been only a story, but it has been played for five thousand years continually so that it has taken a historicalness about itself.

Gurdjieff said Jesus' crucifixion and the whole story of Jesus was a drama played every year; no historical event happened. I don't agree with this, because if it was so the Jews would have continued to play the story, just as Hindus have continued to play the story. Why were they stopped? What happened? The story is beautiful; why did Jews simply stop it? And no Jewish source mentions it, even as a story. And if it was being played for thousands of years, it is impossible that there was no other source where it was related. And why did it suddenly stop two thousand years ago? No, it cannot be just a drama. And a drama cannot create so much trouble in the world. A drama cannot create Christianity. A drama cannot create all that the Christians have done to humanity. No, no drama is so powerful.

His second idea is also very significant, and there are moments when I think perhaps he is right about the second idea. With the first idea, I simply disagree with him. But the second idea is that Judas did not betray Jesus -- he was Jesus' closest disciple. It was Jesus who persuaded Judas to deliver him to the enemies. That too has no source anywhere. Gurdjieff was a strange man, but once in a while he used to stumble upon certain fragments of truth, certain aspects.

I can see some possibility of truth in this, because there was no need for Judas to betray. They had never been in a fight. There was no question about his being the successor,

because he was the most literate, the most cultured, the most educated person amongst Jesus' apostles. All the others were just very ordinary people from the masses. He was the only one -- he was far better educated, far more cultured than Jesus himself. It was absolutely certain that he was going to take over once Jesus was gone. There was nobody to compete with him. There was no conflict. There had been no fight, and it was not possible that he would sell his master for thirty silver pieces. And if he was really so much against Jesus, then why did he commit suicide after Jesus' crucifixion?

Christians don't talk about Judas' suicide, which is very significant. Perhaps Gurdjieff is right. Perhaps Jesus persuaded Judas, ordered Judas, "Go and deliver me to them, and deliver me in such a way that they don't suspect that you are being sent by me -- so if they offer some bribe, you accept." They offered thirty silver pieces. He accepted gratefully and he brought them to the place where Jesus was staying. Jesus was caught and the next day he was crucified. It seems Gurdjieff has a point there, because Jesus knew beforehand that he was going to be crucified the next day. How did he know it? He knew that Judas was going to deliver him to the enemy. How did he know it? The Christians will say, "He is all knowing, he is omniscient: he is the son of God." But what happens to the son of God on the cross? Suddenly God abandons the son?... forgets about him?... does not listen to his prayer? No, the possibility is he knows, because it is his own plan that he should be delivered to the high priest, and only Judas could do it because he was so obedient and he could be relied upon. The others were emotionally attached to

Jesus; only Judas was intellectually attached to Jesus. The others were not reliable. They might say, "No, we cannot do this. How can we do this to you? What are you talking about?" And even if they were sent, they would have come back without telling anybody about Jesus. They were simple folk.

Only Judas was capable of some integrity. And if Jesus says, "This is the way we have to function. You deliver me to the high priest and let them crucify me, and let God show the miracle of resurrection, so immediately we become recognized, and we can transform the whole world and redeem everybody from suffering." And Judas believed it. He was not against Jesus and he was not betraying Jesus; he was really obeying him, obeying to the very extreme. Only a very obedient disciple could do that. But he also believed that there was no problem in crucifixion. Crucifixion was just a game: he was the son of God.

You should put yourself in Judas' position, then you can understand that he was not betraying. He never thought for a single moment that this is a betrayal. He is simply fulfilling the plan and the master is giving him the order. And it is written in the scriptures, "The messiah will be betrayed by his own disciple." Everything is written in the scriptures. He knows the scriptures, he is the only person who can read. So a disciple has to play the role -- it is just a role -- because he believes totally that after the resurrection the world will be redeemed. And he is doing a great service to humanity. He is not betraying Jesus, he is fulfilling his mission on the earth.

Gurdjieff's idea is a little outlandish, but worth consideration. Anyway, whether it is right or wrong, one

thing is certain, that Jesus was very keen to be crucified, more keen than the chief priest of the great temple of the Jews. He rushes fast towards Jerusalem for the annual festival, because it is known all over the country that this time, if Jesus comes to the temple.... Last year he had created chaos in the temple, he had upturned the tables of the moneychangers, thrown them out, had beaten them, and declared, "This business cannot continue in my father's house. The temple is my father's house."

So there had been a rumor around for one year continually: "Next time, if he comes, the priests are ready. Last year they were not ready; it happened suddenly, they could not do anything. But this time they are getting ready, and they have persuaded the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, 'This man is dangerous religiously to us, and politically to you.'" Jesus knew. All these rumors were reaching him through his disciples and people and travelers, but still he rushed to the festival. For what? He had a tendency to be a martyr. That is another name for the suicidal instinct -- a good name. But he believed, madly believed, that nobody could harm him. When God is the savior, who can harm him? But on the cross his hopes disappeared. But still, the ego, the arrogance of the humble man -- who always forgives, even if you crucify him -- is there: "These poor people should be forgiven."

And who were these poor people? Learned rabbis -- their whole life they had wasted in learning the Torah -- the high priest and hundreds of other rabbis... because the temple of the Jews was one of the biggest temples in the world. Hundreds of priests were functioning there, working there. And the chief priest, the high priest was in egoistic conflict

with Jesus. Unless Jesus had that ego there, the conflict would not have arisen.

It was the rule that every year the centralmost shrine of the temple was opened; the only man who entered there was the high priest, and the door was closed. Only he was allowed to utter the name of God. That's why -- you will be surprised -- in Jewish books written in English, they don't write G-O-D -- God -- because that would be pronouncing the full name. The 'o' is dropped, leaving an empty space in place of 'o': 'g' -- empty space for 'o' -- and 'd'. You should not pronounce it, because unless you are pure enough you should not pronounce the name of God.

Only the high priest was entitled to pronounce the name of God; others were not entitled even to hear it. So the door was closed in the innermost shrine, completely closed -- and there was only one door. Then he would call out, "God!" and pray and ask for the redemption of the Jews: "Send the messiah."

And this man Jesus entered into the temple the year before, disturbed the whole structure of the temple, the system of the temple, and declared himself the messiah. Not only that, he declared, "I am the only begotten son of God. This is my father's house, and what business is it that you are doing? I will not allow this kind of business here. Get out of the temple!"

Now, this was a sure challenge for the high priest that an even higher priest has arrived, the messiah has arrived, the prayer has been heard. Not only the messiah, God has sent his own son. Now this son has to be somehow finished with; otherwise the purpose, the function of the high priest and the thousand priests and the whole temple is lost.

Jesus rushed, got caught, was crucified; but even in crucifixion his arrogance was the same. He asked that these people should be forgiven, because they did not know what they were doing. If you enter deeply into such statements, you will be surprised that what appears on the surface is not the whole reality. So when the Christians say humble, they mean the ego has been repressed. But it has come in from the back door, claiming that "I am the most humble person." When they say selfless, they tell you to practice selflessness, be humble.

Once a Christian monk came to see me. He was traveling all over India, and one of my Christian friends had given him a letter saying that if he passed through my city he must see me. He had written a letter to me saying that "Brother So-and-so is coming on these dates, and he is the humblest person you will ever come across -- absolutely selfless. He is exactly what you teach. So I am telling him to meet you, and I implore you also to meet him. He is a man worth meeting."

Brother So-and-so appeared one morning. He was carrying a Bible, and was living just like a Hindu monk; he looked very simple, gentlemanly. But I didn't say to him to sit down.

He said, "Your friend has sent me."

I said, "I have received the letter. But why are you carrying that rubbish with you?"

He said, "Rubbish? This is The Holy Bible."

I said, "This is holy nonsense."

His eyes became fire and he said, "What kind of man are you? My friend was saying that I would be welcomed and received. You have not even asked me to sit down and you

call my holy Bible 'holy nonsense,' rubbish. I cannot stay here anymore."

I said, "I don't want you to stay here anymore -- because you are not the person whom he describes in this letter, the Brother So-and-so who is very humble, the humblest person you will ever come across. You are not a humble person. If you were, what is wrong in my calling your Bible rubbish? You should have laughed. You should have said, 'Okay, that is your opinion.'

"And if I have not asked you to sit down, nor have I prevented you. The chair was there; why were you waiting for me to tell you to sit down? A humble person? You could have sat down; I have not prevented you. And just think of your anger -- you are enraged!" I said, "Now I say, please sit down. Put your holy Bible here on the table."

He said, "No. I cannot stay here a single moment more. You are a dangerous man. You disturbed my twenty years' humbleness."

I said, "A humbleness which has been practiced for twenty years and is disturbed within twenty seconds is not worth much."

You can repress the self, you can repress the ego, you can behave the way a humble man behaves. You can discipline yourself in any way, but it is all a circus, disciplining. Deep down you will remain the same. Anybody who knows how to scratch your thin layer of discipline can bring your reality out within seconds.

When I say be without the ego, I am not saying repress the ego, I am saying try to understand the ego. I am not saying fight with it. I am saying become aware of it. And the more you become aware of the ego, the less it is. The day you are

fully aware of the ego, it is not found. When the ego is not found, then a quality arises in you like a fragrance -- which is humbleness, which I call ordinariness, just to make the difference from humbleness. That word humble has been so misused by religious people that I have to use the word ordinariness, because no religion has used that word. So I don't want to use the words humble, selfless. I would like you simply to understand that I am just ordinary as everybody else is ordinary. And this understanding comes by becoming aware of the ego, not by repressing it.

One woman has written a letter in which she says, "You are not a gentleman; not only that, you are not even a Christian." I started to think, "Is to be a Christian a necessary condition for being a gentleman? Then the whole world who is not Christian, is not gentlemanly. Only Christians are gentlemen." And my experience shows, and your experience shows, that this is not the case. Christians, because of Jesus' egoistic claims, continue in the same egoistic stream -- their pope is infallible.

I used to think that I have come to know all the kinds of idiots, but coming here to Oregon I came to know that that was not right. The Oregonian idiot is a special category in itself.

Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #24

Chapter title: The Psychology of Being -- The Golden Key

22 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF MIND IN RELIGION?

The mind is the most complex phenomenon in the whole of existence.
It will be a little difficult to understand the function of mind in religion. You will have to go through three doors.
The first is the modern western psychology's attitude about mind. Psychology says mind has three functions: cognition, thinking, feeling. Through cognition you become aware of the whole objective world around you. Everything that you see, hear, taste, smell, touch -- it is all cognition. The world is known through cognition. The five senses are the five ways of knowing the world.
But through cognition there is no way to know yourself. Just because through cognition you can know only the world of things, Western psychology has dropped the idea of being, of your innermost self. It is a very strange situation, because they say you become aware of the world through cognition, but they deny you. Who becomes aware of this objective world? Who sees the sunset and the sunrises? Certainly not the eye. There is somebody behind the eye, but the eye cannot see that someone who is behind the eye. Who hears the sound, the music, the song, the birds in the morning singing? It is not the ear. The ear is only a passage; somebody is standing behind the passage. You recognize the window, but you don't recognize the person who is standing behind the window and looking at the sky. Western psychology is in a very stupid state because of this denial. You recognize knowledge, you recognize the

known, but you don't recognize the knower. Now, without the knower how can there be knowledge? How can there be anything known? But strange, no Western psychologist has even raised the question.

Cognition certainly cannot help to go within. All the five senses are five ways that lead you out, away from the center. But they have no way to turn upon the center itself. For that, something else has to be known.

We will discuss it. Because these three functions are recognized, first let us discuss those three functions.

Cognition is knowing the world, the other, but ignoring you. You become knowledgeable about everything and you become absolutely ignorant of yourself. Do you see the strange situation? Knowledge goes on growing, and the knower goes on shrinking -- and the knower is the most important thing, because it is you.

The second thing is thinking -- another function of the mind. Thinking can produce philosophy, theology, science. But thinking cannot give you the truth of your being, because thinking is always going to be about what the cognition supplies you. It is dependent on cognition. For example, a blind man cannot think about light. There is no way for him to think about light, because in the first place he has no eyes. The cognition of light has not happened. The object is not there; hence he cannot focus his thinking on something that is not present. It is impossible for a deaf person to think about music. How can he think? There is no way to conceptualize.

So philosophy is dependent on cognition, but it only thinks, it never goes farther than thinking. It never experiments.

Science is a further step. It is a byproduct of philosophy. When thinking starts experimenting, starts searching for facts... because thinking, in itself, remains fiction. A thought is just hot air, unless you prove it by some facticity. Science comes after a long tradition of philosophy, when philosophy becomes fed up, going round and round and round, and not catching anything which can be called factual. Yes, it comes to know what is logical, but the logical is not necessarily real. Sometimes the logical proves to be unreal; sometimes the real proves to be illogical. They are not synonymous.

But both philosophy and science are impotent as far as religion is concerned. Yes, theology they can create. Theology is nothing but philosophy about God. That's the meaning of the word theology. Theo means God; logy means logic -- logical thinking about God. Nothing can be more absurd. You don't know God, cognition has not supplied God.

That's why science goes on succeeding, and theology goes on failing, because science has some grounds, through cognition, to enter objective reality. Theology has no way through cognition. So it simply remains thinking about a fiction. It thinks about God. You don't know God. How can you think about God? Before you start thinking, you must have some sort of experience. So theology is pseudo-religion -- pretending to be religion, but it is not religion.

The third function psychology recognizes is feeling. Feeling gives you the whole dimension of all the arts -- poetry, painting, music, dance, literature -- but feeling also has no way of proving facticity. It can give you beautiful poetry, but it cannot prove that it is a fact. Nobody asks the

poets to prove facticity; that would be meaningless. Poetry is not supposed to give you facts, it is supposed to give you beauty, the enjoyment of beauty -- which is a feeling. If there is nobody to feel, do you think the sunset will still be beautiful? You are wrong. The sunset will be there, but it won't be beautiful. Nothing will be beautiful, nothing will be ugly, nothing will be good, nothing will be bad. All these divisions are through your feeling.

The same is true about cognition too. You will be surprised. First your mind will tend not to believe it, but it is a fact so nothing can be done about it. The moment you close your eyes, all the colors in the room disappear -- for you. If everybody closes his eyes, then all the colors in the room disappear for all. In this room then, there is no color, because color needs light and eyes meeting. It is at the meeting point that the color happens. If the eyes are closed the meeting point is missing. Light will be there but there will be no eye to contact it, and through the contact, to create the color.

Every ray of light consists of the seven colors of the rainbow. Your robes are red for a strange reason. They are not really red. Your robes are absorbing six colors of the ray of light, all except red. The red is thrown back. The other six are absorbed. Because the red is thrown back, it falls on other people's eyes, so they see your clothes as red. It is a very contradictory situation -- your clothes are not red, that's why they appear red. If they appear blue, then they are not blue. If they appear green, then they are not green, because whatsoever they appear means that color is not being absorbed. The remaining six colors are absorbed, only one color is left out. And the color that is left out

reaches to people's eyes, and naturally that color they project on your clothes. It is coming from your clothes. But when I close my eyes, your clothes immediately are no longer red because my eyes will not be projecting the color. So even science can only say that it deals just with facts, not with truth. This is a fact, that your clothes are red, but this is not a truth. Know the difference between the fact and the truth. Fact means: as things appear to your senses. And truth means: as things are, without any reference to your senses.

Theology has nothing for cognition, so it is pure fiction. Philosophy is also fiction, but halfway, because it can turn towards theology, then it becomes more fiction; or it can turn towards science, then it becomes nonfiction, a factuality.

But none of these three has any way to know about the person who is knowing through all these three functions, who is behind these three functions: cognition, thinking, feeling. And because he is not available through these three functions, psychology simply denies him. It is the most dangerous error that Western psychology has committed.

The second door -- the second possible way of looking at the functions of the mind in reference to religion -- is Western psychoanalysis. Western psychoanalysis again divides mind into three parts: the conscious mind, the unconscious mind, and the collective unconscious mind. That is the Jungian division, and I am using it because it is a step further than the Freudian. The Freudian division is: conscious mind, subconscious mind, and the unconscious mind. In fact the subconscious mind is only the boundary

line between the conscious and the unconscious -- it is not very important, hence I am not using the Freudian division. Jung's division is far more important. He is saying you have a conscious mind, through which you think, see. All those three functions of psychology happen through the conscious mind. Just underneath, nine times bigger than the conscious, is the unconscious mind, which has immense possibilities, which comes to life in your dreams, in your fantasies. It has also possibilities like telepathy, clairvoyance, thought transfer. It can read other people's minds, it can project its thoughts into other people's minds, and they will think that these are their thoughts. It has a certain capacity which is known as hypnos.

Hypnos is a deliberate kind of sleep -- not natural sleep, but a deliberate kind, a special kind of sleep. In ordinary sleep you lose all contact with the outside world. In hypnos -- hypnos, the word, means sleep, but I am using it just to keep ordinary sleep separate. Ordinary sleep is when you are disconnected from all the outside world -- the world of objects. Hypnos is when you are disconnected from all outside objects except the one person who has created the sleep in you, with whom you remain in contact. You will not hear anything else. If somebody speaks, you will not hear, but if it is the person who has put you into hypnos, in hypnosis, you will hear it. If he orders you, you will follow. If he tells you to do something, you will do it. And this unconscious mind, in the state of hypnos, can do things which look like miracles.

For example, you can walk on fire. There are many people around the world -- Mohammedan Sufis walk on fire, Buddhist monks walk on fire in Ceylon, in India, in China,

in Java, in Sumatra. Every year, in many places, in many temples it happens. And thousands of people are eyewitnesses. You can also walk on fire. All that you need is, in hypnos, to be told by the person who has hypnotized you that you can walk and you will not be burned.

The unconscious mind is so powerful that it transforms your very physiology. You walk in fire, and you are not burned. The other way is also possible. You are in a hypnotic sleep; just a cold stone is put in your hand, and you are told that this stone is red-hot, just pure fire -- and your hand will be burned. No, the stone cannot burn your hand. What has happened? Your unconscious mind is so powerful that the body simply follows it. Religions have used this capacity of the mind tremendously.

In India, you can see in almost every village people putting spears in their mouths through one side and taking out the spear from the other side. Two holes -- in both cheeks -- and not a single drop of blood. And for hours they will move around in that state, with the spear in their mouth. When the spear is taken out, no blood appears and the wounds heal immediately. No scar is left behind. But it needs the same faculty to function -- hypnosis.

Now in Russia they are using hypnosis for education. The child sleeps with earphones, and in a very, very slow and almost silent voice that does not disturb his sleep, he is being taught things. He will remember them in the morning, and he will remember them far better than if he had tried to remember them while he was conscious... because while you are conscious, your mind is doing a thousand and one other things too. But when you are in a

hypnotic sleep your mind is not doing anything. It is simply absorbing whatsoever is being poured into it.

Now they are using it for indoctrination, for teaching communism. They are using it on prisoners, prisoners of war. In China it has been used so widely that when the people who were caught in the Korean war came back to their countries, they were totally different people -- they were communists. And they had gone to fight communism. They had gone with a very anti-communist attitude, and when they came back from a prison camp they were communist, absolutely for communism. And nobody had told them anything, everything was done in their sleep. But the sleep has to be managed; it has to be hypnotic, not ordinary sleep.

And that can be done because all the religions have been doing it for centuries without your knowing. For example, if you chant a mantra before you go to sleep at night, and you go on chanting, chanting, chanting, chanting, chanting, till you fall asleep, it will not be ordinary sleep: you have created hypnos yourself. It is autohypnosis. Now you will have a totally different kind of sleep, and certainly in the morning you will feel the difference. You are more refreshed, more rejuvenated, more clear, clean, younger, fresher, because in hypnos nothing moves, all activity ceases. And it was autohypnosis, so nobody was torturing you.

But you can manage to hypnotize yourself and indoctrinate yourself also. For example, you can go on chanting a certain mantra with the idea: "Tonight I will see Krishna, Krishna is going to appear in my sleep." In the background, the idea, and you go on chanting... and Krishna will appear

in your sleep as real as anything you have seen. You can touch him, you can talk to him; he will be answering you. There is no possibility for you to doubt. That's how Christians see Christ, Hindus see Krishna, Buddhists see Buddha; and once they have seen them in their hypnotic sleep, their belief becomes absolutely indubitable. Now you cannot shake their belief until you disturb the hypnotic conditioning that they have created.

The people who were caught in China were all religious people, coming from different countries. When they came back they were all anti-religious. Their whole religion was taken away in the same way that it had been put in the first place -- the same method.

The unconscious has tremendous powers. It can communicate. It communicates sometimes even without your practicing it. For example, if a son is dying, it is possible that the mother may be thousands of miles away but she will start feeling something wrong is happening, because she has a certain connection with the son. The son is just part of her. For nine months he was part and parcel of her physiology, her psychology, everything. His foundation is still connected with her.

It happened: one of my friends is a very well known poet, Professor Rameshwar Shukla, whose pen name is Anchal. We were traveling from Jabalpur to Nagpur in the same car. It must have been twelve-thirty in the night. We were midway between Jabalpur and Nagpur and he suddenly heard something. I didn't hear anything. He said, "Did you hear something?"

I said, "No."

He said, "Strange, but I have heard it three times."

I asked him, "what have you heard?"
He said, "I have heard 'Munna, Munna, Munna.'"
I said, "What does that signify to you?" I had no idea that his childhood name was Munna. In India it is a popular name, Munna. Before children get a full name, they are called Munna, Pappu, just like that -- any meaningless word. It was his childhood name.
He said, "Only my father uses it, nobody else," because he was now himself nearabout sixty, principal of a college and a well known poet. Who would call him Munna? Only his father, and his father lived in Allahabad.
I said, "Then it is better we stop somewhere and you immediately make a phone call to Allahabad."
He said, "Nonsense! Why?"
I said, "Don't say nonsense... because if only your father calls you Munna, and you heard it three times, and I have not heard it, that means something in your unconscious is stirring, and it must be connected with your father."
He said, "Do you believe in such things?"
I said, "It is not a question of belief; to me it is very scientific."
We stopped at Seoni, a big city between Jabalpur and Nagpur; that was the only place where we could get to the phone. We phoned. His father had died exactly at twelve-thirty, and before he died he had called three times, "Munna, Munna, Munna," because he was his only son. And at exactly twelve-thirty my friend had heard it. Now, this has nothing to do with the conscious mind. But the unconscious can have a communication.
In primitive societies you will find many people capable of communicating with each other, hundreds of miles away --

sending messages, receiving messages as accurately or perhaps more accurately than we can manage through the conscious mind. By writing a letter you may commit a mistake; sending a message on the telephone something may go wrong. The weather may not be right, you may be connected to a wrong number -- anything is possible. But when one unconscious relates to another unconscious, nothing ever goes wrong.

This unconscious mind has tremendous powers which are unexplored. And because they are unexplored, religions have exploited them. So many religious miracles can be reduced to the unconscious, unexplored possibilities. And one day, every miracle will be able to be explained by the unconscious mind and its potentialities. All its potentialities have not been developed. But the unconscious cannot help you to know yourself. That is beyond it, that is not its power.

The third part of the Jungian division is the collective unconscious, which is even deeper and more foundational than the unconscious -- because the unconscious was individual: it is your unconscious that you have gathered from the day you were conceived in your mother's womb. I am not saying from the day you were born. No, it starts from the moment you were conceived, because not only does your body start growing, your mind starts growing with it. So the first impact on your mind is from your mother. In those nine months, whatsoever happens to your mother's psychology is bound to have an impact for your whole life.

So if a scientific society ever exists in the world, then in those nine months a mother's psychology should be taken

care of, because it is not only her mind -- she is creating, side by side, another mind which will be a continuity. If she is angry, something of anger enters into the unconscious of the child. If she is miserable, then something of miserableness enters into the child.

But the collective unconscious means it is millions and millions of years old. It carries your forefathers, and their forefathers. It carries... if man has come, according to Darwin, from the monkeys, then somewhere in the collective unconscious the monkey's experiences are stored. But the monkey is not the beginning.

Scientists say that man must have come from the sea. The first life must have appeared in the sea, as a fish perhaps. Your collective unconscious carries all that, all those experiences. You are carrying the whole history of life on this planet, and it affects you. Without your knowing, it manipulates you, it makes you do things, think things, behave in a certain way.

But even this unconscious, the collective unconscious, has no way towards your being. It can lead you back to all kinds of bodies your being had. Perhaps that's what gave the idea of reincarnation. Just think of it -- perhaps that is what gave the eastern people the idea of reincarnation: that they were before this life. Buddha says he was an elephant in one life. Perhaps he has entered into his collective unconscious and what he is remembering is not his individual experience but the collective experience. But when you remember it, it looks like it is individual.

The day we are able to go deeper, and dive deeper into the collective unconscious, that day will be very decisive. Whether lives continue individually -- one is born into one

body, then in another body, then in another body -- or it is just the collective evolution that leaves its track in each individual, and he remembers.... But when he remembers, he feels, "I have been an elephant."

Now, Hindus say that the first incarnation of God is a fish. Strange... just to think of it. Why should they have thought that? There are so many animals in the world, why should God's first incarnation be a fish? Hindus have another incarnation of God which is half man, half animal. Nobody has bothered to think about these facts in a psychological way. Perhaps it is a remembrance of the very depth of your collective unconscious that you feel "fish." And that certainly means life incarnates as a fish. You can call it God, it doesn't matter; it simply means the same. And the idea, the very idea occurring to Hindus -- and the idea is ten thousand years old, it is not a new idea -- to anybody to whom this idea occurred, I can say he must have dived deep into the collective unconscious and found life arising as fish.

And the second idea is even more important. One incarnation of God is Narasinha, half man, half lion. Certainly if man has evolved through animals, then there must have been a time when he was half animal and half man. You cannot just jump: at ten o'clock you are a monkey and by ten-fifteen you are a man -- this cannot be. Somewhere between ten and ten-fifteen you must be half monkey and half man, transforming, changing. And perhaps that is true as far as the majority of humanity is concerned even today -- half monkey, half man. The division can be two ways: either you can divide man into the lower half, monkey, and the upper half, man; or you can

divide man into the outer half, monkey, and the inner half, man -- or vice versa.

But there seems to be so much animal in man that Darwin's hypothesis gains ground. Whether man comes from monkeys or not is not the point; the point is the idea that man grows somewhere from animals. But where will the animal go? Where does your childhood go when you become a youth? It becomes part of your unconscious. When you become old, your youth becomes part of your unconscious. Nothing goes anywhere. It can't, there is nowhere to go. It simply goes on piling up within you. But what happened to life millions of years before must be somewhere within your life -- of course at a depth where it is not easy to reach. The depth must be oceanic. The Atlantic or Pacific at some points are five miles deep. I think man's collective unconscious must be far, far deeper; five miles won't do, because the whole life... so many changes, so many transformations....

But even from plumbing the whole depth of the collective unconscious you cannot go towards yourself. Your being still remains the one who is plumbing, the one who is trying to know. You are irreducible to an object. Let me emphasize it. You are irreducible to an object. You are always a subject, always and always. Whatsoever you know, you are the knower -- you are never the known.

The third door, the third dimension, is from Eastern psychology, which accepts "the fourth." Western psychology only accepts three functions, Western psychoanalysis accepts only three divisions. Eastern psychology accepts four: waking consciousness, dreaming consciousness, sleeping consciousness, and the fourth. The

fourth is not named; it is called turiya -- the fourth, simply the fourth. And they have done well by not naming it, because it is so vast and indefinable that to name it will give it a limitation, will give it a meaning, will make it an object. So they have not named it, they have simply called it the fourth.

Western psychology and psychoanalysis both need the fourth -- they are in immense need of the fourth. Without the fourth they are incomplete -- incomplete, illogical, irrational... because you go on doing things leaving aside the most important factor of your existence, yourself. Now, Freud is concerned with fear, guilt, repression, sex, greed -- his writings are great, his researches are great -- but not even for a single moment is he concerned about his being.

In India, the most famous Freudian psychoanalyst was Doctor Laljiram Shukla; he was the head of the psychological studies in the Hindu university of Benares. Just by a coincidence it happened that one of my friends who used to study with me in Jabalpur -- after graduation, I moved to Sagar university and he moved to Benares university -- fell in love with Doctor Laljiram Shukla's daughter. Doctor Shukla was a very famous man. By and by he agreed to their marriage. They were of the same caste, so there was no problem. And this boy belonged to a very rich family, so there was no problem. And he was the only son -- so far so good.

Laljiram Shukla was very eager to complete the marriage quickly, so he brought this boy -- who is now himself a very famous historian in the university of Jabalpur, head of the department of history, Doctor Baijnath Sharma -- he brought him from the hostel to his home, saying, "Why do

you live there? You are going to be my son-in-law. There is no need for you to live in the hostel, you can live in my house. I have such a big house. And only I, my daughter, and my wife -- three people -- are living in that big house. You can have everything separate for yourself."

By and by, Baijnath started talking about me because he was immensely impressed by me -- four years he was with me -- and he created so much curiosity in Laljiram that he said, "You'd better invite him. I would like to see this man who has impressed you so much. And I have heard it not only from you -- anybody who comes from that side of the country to my department brings his name. It has come from so many sources that now I cannot wait any more. Send him a telegram to come immediately and to be my guest for a few days, as many days as he can manage."

The telegram came to me. I thought it was a good opportunity to have a little wrestling with a great psychologist. I had been wrestling with religious people, and all kinds of people, but a great Freudian -- this was a good opportunity.

I sent the telegram: "I am coming immediately, and I will be your guest as long as you can manage." Even my telegram made him afraid: "as long as you can manage...." Was I going to live there forever?

Baijnath said to him, "I cannot say anything about him -- he may live here forever, but the fault is yours. You have told him: 'You can stay here for as long as you can manage.' He has replied to you, 'I will stay there as long as you can manage.'"

Laljiram said, "The trouble has started. I was worried that there was going to be trouble."

I arrived there in the night, about twelve o'clock. He had come to receive me. He was an old man. We went home. He didn't say a single word on the way. The way was long because my train used to reach Mugalsarai, not directly to Benares, and from Mugalsarai I had to go by car to Benares. Mugalsaral is on one side of the Ganges and Benares is on the other side of the Ganges. So there are trains which go to Benares and there are trains which go to Mugalsarai, but this particular train, which was the first available.... So he had come to pick me up at Mugalsarai -- but no one spoke a single word.

Baijnath was very uncomfortable. He said, "What is the matter? You are both silent."

Laljiram said, "I am silent because if I say something and he contradicts it, then we cannot sleep the whole night. And I don't know why he is silent."

I said, "I am simply silent, waiting for the morning."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "You have started! Wait for the morning, please don't start it right now. I am tired... a long journey, and now, in the middle of the night.... Wait for the morning!"

He said, "You have disturbed my sleep. What are you going to do in the morning?"

I said, "The morning means the morning. I am not going to give you any clue."

Baijnath told me in the morning, "The whole night he has been walking in the corridor. I told him two or three times, 'You should go to sleep. What are you thinking about?' He said, 'I am thinking about what is going to happen in the morning.'"

Baijnath said, "What is going to happen? Nothing is going to happen -- he is absolutely harmless. You can go to sleep." But he could not. He tried -- but he would get up again and walk.
He said, "Tonight I cannot sleep."
In the morning... it was a winter morning so we sat in the sun, and all his postgraduate students, his Ph.D. research scholars -- about thirty-five people from the university -- had come. A few professors of his department were also there.
I said, "Now you can start. The morning has come."
He said, "So let us start from the very beginning. Is God or not?"
I told him, "That is not from the very beginning. God cannot be the first. There must have been something before him. There must have been a father to him, a mother to him; otherwise how does he suddenly jump into existence? And if he can suddenly jump into existence, then why bother about the whole thing? The whole existence suddenly jumps into existence: if this is going to be the final position that we have to accept -- that God is uncreated -- then why not accept the simple thing that existence is uncreated?
"Why bring in this one fiction unnecessarily? This is a basic principle In science: use the fewest hypotheses possible. Anything that can be dropped should be dropped. The most minimal hypothesis should be used. That's a basic fundamental of all scientific research. God is a useless hypothesis. He does not help in any way, because the question remains the same: 'Who created him?' It does not change the question, so it is useless." So I said, "Ask

something relevant, meaningful. I have not come so far to see you to discuss God with you. And what business has a Freudian with God? I have come to you as a psychologist. That will be better, you will be on solid ground. With things like God, etetcetera you will be in trouble. You be on your ground, and I want to test you on your solid ground."

So to this man I said for the first time, "Your whole psychology is missing the most important point. You are talking about the conscious, subconscious and unconscious, but you are not talking about the fourth, turiya -- and the fourth is behind everything."

I have shown you three doors: the Eastern, divided into waking consciousness, dreaming consciousness, sleeping consciousness; the psychoanalysts', divided into conscious, unconscious, collective unconscious; the psychologists', divided into cognition, thinking, feeling. These are the only divisions man has made up to now. But only the Eastern psychology has recognized the fourth, without giving it a name. And the fourth is the door to religion. What is this fourth?

You see things there, outside in the world -- that's the objective world, the people, the trees, the mountains, the oceans. Then you see thoughts, feelings, emotions, anger, greed -- that is your inner world. But who is the seer? These are the two worlds -- the outer world and the inner world -- but who is the seer?

To inquire who is the seer of it all is to raise the basic religious question. God is not the religious question. It is a very childish question. The religious question is: who is the seer? The seer of thoughts, emotions, the seer of things,

people, mountains, clouds... who is this seer hidden behind everything? The watcher on the hills does nothing but simply watch. No action of any kind, just a pure mirror which reflects whatsoever comes in front of it....

The way to this watcher is very simple. You drop the objects of watching, because they are covering the watcher -- as if the sun is clouded from all sides, and you cannot see the sun. It is easy to drop the outer objects; you can just close your eyes, and outer objects are no longer there. The difficulty arises with the inner objects. They are just shadows of outer objects -- thoughts passing by, dreams passing by, fantasies passing by. Don't fight with them. If you fight with them you have become an actor; you are no longer a watcher. You have forgotten that you have to remain just a watcher.

It is a simple knack. Once it happens there is not any difficulty, but the first time, certainly it is difficult. It is just like swimming. If you see other people swimming in the river or in the ocean, you are amazed, because you cannot swim. And they say it is very simple, there is no problem in it.

In my village there was a very beautiful, old, good man. Everybody loved him; he was so simple and so innocent, even though he was more than eighty. And by the side of my village flows a river. He had made a special spot of his own on the river, where he used to take his bath. As far as anybody in the village could remember, they had always seen him, day in, day out, year in, year out; whether it was rainy season, summer, winter, made no difference; whether he was sick or healthy made no difference. He would be there at exactly five o'clock in the morning, on his spot.

And that was the deepest part of the river, so nobody ordinarily used to go there -- and it was far away. People used to go to the river; it was just half a furlong from my house, but that spot was almost two miles away. And just like our hills surrounding the river, you have to go and pass one mountain, then another, then another, then you will reach that spot. But it was a beautiful spot. As I became aware of it I started going there, and we immediately became friends because... you know me, what type of person I am: if he was going to be there at five, I was going to be there at three. One day, two days, three days passed; he said, "What is the matter? Have you decided to defeat me?"

I said, "No, that is not the point. But I am going to be here at three -- just as you have decided to be here at five."

He said, "Do you know how to swim?"

I said, "I don't, but you need not worry: if other people can swim, then I can swim. If you can swim, then what is the problem? One thing is certain: it is humanly possible. That's enough. At the most I can be drowned -- so what? One day everybody has to die. It does not matter."

He said, "You are dangerous. I will teach you how to swim."

I said, "No." I told him, "You simply sit here and I will jump in. Don't try to save me if I am dying; even if I am calling out to you to save me, don't listen."

He said, "What kind of child are you? You will be crying, 'Save me!' and I am not to save you?"

I said, "Yes. I will not be crying. I am simply making absolutely sure.... Perhaps when I am drowning, dying or suffocating, or water is going in my nose and mouth, I may

start crying, 'Save me!' but I want to be clear: I don't want to be saved by anybody in any case. Either I will come out knowing what swimming is or I will go down, knowing that swimming is not for me."

And before he could stop me, I jumped in. Certainly I had to go two or three times under the water and come up. And he was standing there, waiting, so that if I called him... but I simply waved my hand to indicate, "No, I am not going to call." Three or four times I went in, down, came up, threw my arms about haphazardly, because I had no idea how to swim -- but what can you do? When you are drowning you try every possible way you can. And within five minutes I knew the knack. I came back and I told him, "You were offering to teach me this -- which I can learn within five minutes? I just had to risk, and accept the fact: at the most it could have meant death."

Swimming is a knack, it is not an art that anybody has to learn. You have just to be thrown into water. You are bound to start splashing and throwing your hands and your legs about, and soon you will find that if you throw your hands and legs about in a harmonious way, in synchronicity, then the water itself keeps you up.

I had told that old man, "I have seen dead bodies passing along the river. When a dead man can swim, do you mean to say to me that I am alive, and I cannot swim? Even the dead man knows the art!" In the rains, when there were floods, it would happen many times that whole villages would be taken by the river -- many people, dead bodies, dead animals would pass by. So I said, "Even dead people go by, fast. And I am alive, so let me have the chance of learning it by myself, because my feeling is that it is only a

knack. What art can there be? It is not craftmanship, or some difficult art to be understood. All that I see is that people are throwing their hands about -- so I can throw mine about too."

You have to remember: watching is not some art, some craft, no; it is a knack. All that you have to remember is, don't get drowned in the river that is flowing inside. And how do you get drowned in it? If you become in any way active, you are drowned.

If you remain inactive, passive, not doing anything... alert that, "I am not supposed to do anything; the anger is passing, let it pass. Goodbye...." If some thought is going past, good or bad, don't bother. Your simple concern is to watch, not to call anything names, not to condemn, because all those are actions.

Action brings you into the mind. Inaction takes you out of the mind. Action is a bridge between you and the mind; with inaction the bridge is dropped, you are standing there all alone. And the moment you are not active, not in any way participating, a miracle is experienced.

It is your participation that gives life to the mind -- its thoughts, feelings, emotions -- it is your participation that gives life to it. When you are not participating, they simply disperse, leaving a pure emptiness: you alone, in your utter aloneness. Time stops. As mind stops, time stops. And for the first time in your life you see the seer, you observe the observer. You become aware of awareness, and this is all that religion is about.

But you have to remember the fourth. The three divisions made by three different kinds of people around the world are not enough. You need the fourth.

And the fourth is simple -- watchfulness.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #25
Chapter title: I Am Against Religions, but I Am For Religion
23 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WITH NO GOD, NO DEVIL, WHAT IS RELIGION ALL ABOUT? DOES A SANNYASIN NEED A RELIGION?

Religion has nothing to do with God, the devil, heaven and hell.
The word religion has to be understood. The word is significant: it means putting the parts together, so that the parts are no longer parts but become whole. The root meaning of the word religion is: to put things together in such a way that the part is no longer a part but becomes the whole. Each part becomes the whole, in togetherness. Each part, separate, is dead; joined together, a new quality appears, the quality of the whole. And to bring that quality into your life is the purpose of religion.
It has nothing to do with God or the devil. But the way the religions have functioned in the world, they have changed its whole quality, the very fabric. Instead of making it a science of integration, so that man is not many, but one.... Ordinarily you are many, a crowd. To melt this crowd into

one wholeness, so that everything in you starts functioning in harmony with everything else within you, and there is no conflict, no division, no fight -- nobody higher, nobody lower, you are just one harmonious whole....

The religions around the world have helped humanity to forget even the meaning of the word. They are against the integrated man, because the integrated man does not need God, does not need the priest, does not need the church. The integrated man is enough unto himself. He is whole. And to me that makes him holy -- because he is whole. He is so fulfilled that there is no psychological need for a father figure, a God somewhere in heaven taking care of you. He is so blissful in the moment, you cannot make him afraid about tomorrow. Tomorrow does not exist for the integrated man. Only this moment is all -- neither there are yesterdays nor tomorrows.

You cannot manipulate the integrated man through these childish stupid strategies of "If you do this you will attain to heaven and all its pleasures; if you do that you will fall into hell and you will suffer for eternity." The integrated man will simply laugh at all this nonsense.

He has no fear of the future, you cannot create hell; he has no greed for the future, you cannot create heaven. He needs no protection, nobody to guide him, nobody to take him somewhere. He has no goals, no motivations. Each moment is so complete that it is not waiting to be completed by another moment which will come sometime in this life, or maybe in the next life.... Each moment is full, overfull, overflowing, and all that he knows is a tremendous gratitude for this beautiful existence.

That too he does not say, because the existence does not understand language. That gratitude is his very being, so whatsoever he is doing, there is gratitude. If he is not doing anything, just sitting silently, there is gratitude. It is not something like Mohammedans who five times a day thank God -- but what are you doing between those five times? You are not thanking between those five times. So your thankfulness is just a ritual, it is not your life.

Sheela has just brought me a brochure from a Christian society which "celebrates a week of forgiveness around the world." Any city can become a member of the society, but only a city. Then the city appears on the world map of the Society of Forgiveness. And the people who are doing such work really look serious, but what they are doing is so childish, so idiotic. On Monday you forgive yourself -- this way it goes -- on Tuesday you forgive your neighbors, on Wednesday you forgive your enemies, then you forgive your nation, then you forgive all the nations. The whole program is for the seven days.

And the covering letter says, "If you do forgive yourself, the nation, the nations, the whole world, you will achieve immense happiness. Resentment is bad, repentance is good." Now these people have sent a world map with the letter, on which the cities are marked, so the association must have been working for years. This is a new city, so they have invited us to become members of their foolish game.

Once a year for seven days you forgive... then what do you do for the whole year? And if you continue to forgive for the whole year, then for the next year your membership is finished, because the next year you cannot have the week to

forgive -- there is nobody left to forgive, you have forgiven all. But these people have been doing it for years, and every year -- so the forgiveness does not transform you.
In the covering letter it says, "Be always the first to forgive." Don't miss the chance to be the first to forgive, be the leader, be the master of forgiveness. Do you see the point? Even in forgiveness there is competition, there is an ego game: "Be the first." But if everybody is trying to be the first, then who can be the first? Somebody has to be second: he has lost the game already; he is no longer master of his fate and destiny. So be quick! Before the other forgives you, you forgive him, so you remain the master of your destiny, and the leader, and the first -- and great will be your benefit.
Now, to forgive someone, first you have to be angry, enraged, against him, hateful, resentful, in some way thinking of destroying the other. If these things are not there, how can you forgive? You must carry the wound the whole year, for these seven days of forgiveness. Every February those seven days will come, and at that time you do your best to be the first. And certainly the person who forgives more will have more benefits. But who can forgive more if you are not carrying resentment in you at all? How can you forgive? For what can you forgive?
For example, I cannot forgive anybody in the whole world. I don't see any reason for anybody to be forgiven by me; I am not carrying any wound, any resentment. While Sheela was reading the pamphlet, I tried to figure out that if I have to forgive, whom I should forgive. I was absolutely empty and no answer, no name appeared, that this person I should forgive... because in the first place I have never been in the

attitude of resentfulness. I don't have any enemy in the world. There are millions of people who think they are my enemies, but as far as I am concerned, there is nobody who is my enemy. So if I try to forgive, whom am I going to forgive?

It was really a pleasure to see that society -- and it is a world wide society, and hundreds of cities are members of the society. They must think they are doing something immensely significant. But deep down they are sowing the seed of ego in you: "Be the first...."

Religion has done so much against humanity, with good intentions. Those people were not functioning with bad intentions, but they were certainly idiots, not knowing exactly what they were doing, and how human psychology functions.

They exploited man. Take, for instance, Jesus: he says, "Man cannot live by bread alone." True, absolutely true -- because he needs many fictions to live. Just bread won't do. He needs God, he needs the devil, he needs heaven, he needs hell and the popes and the church, and prayer and forgiveness. "Man cannot live by bread alone," Jesus says -- perfectly right. Take away all these fictions and suddenly this question will arise: if there is no God, if there is no devil, then what is religion all about?

All these religions have given you fictions because your psychology has certain needs. Either you go beyond mind -- that's what real religion is -- or you create fictions so that your mind does not feel empty, meaningless, lonely, a driftwood with no goal ahead, no source behind.

One of the greatest needs of the human mind is to be needed. Existence seems to be absolutely indifferent to you.

You cannot say it needs you, or can you? Without you, things were going perfectly well. The sunrise was there, the sunset was there, the flowers were flowering, the seasons were coming and going. If you were not there, it would make no difference at all. One day you will not be there again, and it will not make any difference at all: existence simply goes on and on. It does not give you the satisfaction that is your greatest need -- to be needed. On the contrary, it gives you the feeling that it does not care. Perhaps it does not even know that you are.

I am reminded of one of Panch Tantra's stories. They are tremendously psychological. An elephant is passing over a bridge on a river, and a mosquito is sitting on the elephant. The elephant is so heavy, and the bridge is just a temporary bridge. Poor villagers make them when the rains are gone and the floods have disappeared, and the river becomes small. They make temporary wooden bridges for themselves. For eight months they are perfectly okay. But it was not made for an elephant because in that poor village nobody could own an elephant. It was just a wild elephant that had come to the bridge, and was passing over the bridge. The mosquito, sitting on the head of the elephant, said, "Uncle, it seems my weight and your weight are too much for the bridge."

The elephant said, "I was not even aware that you were sitting on my head. What are you doing there?" Now, in this small story the elephant is not even aware of the mosquito, but the mosquito thinks, "Me and you, together, are too much for this poor bridge."

Each man is far smaller in comparison to this vast universe than the mosquito is to the elephant. There is not much

difference between the mosquito and the elephant, but between a man and existence -- the difference is immeasurable. But remember, man is doing the same thing. If you are going to get married, you go to the astrologer to ask, "Are the stars favorable?" That's what the poor mosquito was saying, "Uncle..." trying to relate with the elephant. You are trying to relate with the stars: are they favorable for your marriage? And of course the astrologer is going to exploit you.

I was for a few months in Raipur as a professor teaching there. I have traveled all over India, but Raipur seems to be a strange place. You will be able to pass only two or three houses before you find a great board declaring: "Here lives a great astrologer." You pass only two, three houses, and there is somebody who knows how to bring ghosts out of you, how to drive devils out of you. That kind of man, in Raipur, is called an ojha, one who drives devils, ghosts, from people's mind.

In those days I used to walk at least eight miles every day, so I walked to almost every nook and corner of the city of Raipur, and everywhere there were boards on the wall, advertisements. There must be people who are suffering from ghosts and devils, otherwise how are so many people doing this business -- and doing well? They seem to be the most established people.

Just in front of my house there was one astrologer who was very famous. People from faraway places used to come to him for everything, not only marriage. In India, if you are starting a business you go to the astrologer: "On what day, at what time, are the stars favorable to me?" That is the time for the opening ceremony of your shop. If you are

going traveling, first you will go to the astrologer: "What time? I am going south; is it favorable with the stars that I go to the south on such a day? Or should I wait?" And the astrologer will give you the date and the time.

I saw that man doing it the whole day. Sometimes the train would leave in the middle of the night, but you had to leave at the time the astrologer has said, so you left your house in the middle of the day because that was the time when the stars were favorable. You left the house at that time and then you stayed at the station for twelve hours and waited for the train; but you should leave the house at the right moment, when all the stars are favorable.

One of my friends... he was also a professor, but he was a professor of Sanskrit. He was a great believer in all kinds of nonsense. Whenever he went to visit his family, he would ask this astrologer. And sometimes it was very difficult, because the astrologer would say, "This month you cannot go out. This month is not favorable for you at all."

He would come to me and say, "This is very difficult; this is the month I have got leave granted. Now this astrologer is saying I cannot leave this month."

I said, "You wait. Let me see the astrologer. I know him perfectly well; he lives just in front of my house. And there are ways.... You just give a one rupee note to the astrologer, and then he asks you, 'What date, what time?' So I will give him one rupee and tell him, 'This poor fellow will come; you please give him this date and this time' -- so you can catch the train directly, and go home."

I arranged many marriages; I just had to give one rupee to him. One day he said, "But you are a strange fellow. You

go on giving rupees for others, their travel, their business, their marriage."

I said, "I enjoy the game, I see their foolishness and I see your cunningness. Just one rupee to see this whole game -- it is not costly. And it is not only you, this is what all your forefathers have been doing. You decide about people's marriages, and every day your wife is nagging you, beating you. What happened to your astrology? At least for yourself you could have chosen the right woman. And these fools go on coming to you, knowing perfectly well that it is very difficult to find a more henpecked husband than you. But still they go on asking: 'I am going to be married; will this marriage prove to be successful, peaceful?' They are asking, and while they are sitting there, your wife comes in and starts shouting at you and screaming at you -- and those fools can't even see it? And what do you know about stars? But the trick is, the astrology book of Hindus is the same. So if you inquire of one astrologer, he will give an answer. If you go to Benares and you inquire of another astrologer, he will give you the same answer, because they both depend on the same astrology book. If you go to Calcutta you will get the same answer. That makes you convinced that these astrologers must know, because three people in three cities cannot conspire against you. They don't know each other, and they don't have any idea that you are going to consult other people. You can consult all over India and you will find the same answer, because it is the same book. They consult the same book; nobody bothers about the stars, nobody knows about the stars, but only what the book says.

Man's greatest need, I said to you, is to be needed; otherwise he feels shaken. The trees, the clouds, the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains... nobody seems to be concerned with you. The whole existence seems to be indifferent; whether you are or not, nobody cares. This condition makes the mind very shaky. Then the religion comes in, the so-called religion....

The real religion will try in every way to help you drop this need, so that you see there is no need for anybody to need you; that asking for it, you are asking for a fiction.

But the so-called religion, which exists in so many forms on the earth -- Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Jainism, and so many other "isms".... There are three hundred religions on the earth, but they are doing exactly the same thing. They all do the same work; they give you the same fulfillment. They say there is a God who cares about you, who looks after you, who is concerned about your wellbeing -- so much so that he sends a holy book to guide your life, he sends his only begotten son to help you to be on the right path. He sends messiahs and prophets so that you don't go astray -- because then they exploit your second weakness: fear of the devil, who is trying in every possible way to take you on the wrong path.

Hinduism has a story. Gautam Buddha became very influential while he was alive. He was a man of tremendous charisma, and he was very logical, rational, against all superstitions. The brahmins became very afraid that this man would destroy their whole profession. Brahmins have lived only on your psychological exploitation for thousands of years. Their whole function is to exploit your psychological needs. The pope, the bishop, the priest, they

are all doing the same thing. You have a certain psychological need, and they know that this need can be exploited.

You also have a certain fear in you, which is bound to be there. It started from the moment you came out of your mother's womb -- that separation. Before that separation there was no fear in you, because you were not lonely. The mother's womb is the most comfortable situation... you were just floating in your mother's womb. All your needs were fulfilled, without any work on your part. There was no anxiety, no problem, no starvation, no unemployment, no war, no death. You were completely isolated, protected, and all your needs were fulfilled.

The child in the mother's womb has no fear, there is no reason for it. But once he comes out of the mother's womb, a great fear runs through his whole being. He is being taken... as if you take a tree out of the earth, uproot it. The whole tree is shaking and trembling; you are taking out its roots, you are destroying its very base. It knows no other nourishment, it knows no other way to exist. The earth has taken care of it, and you are uprooting it.

I am not talking poetry. Now there are scientific instruments which can detect whether a tree is feeling fear or not, just like a cardiogram. They immediately show.... You fix your instrument to the tree, which is rooted in the ground, flowering, playing in the wind, dancing in the sun. On the cardiogram, the graph is very harmonious, the same, there is no change... there is tremendous stillness inside the tree's being. Then you uproot it -- and suddenly the graph trembles. Lines start going up and down. The harmony is lost. And as you pull the tree out more, there is chaos on

the graph. The tree is going through tremendous anguish. And you will be surprised to know that when you are doing this to one tree, other trees which are around -- their graphs start showing fear too. If it is happening to one tree, it can happen to them. It is not far away: "If this man is doing this thing to this tree, he can do it to me." All the trees around -- all their graphs start showing they are afraid; anxiety is entering.

When the child comes out of the womb, it is the greatest shock of his life. Even death will not be this big a shock, because death will come without warning. Death will come most probably when he is unconscious. But while he is coming out of the mother's womb, he is conscious. In fact, for the first time he is becoming conscious. His nine months' long sleep, peaceful sleep, is disturbed -- and then you cut the thread which joins him with the mother. The moment you cut that thread that joins him with the mother, you have created a fearful individual.

This is not the right way; but this is how it has been done up to now. Unknowingly, this has helped the priest and the so-called religions to exploit man. The child should be taken away from the mother more slowly, more gradually. There should not be that shock -- and it can be arranged. A scientific arrangement is possible.

There should not be glaring lights in the room, because the child has lived for nine months in absolute darkness, and he has very fragile eyes which have never seen light. In all your hospitals there are glaring lights, tube lights, and the child suddenly faces the light. Most people are suffering from weak eyes because of this; later on they have to use glasses. No animal needs them. Have you seen animals

with glasses reading the newspaper? Their eyes are perfectly healthy their whole life, to the point of death. It is only man.... And the beginning is at the very beginning. No, the child should be given birth to in darkness, or in a very soft light, candles perhaps. Darkness would be the best, but if a little light is needed, then candles will do. And what have the doctors been doing up to now? They don't even give a little time for the child to be acquainted with the new reality. The way they welcome the child is so ugly. They hang the child upside down with his feet in their hands and they slap his bottom. The idea behind this stupid ritual is that this will help the child to breathe. In the mother's womb he was not breathing on his own; the mother was breathing for him, eating for him, doing everything for him. But to be welcomed into the world hanging upside down, with a slap on your bottom, is not a very good beginning.

But the doctor is in a hurry. Otherwise the child would start breathing on his own; he has to be left on the mother's belly, on top of the mother's belly. Before the joining thread is cut, he should be left on the mother's belly. He was inside the belly, underneath; now he is outside. That is not a great change. The mother is there, he can touch her, he can feel her. He knows the vibe. He is perfectly aware that this is his home. He has come out, but this is his home. Let him be with the mother a little longer, so he becomes acquainted with the mother from the outside. From the inside he knows her....

And don't cut the thread that joins him till he starts breathing on his own. Right now, what is done? We cut the thread and slap the child so he has to breathe. But this is

forcing him, this is violent, and absolutely unscientific and unnatural. Let him first breathe on his own. It will take a few minutes. Don't be in such a hurry. It is a question of a man's whole life. You can smoke your cigarette two or three minutes later; you can whisper sweet nothings to your girlfriend a few minutes later. It is not going to harm anybody. What is the rush? You can't give him three minutes? A child needs no more than that. Just left on his own, within three minutes he starts breathing. When he starts breathing, he becomes confident that he can live on his own. Then you can cut the thread -- it is useless now -- and it will not give a shock to the child.

Then the most significant thing is, don't put him in blankets and in a bed. No, for nine months he was without blankets, naked, without pillows, without bed sheets, without a bed -- don't make such a change so quickly. He needs a small tub with the same solution of water that was in his mother's womb -- it is exactly ocean water: the same amount of salt, the same amount of chemicals, exactly the same.

That is again a proof that life must have happened first in the ocean. It still happens in ocean water. That's why when a woman is pregnant she starts eating salty things, because the womb goes on absorbing the salt -- the child needs exactly the same salty water that exists in the ocean. So just make up the same water in a small tub, and let the child lie down in the tub, and he will feel perfectly welcomed. This is the situation he is acquainted with.

In Japan, one Zen monk has tried a tremendous experiment to demonstrate that a three month old child can swim. Slowly he has been coming down: first he tried with nine month old children, then with six month old children, now

with three month old children. And I say to him that you are still far away. Even the child just born is capable of swimming, because he has been swimming in his mother's womb.

So give the child a chance, similar to the mother's womb. He will be more confident; and no priest can exploit him so easily, telling him about hellfire and all that nonsense. But ordinarily, as humanity exists now, on the one hand it needs a God, protector, guide, help; and on the other hand a hell, so that he remains afraid of all the ways that the priest thinks are wrong. And what is wrong and what is right? In every society it differs. So right and wrong are determined by a particular society; they don't have any existential value.

Yes, there is a state of awareness when you go beyond mind and you can see things directly without any prejudice, without any ideology covering your eyes. When you can see directly you immediately know what is right and what is wrong. Nobody needs to be told. No commandments need to be given.

And each society goes on propounding: this is right and that is wrong. But how to prevent you from doing what they call wrong? The trouble is, whatever they call wrong is mostly natural -- it attracts you. It is wrong, but it is natural, so the deep attraction for the natural is there. They have to create so much fear that it becomes more powerful than the natural attraction. Hence hell has to be invented.

There are religions that are not satisfied with one hell. And I can understand why they are not satisfied with one hell. Christianity is satisfied with one hell for the simple reason that the Christian hell is eternal, lengthwise. But Hindus,

Jainas, Buddhists don't have an eternal hell, so they have to go vertically -- seven hells! And each hell goes on becoming more and more torturous, more and more inhuman.

And I wonder: these people were called saints, who have described hell in its all gory detail.... These people, if they had any chance, would have become Adolf Hitlers, Joseph Stalins, Mao Zedongs, very easily. They had all the ideas; all that they were missing was power. But in a subtle way they had power too, but not for right now. Their power was in their being the head priest, the pope, the shankaracharya, but that power helped them to throw you into hell sometime in the future, after death.

Death itself is such a fear. But that was not enough for them, because the natural instincts are really very powerful. And why were they against the natural instincts? -- because those natural instincts go against the vested interests.

Let me explain it to you. In India, Krishna had sixteen thousand wives. Now, what about the fifteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine men who have lost their wives? Those wives were stolen, forcibly taken away. They were mothers, they were wives. Some were unmarried, most of them were married. If any woman was beautiful, that was enough for Krishna to take her into the concentration camp of his wives. It must have been almost a city -- sixteen thousand wives! Now, how to prevent those fifteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine men.... If they all joined together, they could kill this man, they could take back their wives. They had to be prevented.

The priest had to invent ways, because the priest was protected by Krishna. Krishna had the power, temporal

power, in his hands -- the army, the court, the law -- he protected the priest. Hindu law says that if you kill a sudra, an untouchable, then ten years in jail is enough punishment; but if you kill a brahmin, then it is the death penalty. Not only in one life but in the coming seven lives, again and again you will be murdered, killed; only then will the punishment be over.

The temporal power protects the priest, the priest protects the temporal power. The priest says, "Krishna is no ordinary man, he is God's perfect incarnation and you should be happy that he has chosen your wife to be his consort. You should rejoice; you are fortunate and blessed. You will have great joys coming to you in paradise. So don't be resentful, don't be angry, don't think in terms of revolt. Rather, take it easily, happily, joyously -- in fact gratefully -- that he has chosen your wife, not somebody else's."

Now, the natural instinct of the man would have been to fight with this man. He has taken the mother of his children, he has taken his wife -- and against her will. And what kind of society is this? But no, his natural instinct is destroyed in two ways, double ways. One: if you accept it willingly, you will benefit -- immense pleasures, many beautiful women, a thousandfold joys -- in heaven. Two: if you are resentful, angry, become violent or do something against Krishna, who is God's incarnation, you will suffer in the seventh hell. So you can choose....

Anything that was against the vested interest... for example, poverty: all the religions teach, "Blessed are the poor." It is not only Jesus. Jesus says it very accurately, fully, in one sentence, in one maxim: "Blessed are the poor for they

shall inherit the kingdom of God." But this is the teaching of all the religions: you should accept your poverty as a blessing, as a God-given gift. This is just a test of your faith. If you can pass through this fire test of poverty without grumbling, without in any way thinking that this is unjust, if you can go through it as a God-given gift, then the kingdom of God is yours.

It is a great consolation to Lazarus when Jesus says to him.... It happened: Lazarus was very poor; and the richest man in the village was giving a feast on his birthday. Lazarus was hungry, thirsty, and passing through that village he asked for some water. The servants threw him out. They said, "Don't you see that our master is giving a feast and great guests have gathered? You are just a beggar! -- you have some nerve to enter the house and ask for water. Go to hell! Go away from here as quickly as possible." Jesus says to Lazarus, "Don't be worried. You will see: in paradise, you will be enjoying all the pleasures and this man will be suffering in hell-fire, thirsty, and will ask, 'Lazarus, give me some water.'"

Great consolation! -- but a great strategy to protect the rich against the poor. The rich are few, the poor are many. Once they get the idea that it is not a blessing but a curse, they will kill all these rich people. It is good both ways: a consolation for the poor, so that poverty is a blessing; and a protection for the rich, so that the poor cannot revolt. Religions have been the reason poverty goes on existing in the world; otherwise there is no reason at all for it, particularly now, when science and technology can transform this whole earth into paradise.

The religious people would not like this earth to be turned into paradise, because then what would happen to their paradise? They would love the earth to remain as poor, as starved, as hungry and as sick as it is, because upon this their whole business depends. The rich donate to the churches because the church protects them. The poor donate, who have not even enough to eat. They donate to the churches because it is the church who gives them guidance. And this life is small, this life is not much; much of it has passed, a little is left -- that too will pass. Then there is eternal life, of eternal joys. The church shows the way, Jesus shows the way.

Natural instincts like sex, hunger.... These religious people have been teaching you fasting. Now, that is against nature. Fasting is as bad as too much eating. If you go on stuffing, overloading yourself, it is unnatural. There is something wrong psychologically with you. Perhaps you are feeling so empty that you go on stuffing yourself with anything that comes into your hands, just to fill your psychological emptiness.

Then there is the person who is fasting. Fasting is a slow suicide; he is eating himself. It's very strange: Jainas in India are against meat eating, against any nonvegetarian food. I was attending one of their conferences, an all-India Jaina conference, so all their sects and all their great acharyas, their great masters, were present. I asked a simple thing. I asked them, "You continue to preach fasting" -- Jainas fast the most in the whole world -- "but have you considered a simple fact?, that when you are fasting, you are eating your own meat."

Every day, in the beginning, two pounds disappear from your weight. Where do they go? Later on one pound will disappear because you can't afford two pounds -- your stock is becoming less and less. A very healthy person can live for three months without eating; that much food is stocked within his body. But nobody is that healthy. To be that healthy you have to be again a hunter in the forest; there is no other way. And those hunters had to fast sometimes for many days, because hunting is not something like a fridge, where you go and you open it and everything is available. You may find something today, you may not find any food for a week, two weeks. The hunter needs some reserve food for those days when he cannot get any food. When he gets the food he eats too much. When he does not get food he fasts.

But Jainas are not hunters, they are not even cultivators. They are simply businessmen. To teach fasting to these people.... Every year for ten days they have their holy days, when many people fast for ten days continuously. I know many of my friends in those ten days think only of food and nothing else. They cannot think of anything else. You talk about a beautiful movie; they will say, "Not now...." You put a Playboy magazine in front of them; they are not interested. Do you think a man who has been fasting for seven days will be interested in a Playboy magazine? He will not even pick it up. But I have taken them in my car, just to see what happens to them. In India, in many cities, the situation is that all the sweet shops and restaurants are in one street, so I would take them to that street, and just watch their reactions.

Psychologists have become aware of the fact that if they give you ten nude pictures just to look at... and you may not be aware what the psychologist is doing: he will be watching your eyes. The girl that you like... immediately your eyes will become big, the pupil will become big. The pupil of the eye will open more, immediately. He can tell which girl you like, out of the ten pictures, without asking you. And you will be surprised: "Is he is doing some magic or what...? How did he come to read my mind?" There is no need to read your mind, just to watch your eyes. If your pupil becomes suddenly bigger, that means it wants to eat the girl, just to absorb her.

I have seen the same thing happen to these Jaina people. When they saw the sweets, I would slow down the car and I would watch their eyes. Their pupils were so big! A naked woman would not make any difference to their eyes. They had been eight days, nine days, or it was the tenth day, and they had not eaten anything -- who would bother to eat a girl? Who would have the energy to bother? But looking at a sweet shop... and you could see, suddenly their face would become alive, their pupils become big. They were continuously thinking... even in the night, they were dreaming of food. For ten days they did nothing except fantasize about food.

Now, this is against their religion. Their priests say to them, "When you are fasting, you should not think of food." Firstly, fasting is unnatural; secondly, when you are fasting it is natural to think of food. Now, that too is prohibited: you cannot think of food. So what the Jainas do when they fast is, they go to the temple. They listen the whole day: many monks go on giving a sermon; they go on listening to

their sermons. Scriptures are read, and they go on listening to the scriptures.

I have been into these places. Once, seeing somebody I knew, I went up to him and shook him and said, "Are you really listening to that man or are you thinking about some food?"

He said, "How did you come to know? In fact, that man reminded me of my cook. And I was feeling very bad, it is bad to think of a great sage as your cook. It is... but how did you come to know, that you have come to ask me?"

I said, "I was just passing by. I go on searching for things. So what are you doing in this temple? For what?" The only purpose was that in the temple they would forget about food. But how can the temple make anybody forget about food when the body is hungry and each cell of the body is asking for food?

Why have religions put you against your natural instincts? For the simple reason, to make you feel guilty. Let me repeat this word guilt. This is their focus of destroying you, exploiting you, molding you, humiliating you, creating disrespect about yourself. Once guilt is created, once you start feeling, "I am a guilty person, a sinner," their work is done. Then who can save you? Then the savior is needed. But first create the disease.

I have heard about two young men. Their business was: one young man would enter a town at night and throw coal tar on people's doors, windows, and then leave the town. In the morning everybody was puzzled: their doors and their windows were destroyed. Now, how to clean it up? And then suddenly the second man would appear-they were

partners in the business -- and he would announce, "I clean coal tar off things."
So everybody was rushing to him: "Please come to my house and clean my windows." The other man was doing the work on the next town. By the time this one had finished cleaning this town, the other man had prepared the next town for him to clean. One went on making people's houses dirty, the other went on cleaning them. They were partners -- fifty-fifty was the game.
The priest first creates guilt -- that is throwing coal tar on your face. Now somebody is needed to clean it off. And it is not the visible face; it is your invisible reality that he goes on throwing coal tar on. You cannot find any way to clean it on your own because you don't know what this reality is. All that you know is, the priest has convinced you that you are guilty. And he has absolute explanations for it: that you think about sex, that you think about food when you are fasting, that in the night you should not drink water -- nothing should go in your mouth in the night. But in summer, in India, it is so difficult not to drink water. Even small children are not allowed to by their parents. Even small children will steal water in the night. From the very beginning you are making them thieves, and making them feel guilty because they know they have done something wrong.
In my house, while my grandmother was alive, tomatoes were not allowed, because according to her the redness of the tomato looked like meat. I asked her many times, "Have you ever seen meat?"
She had never seen meat, but she said, "I know meat looks like tomatoes. Don't bring tomatoes in the house." I had not

eaten a tomato up to the age of seventeen. I had not eaten onions up to the age of twenty-one, because they were not allowed in the house. It was a great sin to eat onions, potatoes.... Now, have you seen more innocent people than potatoes?

But Jainism is against anything that grows under the ground. Anything growing under the ground, Jainas don't allow. Because the sunrays don't reach it, it is heavy. Its heaviness they turn into something spiritual: by eating it you will be going down, it will make you heavy, and you need to be light. To have wings you need to be light, so nothing that grows under the earth should be eaten. A strange argument, but if for thousands of years it has been repeated, people believe it. They still believe it. And once you eat such food, then you feel guilty, because it is against your conscience. Conscience is created by the society.

You ask me, "If there is no God, no devil, what is the need of religions?" Then only is there the need of religion. When God is there and the devil is there, there is no space for religion. Those two are enough to occupy the whole space. Those two are such big fictions that there is no space left for religion.

First, you have to kill God and the devil, both, completely, to make space for religion. Then religion will not come to exploit your psychological needs, it will come to transform your being so that you can go above your psychological needs and you can see that those needs are not true.

For example, if you are in your psychological needs, then you are lonely. If you are beyond your psychological needs, you know you are alone. And aloneness has a strength; loneliness is weakness. Loneliness is asking always for the

other, it is dependent on the other. Hence the other has power over you, you have power over the other. What power has a husband over the wife? What power has the wife over the husband? Simply this: without the other you feel lonely, and when you feel lonely, fear arises. Strange, two cowards, two persons full of fear, together start feeling great.

Their loneliness is doubled. They should feel more lonely now, and in fact that happens sooner or later -- after the honeymoon. You cannot find a wife and a husband... they may be sitting together, but they are not together -- they are both lonely. And then they are angry because the other is not fulfilling their need. So any excuse is enough to fight. At least fighting they forget their loneliness; fighting also fulfills a purpose. But when you go above your psychology....

Just the other day I was telling you how you can go above your psychology, your mind, those three divisions -- how you can reach to the fourth, the turiya. And when you reach to the fourth, suddenly you see a transfiguration. It is not loneliness, it is simply aloneness, and it is a truth. And it is so beautiful to be alone, nobody taking any space, covering any space in you. No need to be needed by anybody, no need to need anybody -- such a great strength that for the first time you feel you are born.

Religion is the way to get out of the mind, because mind is fragmentary, divided, a crowd, many; and when you go above it, consciousness is one, undivided, indivisible, individual. And to know that indivisible consciousness is to know all. Nothing more is needed.

You ask me, "Do your sannyasins need religion?"

Not the religion that you know about, but the religiousness that I am talking about. And in fact I cannot say that the sannyasins need religiousness. To be a sannyasin is to be religious. Unless you are religious, how can you be a sannyasin? But religion, remember again, in my sense of the word....

The sannyasin knows he is alone, knows that there is no God, no devil, no hell, no heaven. He knows what is harmonious for him, so he does it; and what is disharmonious for him, so he does not do it. He knows what brings blessings to him -- he does it. And he knows what creates unnecessary suffering -- he drops doing it. It is not a question of stopping, not doing it; he simply drops it. The moment you see that you are carrying a scorpion in your hand, is there any need to tell you, "Please drop it"? Before anybody says, "Drop it!" you will have dropped it. All that is needed is to know that you are carrying a scorpion in your hand.

Consciousness makes you aware, simply aware of what is right, of what is wrong. And the right starts happening, and the wrong starts disappearing.

Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #26

Chapter title: Your Actions Are not My Concern -- Your Consciousness Is

24 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
IN YOUR RELIGION IS THERE SUCH A THING AS SIN?

Sin is a technique of the pseudo-religions. A true religion has no need of the concept at all. The pseudo-religion cannot live without the concept of sin, because sin is the technique of creating guilt in people.
You will have to understand the whole strategy of sin and guilt. Unless you make a person feel guilty, you cannot enslave him psychologically. It is impossible to imprison him in a certain ideology, a certain belief system. But once you have created guilt in his mind, you have taken all that is courageous in him. You have destroyed all that is adventurous in him. You have repressed all possibility of his ever being an individual in his own right. With the idea of guilt, you have almost murdered the human potential in him. He can never be independent. The guilt will force him to be dependent on a messiah, on a religious teaching, on God, on the concepts of heaven and hell, and the whole lot.
To create guilt, all that you need is a very simple thing: start calling mistakes, errors -- sins. They are simply mistakes, human. Now, if somebody commits a mistake in mathematics -- two plus two, and he concludes it makes five -- you don't say he has committed a sin. He is unalert, he is not paying attention to what he is doing. He is unprepared, he has not done his homework. He is certainly committing a mistake, but a mistake is not a sin. It can be corrected. A mistake does not make him feel guilty. At the most it makes him feel foolish.

What the pseudo-religions have done -- and all the religions of the world have been pseudo-religions up to now -- is to have exploited mistakes, errors, which are absolutely human, and condemned them as sin. Sin means it is not a simple mistake: you have gone against God; that's the meaning of the word sin. Adam and Eve committed the original sin: they disobeyed God. Whenever somebody condemns you as committing a sin, he is saying in some way or other you are disobeying God.

Now, nobody knows who this God is, what is for him and what is against him. There are three hundred pseudo-religions on the earth. Just think of three hundred sciences upon the earth, three hundred schools of physics, condemning each other, finding fault with each other, declaring, "Only our school is the true school, and all the other schools are misleading humanity." What will be the situation of the earth if there are three hundred schools of physics, three hundred schools of chemistry, three hundred schools of medicine, three hundred schools of mathematics -- what will be the situation? The whole earth will go mad. And that is what has happened as far as religion is concerned.

And when I say three hundred, I am not counting sects within religions. For example, I am counting Christianity as one religion, not Catholics, Protestants -- in fact they are two religions. And then there are subsects. If you counted them all, then three hundred would be a very small number; there might be three thousand. Everybody is giving you the word of God, and all these religions are giving contradictory statements.

If you listen to all religions, you cannot even breathe for a single moment, because whatever you do is a sin. Fortunately you are conditioned by only one pseudo-religion, so you don't become aware that there are other idiots also -- you are not alone -- who are doing the same thing. Their rules are different, but they are playing the same game.

For example, a Jaina monk.... Now Jainism is a very small religion, only three hundred thousand people. We have more sannyasins than there are followers of Jainism. But they have two major sects, just like Catholics and Protestants, and then there are at least thirty subsects. And each subsect believes that this is the true Jainism, and the other twenty-nine either are befooling themselves or are cheating others.

One of these sects is Terapanth. The word Terapanth means thine way, God's way. The monk of this sect keeps his nose covered, always covered -- twenty-four hours a day, day and night, even in sleep -- with cloth, because to breathe directly is a sin. You are all committing sin and you have committed so much that now there is no hope; your whole life you have been committing sin. Except these few seven hundred people -- there are only seven hundred monks in this sect -- except these seven hundred people, the whole earth is full of sinners.

Just this much is enough to throw you to the seventh hell, because with each breath you are killing millions of germs. And, according to Jainism, the smallest germ that you cannot even see with your bare eyes -- you need a microscope, you need to magnify it at least one thousand times, then you can see it -- those smallest germs have the

same soul as you have. There is no qualitative difference. Whether you kill a man or you kill a germ, it is all the same as far as God is concerned. In his eyes, you will not be given special treatment.

So the moment you breathe out, you throw out hot air. That hot air is enough to kill millions of germs in the air. When you breathe in, you breathe in millions of germs with your breathing, which will be killed inside you. So with each breath, what Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin and Mao Zedong did -- what all three did in their whole life seems to be nothing -- you are doing in a simple breath.

Even at night they cannot remove the cloth. To talk to these people is difficult, because the cloth is covering their nose and their mouth too, because when you speak, air comes from your mouth, air goes in from your mouth, so they can't speak without the cover. So the direct hit is avoided. But to talk to these people is very difficult; even to understand what they are saying is very difficult. They are just mumbling inside the covered mouth, the nose cover.

And the people who believe in Terapanth, who have not become monks, are continuously feeling guilty that they are breathing. I used to stay with a few Terapanthi friends in Bombay and this was the great burden on their soul, that they were not yet capable of renouncing the world and becoming monks -- because unless you become a monk and renounce the world, you cannot avoid committing sin. If even breathing is a sin, then you can think anything can be a sin.

One of the oldest senators in India was my friend. He was known as the father of the Indian parliament. From 1916 up to '78 he was a member of the parliament. Only one man in

the whole history of the world was his competitor, and that was Winston Churchill; otherwise he has defeated everybody -- just the length of time and continually being chosen. But he was a very mediocre man. Perhaps that was the reason people were choosing him again and again. He was not cunning; he was not really capable of being a politician; otherwise a man who remains for more than half a century a member of the parliament would have become a prime minister, a president, naturally. But he could not manage even to become a minister or a governor of a state. He was simple -- better to say he was a simpleton.

What brought him to me was the death of his son. His son was also a politician, and very promising. He was already a deputy minister and in the next election he was going to become a minister. And the father -- his name was Seth Govindadas -- was projecting all his ambitions on the son. He could not become the prime minister of India, but his son was going to be. And he was very young, so there was every possibility that by the time he was fifty, sixty, he would become the prime minister.

But he suddenly died when he was only thirty-six. His death was a great shock to the old man. He was very rich. The British government had given Seth Govindadas' father the title of Raja, the title of a king, although he was not a king. But he had so many riches and so much land, and he served the British government in every possible way, so the government recognized his services and gave him the title of Raja.

Seth Govindadas was the son of Raja Gokuldas, and his prestige was because he revolted against the British government and became a freedom fighter. That was his

only quality, and the reason why people went on choosing him for parliament. That was enough for the poor people: that he was so rich, and that although the government respected his father so much, he had revolted against his father, revolted against the government, and his father had disowned him. These became his qualifications; otherwise he had no quality, intelligence, or anything. And because of him, his son went into the same profession. The son was cunning and intelligent, well educated.

His death was a great shock to Seth Govindadas. He started going to saints and asking, "Why has it happened?" And wherever he went -- the simple answer of all pseudo-religions is the same -- they all said, "You must have committed a sin in your past life. This is a punishment."

I want to emphasize the point that he went to different religious saints, but the answer was the same. The strategy was the same: "You have committed some sin, this is the result of it. Now, repent! Now, do something good, be virtuous." Of course the virtue prescribed by all these saints was different. One Hindu monk suggested, "From now onwards stop eating salt completely."

He asked, "But how is that going to help?"

The monk said, "That is going to help because when you don't eat salt, your whole food becomes tasteless" -- particularly Indian food will become absolutely tasteless without salt -- "and to eat not for taste is a virtue; to eat for taste is a sin. To eat for taste is to follow the body, and your soul is being manipulated, enslaved by the body. That's what sin is, the body on top of your soul; the body is the master, and the soul is functioning like a slave, so wherever the body takes it, it goes.

"Just turn it the other way round: whatsoever your body says, don't do it. Your body will ask for salt -- don't eat salt. Slowly stop eating sugar. Slowly make your food absolutely tasteless, so you just eat it to keep the life that God has given to you somehow alive -- then you are not interested in this life, you are preparing for the future life."

Now, salt is a need of the body. You need a particular amount of salt in your body, otherwise you will become weak. Your body, whatsoever it asks, is not wrong. It asks because it is its need.

These people are making your physical needs into sins. Naturally your body will continue to ask for salt. You will force the body not to eat salt, but the body will be continuously asking and hankering for it. That will make trouble: either you will torture your body or you may start eating the salt and committing the sin. In both ways, just a simple thing, salt, has turned you into a sick man. Now your psychology is not healthy.

Meeting many of these people... and Seth Govindadas was a famous person, so any saint was ready to meet him, happy to meet him, and always ready to suggest ideas to him. I had lived in his own city for twenty years -- he had never bothered to come to me. In fact, any politician in India was afraid to be seen with me or to be known to come to me. The masses will turn against the politician -- and not just small politicians. This man was a very established person, fifty years, more than fifty years a member of parliament. Then what has he to fear? But he had never come to see me.

He used to hear about me. People were talking about me, even the prime minister. While he was in parliament, many

prime ministers changed. One prime minister, Lalbahadur Shastri, inquired about me. Seth Govindadas said, "I have heard his name, but I don't know him personally."
Lalbahadur told me, "It is strange: this man is a member of parliament from your constituency, and he does not know you."
I said, "You should understand his position. If he comes to see me... of course I am not going to see him, I have no reason to see him. I have never voted for anybody because all the idiots are the same. Only the labels are different, so there is no point in voting. I have never voted. And what should I go for...? So there is no question. And he... you should understand, you are a politician. Are you courageous enough to come to my house?"
He was a very nice man. He laughed, he said, "You are right; now I understand. Anybody coming to your house would get into difficulty. This man's seat could be lost."
Indira was continuously asking him how I am, what I am doing, what is going on. She wanted to come to see me; at least five times the date was fixed, and at the last moment she would find some excuse and never managed to come to see me..."because," her colleagues would say to her, "this is dangerous. Your going to see him will be very dangerous for your political career. And the opposition party will use your going to him as one of the most important factors against you." So every time she backed out.
But when the son, Raja Gokuldas, died, this old man -- perhaps in that deep sadness -- forgot about his politics and parliament and came to see me. And he said, "Everywhere that I have gone they say I must have committed some sin, that's why I am suffering this loss of my young son. And

they have suggested measures so that in the future life I don't suffer."

I said, "They have given you enough measures to suffer right now, in this life. And you should have asked what sin you have committed in your past lives. They all would have differed; they cannot know what sin you have committed in your past lives, they all would have had to do some guesswork. And stupid... that just by stopping eating salt or sugar, you think you will become virtuous? You will only become guilty."

He said, "You are right. That is what I have become. I have been following all these people, thinking that they are wise people, and they have made me a mess. Whatsoever I do is wrong. And whatsoever they suggest I should do seems to be unnatural, forced. Even if I try, I fail."

Sin is a strategy to destroy you, to demolish you, to slaughter you as an individual. And then you are in the hands of the priest. Then whatsoever he says, you have to follow. You cannot argue because it is written in the scriptures. And to argue against the scriptures is again a sin. The scripture has to be treated like a person.

I was staying in Jalandhar in Punjab. In the morning when I was going for a walk, I passed through a room where the Sikhs keep a small temple -- those who can afford to; and this was a very rich man's house. It was a beautiful marble temple, a small temple, in which they keep the Guru Granth Sahib, their holy book. That was okay. The holy book was there, but by the side of the holy book there was toothpaste, a brush, and a jug full of hot water, because it was winter.

I asked my host, "What is the matter? I can understand the temple. I can understand the Guru Granth Sahib...." In fact,

to use the word sahib is to make the book a person. Sahib is not used for things, it is just when you are paying respect to somebody. It came with the Britishers in India. They were the masters and Indians started calling them sahib. It was an old word, but sahib means "very respectful person." Nobody calls a book sahib. But Sikhs call their book Guru Granth Sahib -- guru means the master.

The tenth guru of the Sikhs proclaimed, "I am the last guru, and from now onwards the book" -- in which the sayings of all the ten masters, including him, the last, are collected -- "will be the master. From now onwards, there will be nobody who will be the master but the book." So guru means the master, granth means the collection, because it is not one person's written book but ten people's statements, so it is a compilation, a collection. And then sahib: that means honorable, respectable master.

I said, "I can understand that you pay respect to the sayings of your asters, but what is this stupidity? Why are you keeping this water, toothpaste, toothbrush?"

He said, "You are not aware of our customs. The master, in the morning, will need to wash his mouth, to clean his teeth -- the book...."

I said, "Okay, but has any of your ten masters known the toothbrush, toothpaste? At that time there was no toothpaste available."

He said, "That's right. This is very modern."

Five hundred years ago, certainly, Binaca toothpaste...? And made in Switzerland -- when you give to the guru, you give something imported. Binaca is made in India also, the same company makes the paste, but when you offer it to the guru, then you offer the imported Binaca toothpaste. If you

don't do it, then you will feel guilty, because all the Sikhs are doing it. At breakfast time, you will bring breakfast -- and you know that this is a book.... You know, you are not blind. Lunchtime, lunch... and every time you carry everything back. The book eats nothing, but that is beside the point. If your society conditions your mind for any stupidity and you don't want to do it, your conscience will prick you.

You have to understand these two words: conscience and consciousness. Consciousness is yours. Conscience is given by the society. It is an imposition over your consciousness. Different societies impose different ideas over your consciousness, but they all impose something or other. And once something is imposed over your consciousness, you cannot hear your consciousness, it is far away. Between your consciousness and you stands a thick wall of conscience that the society has imposed on you from your very childhood -- and it works.

Up to the age of sixteen I had never eaten anything in the night. It is impossible in a Jaina house. You cannot find anything to eat because everything, as the sun sets, is finished. If something is left, it is given to the beggars; in the house you cannot find a single thing to eat. So there is no question even of stealing or, when your parents have gone to sleep, going to the kitchen. There is nothing, you cannot find anything.

You cannot go out in a small village -- everybody knows everybody. You cannot go to a restaurant because they will immediately say, "What...!" They may not be Jainas but they know you are a Jaina. They will say, "Okay. Tomorrow, let your father pass by.... So you have started

eating in the night?" So even if you are feeling hungry, there is no way.... Up to the age of sixteen I had never eaten during the night.

When I was sixteen, the whole school was going for a picnic to a nearby castle, a very beautiful mountain covered with jungle, so I went with them. All the students in my class except me were Hindus or Mohammedans. I was the only Jaina. They were not interested... the day was so beautiful, and there was so much to see and wander around, that they were not interested in preparing food in the day. They said, "Food we will take in the night." It was going to be a full moon night, and a beautiful river was at the side of the castle, so "we will take food in the night." Just for me they were not going to prepare it earlier, and I could not say to them, "I cannot eat in the night." I thought it was better to starve rather than to become a laughingstock, because they would all laugh and say, "Then you can make it!" and I had never made anything, not even a cup of tea, in my life.

Even today I cannot manage a cup of tea. In fact I don't know where the kitchen is. I cannot find it unless somebody leads me. I don't know where the kitchen is in this house. And in my own house, of course, I was not allowed in the kitchen at all. That's why I cannot even prepare a cup of tea. Because I was mixing with Mohammedans and Hindus and untouchables I was not allowed in the kitchen. My family said, "Unless you change your ways...."

The whole house used to eat inside the kitchen, I used to eat outside the kitchen. I was just an outcast, because they could not rely on me, from where I was coming, with

whom I had been talking, whom I had touched; they had no idea. "Either you take a bath right now, and then you can enter...." Now, how many times would I have to take a bath? So I settled it, I said, "It is good; also, no quarrel every day. I will eat outside, and I am perfectly happy outside."

Those boys on the picnic prepared really beautiful food, and it was more beautiful because I was so hungry... and the smell of it... and they started persuading me: "Nobody is going to tell your parents, we promise that nobody will talk about it at all." I was hungry, on the one hand, and their food was really delicious, the way they were making it. They were persuading and they were promising, and I thought, "If all these people are going to hell, why worry? I can also go to hell. In fact, without all my friends, what am I going to do in heaven? With those Jaina monks it is not going to be good company. I don't like them and they are not going to like me either. The people I like are these, and these are all going to hell, that is certain." That had been told to me from the very beginning -- that eating in the night is the greatest sin.

Now it's strange... but in Mahavira's time perhaps there was some point in it because there was no light in most of the people's houses. People were so poor that they used to eat in darkness, so they could eat any insect, anything. Mahavira's concern was not the night, his concern was that people not eat insects, ants, any living thing. And that was his trouble: if you eat any living thing, you have committed a sin. So to keep the question completely closed, he declared, "To eat in the night is a sin." He cut the whole situation from the very roots. But now more light is

available than there is in the day, now there is no problem. But the scriptures were written twenty-five centuries ago, and Mahavira has closed the door. Nothing can be added, nothing can be deleted. The final word is there.

So I thought that at the most I would be going to hell, but all my friends would be there and they were good cooks -- it would be worth it. So I said, "Okay." But I was not aware of the phenomenon of conscience, up to that moment. I ate with them. It was delicious, and I was hungry. The whole day moving around for miles on the mountain had made me even more hungry. But somewhere deep down there was a revolt. I started feeling nauseous, and as I finished I started vomiting. There was nothing wrong with their food because nobody else had the nausea, nobody was vomiting; it was not food poisoning or anything. Until I had thrown all the food out, I could not sleep. It took me almost half the night to be clean of that food, and then I could go to sleep.

That day I discovered that nausea was not because of the food, but because of those sixteen years' conditioning, the continual hammering of the idea that eating in the night is a sin. Now, it was absolutely psychological poisoning, not food poisoning, and it had been done by the priest, by the monks, by my parents, by my society.

The conscience is the constable inserted within you by the society. The society tries to control you and your behavior in two ways: a constable outside, a court outside, a judge outside, a jail outside; and a conscience inside, fear of punishment, fear of hell, God the judge, his court... before him you cannot hide anything. You will be standing naked, with all your sins written all over you. There is no possibility of hiding.

So society up to now has used a very subtle technology: create conscience by repeating that certain things are sin, certain things are virtue. Virtue is going to be rewarded a thousandfold. Here you give just one rupee as a donation, and in heaven you will get one thousand rupees reward. Now, they are playing on your greed. This is good business.

This is almost a lottery -- and sure and certain. It is not a question that your number may come, may not come. You give one rupee here to the brahmin -- remember, don't make any mistake: "The brahmin," the scripture says: "Give it to the brahmin, not to anybody else" -- brahmins are writing the scripture! Give to the brahmin, and whatsoever you give, one thousandfold you will receive from God in heaven. That is a promise from God. And the brahmin will stand as a witness to you.

In brahmin books it is said, "When you donate to a brahmin, never donate an old cow which does not give milk any more." Great! -- because that's what people do in India. When a cow becomes very old, what to do with the cow? It does not give you any milk any more, it does not give you any more calves which can be used in farming as cows or bulls. It is too old and an unnecessary burden on you. Either you give it to a butcher -- that means you are a partner in the slaughter of the cow. In fact, you are the major partner: if you had not given it to the butcher, he could not have killed it. You gave it to the butcher; you will have to suffer the responsibility.

And do you know what brahmin scriptures say? To kill a cow is almost equivalent to killing ten brahmins. To kill one brahmin is equivalent to killing ten human beings. So

who is going to sell it to a butcher? And you cannot get much money from the butcher either. The best way is to donate it to a brahmin. So people used to donate them. Brahmins knew that this was what was happening. Brahmins were in difficulty: they cannot refuse the donation; a donation has to be accepted gratefully. Now, what to do with this old cow? The brahmin cannot sell it to the butcher. Now, the brahmin himself is poor. And these old cows of the village will start gathering around him. So he has to write in his scripture -- it is not God's word, because why should God be bothered? -- that a brahmin should not be given an old cow as a donation: the emphasis is on "an old cow." You should give the brahmin a young cow who is giving enough milk, then you will be rewarded. So these people who function as mediators between you and God, between you and heaven, are really the most cunning people. They have destroyed what is most precious in you, your consciousness. They have covered it layer upon layer. Your consciousness has gone down deep; on top of it are layers of conditioning.

You ask: in my religion is there a place for sin? Impossible. Sin is an invention of the priest, and I am not a priest. Sin is the technique of the pseudo-religion, and I am not a messiah or an avatara or a paigambara. I am not creating a pseudo-religion. Pseudo-religion absolutely needs the concept of sin, because through sin he will make you guilty. Through guilt he will make you tremble inside. Now, somehow you have to be cleaned of guilt.

Brahmin scriptures say, "Don't be afraid. You donate to the brahmin and your guilt will be forgiven." But donate to the brahmin -- and according to the guilt of course. If your guilt

is big, your sin is big, then you have to donate more. Then make temples....

Birla was the biggest monopolist and a super-rich man in India. He was making hundreds of temples all over the country. The country is full of temples. People need houses; they don't get them. God needs no house, and in India you will find millions of temples. In a city like Varanasi, for four houses you will find three temples. Who lives there? People are living on the streets -- and millions of temples are empty, millions of churches are empty, millions of mosques are empty.

Birla was making beautiful temples, great temples wherever he could manage. I had a meeting with him. This old man I was talking about, Seth Govindadas, was a friend of Jugal Kisore Birla, the head of the Birla family. When Govindadas became more and more interested in me, he started talking about me with other people. He talked with Jugal Kisore Birla also, and told him that when I come to Delhi, "You have to meet him one time."

When I next came to Delhi, I was staying with Govindadas. He told me, "Jugal Kisore is very interested in you -- and he is an old man; it doesn't look good that we should tell him to come here, and he is sick also. So on your behalf, I have promised that I will bring you to his house."

I said, "If you have promised, then it is okay. But what is the purpose? To me, whatever he does is idiotic. He is wasting an immense amount of money on making marble temples all over the country, and he thinks he is earning virtue for paradise. ... Because that is what the scriptures say: make a temple and you will get a palace, a marble palace, in paradise. So he is calculating -- he is a

businessman, he is calculating how many marble palaces he is going to get in heaven. He should be the richest there too, if he can manage it -- and all this money will be left here when he dies." He never believed in his sons: they would waste the money, and everything would go down the drain. Before that happens, why not transfer the whole money to paradise? This was a simple bank transfer that he was doing.

I said, "He is idiotic, but if you have promised, I will come."

I went there. He was very respectful. He welcomed me and he said -- immediately, the moment I sat -- he said, "I want you to do two things. I have heard about you from many people. Govindadas is only one" -- they were of the same caste, and in some way related to each other -- "so I had not agreed to it with anybody else but Govindadas, because he will keep it private. I don't want anybody to know that we had a meeting."

I said, "You are worried about having a meeting with me? I was thinking I was worried. I have just come because Govindadas had promised you, otherwise I would not have come. If you had simply invited me, I would have refused."

I said to Govindadas, "Look. You persuaded me that he is old and sick, that's why I have come. And what he is saying is that he wants to keep it a secret. Now what is the point of meeting such a cowardly man? And what can he do? And what can he understand from me?" But I said, "Yes, I have come, so you tell me what you want, because you have invited me. So you just tell me."

He said, "I have heard about you, and I know about you. If you can do two things, I am ready to give all the financial support you want. I will give you a blank check."
I said, "You tell me about those two things. The blank check I'm not that much interested in; I want to know about those two things, because they must be idiotic."
And they were idiotic. One was: "You go around the world spreading Hinduism, and I will give you all financial support. Convert as many people to Hinduism as possible. And second: create a movement in the country so that the government is forced to stop cow slaughter. If you can do these two things, don't worry about finances."
I said, "I am not worrying about finances at all. You keep your blank check yourself -- I will never need it. I am not so stupid that I should waste my time changing a Christian into a Hindu, dragging him from one well and throwing him into another. I would be unnecessarily wasting my time. He was utterly drowning in one, happily drowning, now to unnecessarily pull him out... and it will take much effort to pull him out, because others who are in that well, they will pull him back. They will not allow him to get out of the hole, because nobody wants anybody to get out of his hole, his power. And anyway, if somehow I can manage to pull him out, then I have to throw him in another well -- so what is the point of it all? Just for your blank check? And my life is wasted unnecessarily.
"He will be in the same game. Perhaps the jargon will be different. Now he will be carrying the Gita instead of The Bible, but he will be carrying a book, worshipping a book. Now instead of Christ he will be talking about Krishna."
And you will be surprised that linguistic scholarship has

found that christ is nothing but a formation of the word krishna. Moving from Sanskrit to Bangla, it becomes christo; from krishna it becomes christo. From Bengal... now you can see very easily christo becoming christ. The Greek word christ is nothing but a transliteration of the word krishna.

So I told him, "In fact, between Christ and Krishna there is no difference at all; they are both the same word. And I am not interested at all in this kind of absolutely unnecessary work. If you want, I can drag people from their wells, whether the well is Christian, Hindu, Jew, Mohammedan -- but on one condition: that I will let them be free and make them aware, 'Now don't fall into another well.' If you want that, I can do it. I will be pulling Hindus out too, because to me it makes no difference: whoever is drowning in the well, whether Hindu, Christian, Muslim, I have to draw out. And as far as your second proposition is concerned...."

Humanity is dying. Perhaps twenty, thirty years more, and this earth will be dead, because man has behaved so wrongly with himself, with others, with nature, with the environment. For the whole of his history he has been preparing for an ultimate war -- only one preparation, one goal. And now he has come very close to the goal; he has everything that is needed to destroy this whole earth. In fact we have seven hundred times more nuclear energy than is needed to destroy this small earth. We can destroy seven hundred earths like this -- that much energy is already stored up. And we are piling it up every day, nobody knows for what.... "And you want me to be worried about cows not being slaughtered? If there is no man on the earth, do you think there will be any cow... or any crow? "With man,

the whole of life will disappear. So if you are really interested in life, then the most important thing right now is to save man from himself."

He said, "I knew beforehand, I told Govindadas that whatsoever I had heard about this man is dangerous. There is no possibility of us working together."

I said, "You are saying 'working together' -- I will be working against you my whole life. And I don't need your blank check, but still, if you have courage and some mettle in your being, give me the blank check. And I will be fighting against you!"

The man turned to Govindadas and he said, "Take this man away from here. I am very sick, old, and he may give me a heart attack."

I told him, "A heart attack will do much good for you. At least you will stop making these temples around the country. You know perfectly well millions of people have no houses."

And in India, the people who have houses... you cannot conceive what kind of houses they are. Those who have not, in a way their position is clear. But those who have houses -- they are not worth calling houses at all. I have been traveling in villages... not a single house will have a bathroom, not a single house will have an outhouse, a latrine. No, you have to go out by the side of the river or the tank, or wherever water is available you go there. People are doing everything there -- and people are drinking the same water. I had to stop going into villages, it was so ugly, so inhuman.

And what is a house in India? Just a shed which you would not make even for a cow. They are living with their cows

and their bulls and their other animals in the same house. And the families are joined, so in one house you may have thirty people, forty people, with all the animals. Every house is Noah's ark. All the species... and such a smell! So much stink that even thinking of it I feel immensely sorry for people.

But that is not the case only in India, it is all over the third world. In Africa, in China -- it is all over the third world. And you are making temples for God! God can live very easily in the open sky; there is no trouble for him. He is all-powerful. The cold will not give him pneumonia or double pneumonia, rains will not make him wet, hot sun will not burn him, so why bother making houses for God?

But the problem is greed. Hinduism has been telling Hindus, "Make houses for God -- then you will be rewarded." Christians are saying, "Make houses for the poor, hospitals for the poor, schools for the poor, orphans, old people, sick people, then you will be rewarded." But the desire of both is to be rewarded. Only one motive is dominating all the religions.

In my vision, a truly religious person can have the idea of mistakes, errors, but cannot have the idea of sin. A true religious person cannot create in somebody else the wound of guilt, because that is for a specific reason: if you want to be a messiah then you have to create sin, then you have to create guilt.

The man who initiated Jesus into disciplehood, John the Baptist -- his only message his whole life was, "Repent, repent, repent, because the messiah is coming. So get ready. Repent for your sins and get ready." But how do you

repent? First, guilt is needed -- you have to feel guilty. So feel guilty, repent, and the messiah will come to save you.
I am reminded of a small Sunday school in a village. All the children come to the Sunday school, and the priest teaches them and he asks, after his long sermon about the beauties, joys, the glories of heaven that Christians are going to get... and all the children are excited, really excited to get quickly into the bus and go to heaven. Why waste time here? Then in the end he asked, "Now, tell me what is absolutely necessary to go to heaven?" One small kid raised his hand. The priest said, "Yes, stand up and tell me what is needed."
The child said, "To commit sin."
The priest said, "What! I have been telling you not to commit sin and you are answering that to get to heaven you have to commit sin!"
He said, "Yes. It is according to your sermon that I have concluded that unless you commit sin you cannot be guilty. If you are not guilty, how will you repent? And if you don't repent, then there is no way. Commit sin first. Feel guilty, repent, and the messiah comes and takes you to heaven."
I think the child was absolutely arithmetical, logical. What he was saying was absolutely right. This is how religions have been managing: commit sin. If you don't commit sin, they will show you that you are committing, although you do not know it. You must be doing something -- that is enough! Out of that something it can be found. If you are not doing anything at all, that too is enough.
I was talking to a bishop, and said, "If a person simply sits silently, doing nothing, at least then he is not committing a sin. You will allow that much."

He said, "No. God has sent you here to do something -- service, duty -- and you are sitting doing nothing. That's a great sin."

I said, "Then all the Buddhist monks have gone to hell, because that's what they teach: just sit silently and do nothing. Only in that way will you become conscious."

And when you become conscious, the conscience simply falls apart, because it is an artifact, artificially created by the society. It may be Jewish, it may be Catholic, it may be Protestant, or whatsoever; communist, socialist, fascist, whatsoever.

Your consciousness arises in silence, and it arises only in silence, because your whole energy is not going anywhere else, is not involved in action. So when the whole energy is not involved in action, where is it going to go? It starts collecting at your very center of being, like a pillar, a solid pillar of energy, which throws off the conscience and all the ideas of sin and all the ideas of guilt. But remember, with that also goes the messiah, the rabbi, the priest. With that goes God, the devil, heaven, hell -- the whole nonsense that has been thought of, up to now, as religion. That is not religion.

I don't have any need of the concept of sin. In my commune you cannot commit sin. For three, four years you have been here; has anybody committed a sin? Now, four thousand people are living here for four years and not a single sin has been committed; can you think of this happening in a Catholic monastery? Four thousand of you living in a Catholic monastery, twenty-four hours a day... sin and sin and sin, and nothing else will be happening. Anything you do... you will smoke a cigarette and you are committing a

sin. You may be loving towards a woman and you are committing a sin. You may enjoy one day to sleep a little longer and you are committing a sin. You may love to read a book which the Vatican has put on the black list.... My books are on the black list. Even the books in which I have spoken on Jesus, and spoken very considerately so that nobody is offended -- even those books!

By mistake, one Christian press in England, Sheldon, which is owned by a Christian association, published my books. First they published The Mustard Seed, then they became interested in me. Then they published other books, and the Sheldon Press people became involved with me. They forgot they are part of the Christian association, they are owned by the Christians, and they are publishing the books which the Vatican has put on the black list! Eight books they published. Then it was made clear to them that there had been some mistake. Now they have dropped all the eight books, they have returned all the copyrights.

Every year, the Vatican goes on putting together the black list, which books you should read, which books you should not read. Right now they cannot do what they used to do in the past: in the past they used to burn the books. In the basement of the Vatican, just in the basement of St. Peter's church, there is an immense library of all the books that they have burned in the past. One copy they have saved, but thousands... that means they have burned thousands of books, completely removed them from the whole earth. Wherever those books were found, they were burned. And whosoever resisted was killed or he was also burned with the books.

In the library of the Vatican they don't allow anybody. That library should be taken over by UNO, immediately. It is not the property of the Vatican. And that library may reveal thousands of truths, inventions, discoveries which the popes down the ages have prevented from happening by burning the books. Now they cannot do that, but at least they can do one thing: they can publish, secretly, a black list. And they can put any book on that black list; then no Catholic is allowed to read it. If you read it you are committing a sin, a great sin -- disobeying the pope, who is infallible.

I don't see there is any need of sin. Yes, you are human beings and you will live like human beings, and sometimes you may commit a mistake. For example, if you are smoking a cigarette it may be a mistake, it may be a fault, but you are doing enough harm to yourself, you need not be punished in hell for it. You are punishing yourself enough. That cigarette may give you tuberculosis or may give you cancer, or at least will reduce your life by a few years. The cigarette will do it itself, there is no need for any devil to come and take you to hell and burn you there. You are doing it yourself, and paying for it. It is nobody else's business; you pay for it, and you burn yourself -- perfectly good.

But if you become conscious, cigarettes will disappear. So I don't say don't smoke -- that will become a commandment. I say become more conscious. And if, in your consciousness, the cigarette disappears.... It is bound to disappear, because a conscious man cannot be so stupid that he will take the smoke inside, and then throw it out, and take it in again, and throw it out... poisoning himself,

poisoning the atmosphere -- and paying for it, on top of it all.

Your actions are not my concern; your consciousness is. If your consciousness allows you to do something, it is right -- do it. Don't be worried by any holy scriptures, by any prophets. And if your consciousness does not allow you to do something, then don't do it. Even if God says to you, "Do it!" there is no way -- you cannot do it.

So it is not a question of your actions. I don't decide about your actions. I am giving you the master key, rather than deciding each simple, single action, whether it is right or wrong -- that is a very impossible job.

I told you Buddhist monks have thirty-three thousand rules. That's how they came about, because they would go to Buddha with each single thing and ask whether it was right or wrong. And he would make a rule that this was right and that was wrong. One man made thirty-three thousand rules! It is good that for twenty-five centuries this has not continued, otherwise.... You are doing millions of things: I am not going to bother about each single small thing that you do.

My concern is very fundamental, very foundational: your consciousness.

I am not concerned with your doing, I am concerned with your doer. And once that doer is awake, it is impossible to do anything wrong. Then whatsoever you do is right. So if you ask me what is right, what is wrong, I will say: anything that you do consciously is right, anything that you do unconsciously is wrong. But I am not using the word sin at all. Even if you are doing something wrong, it is just an ordinary, human mistake, for which nobody needs to invent

hell, nobody needs to invent heaven, nobody needs to come and redeem you and liberate you. You are the only one who has allowed himself to be fettered by others.
Now, please remember one thing: others can fetter you, but nobody can redeem you.
Only you can redeem yourself, and that is by stopping others fettering you, putting more and more heavy chains on you, making bigger and bigger walls around you.
You are your own messiah, your own salvation.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #27
Chapter title: Religion -- The Last Luxury
25 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ARE YOU AGAINST ALL RELIGIONS? ISN'T RELIGION SOMETHING ESSENTIALLY NEEDED BY MAN?

Yes, I am against all the religions, because I am for religion.
The very fact that there are so many religions is enough to prove that something is basically wrong, that we have not been able to discover the truth about religion, because the truth can only be one -- lies can be hundreds. Fictions, you can create as many as you like; it is your imagination. But the truth is not your imagination.

The truth is a revelation. It is already there.
You have not to invent it; you have to discover it.
I am against all the religions, because all these religions are not religions. If they were religions there would have been only one religion in the whole world. There is no possibility of there being even two religions, what to say about three hundred religions -- it is absolutely absurd. It is strange that man continues to tolerate it. These are all fictions, created by different people, different societies, different geographies. They have nothing to do with religion as such, because religion is not geographical, is not historical. Religion is not racial, is not national. All these categories are irrelevant as far as religion is concerned.
Do you ever think of science in terms of nations, races, countries, historical periods, geography? If the water boils at a hundred degrees here, today, it has always been boiling at a hundred degrees everywhere, in the past, and it is going to boil at a hundred degrees in the future too. It will not make any difference whether the person who is boiling the water is a Jew or a Hindu or a Christian or a communist; whether he believes in God or does not believe in God; whether he is a sinner or a saint. It won't make any difference at all; the water will boil at a hundred degrees all the same. That's a truth, and you need not create any fiction about it.
Religious experience is a truth. When you discover it, you will not find that it is Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan or Buddhist. It has nothing to do with all these words.
The moment you discover religious truth, all space, all time, become irrelevant. It is simply beyond time and space. It is immaterial. Five thousand years before, five

thousand years afterwards, it is exactly the same. The universe remains authentically itself. It is not wearing phony masks that it goes on changing, so when one mask suits, it uses it; when another mask suits, it uses that. The universe has no masks, it is utterly naked. It is not like you; it has no personality. Truth has no personality.

You have not only personality, you have personalities, each one of you many personalities, because you need different faces in different situations with different people. When you are talking to your wife you need one personality: the personality of a husband. When you are talking to your girlfriend you talk differently; you are using the personality of a lover. When you are talking to the priest, you certainly behave in a different way.

And when you are talking to your servant, do you behave in the same way as you behave with the rabbi, with the pope, with the mahatma? No, when the servant passes through your room, you don't even take any notice that a person is passing by. The servant is not human. You don't say hello to him; he does not expect any hello from you. He comes and goes, does his work -- he is a robot, he is paid for that. You go on reading your newspaper, you don't even give a single glance to the person. You don't ask him anything, not even "How are you?" No, that is not expected; you are the master.

But when you go to the office and stand before your boss, then the situation is just the reverse -- now you are the servant. You are standing there and the boss goes on turning his file as if you are not standing there, as if there is nobody there. He may not be looking for anything in those files, he may be just turning those files to show you where

you belong; there is no need for him to take any notice of you.

If you watch yourself, you will see in twenty-four hours how many times you go on changing your personality. And it becomes such an automatic process that you need not even make an effort to change it; the change becomes automatic. You see your wife coming -- it automatically changes. You see your boss coming -- it automatically changes. It has been your routine for so long, that now....

You have to understand one thing about man: that man's mind has a robot part in it. When you learn something, you have to be alert. For example, if you are learning driving you have to be alert, watchful of so many things: the road, the people, the other vehicles passing. You have to be aware of your steering, you have to be aware of the brake, you have to be aware of the gears. And in the beginning when somebody learns, he finds it very difficult to take care of so many things simultaneously. Once you have learned it, what happens? Then you can sing and drive, talk and drive, listen to the radio and drive. Your mind has taken "driving" to another section, and that section is the robot section of the mind. Now the robot takes care of everything that you were required to take care of in the beginning.

The same happens with your personalities. So you are not even aware that you change so quickly -- no sound is made, no visible change -- but if you watch, you will see everything has changed.

I was traveling in a train from Delhi to Amritsar. In my compartment there was a woman, young, very beautiful. And at each station, the man who was traveling with her --

he could not get a seat in the coupe, because in the coupe only two people can sit, so he had to travel in another compartment, but at each station he would come running, sometimes bringing sweets, sometimes bringing fruits, sometimes bringing this, sometimes bringing that.
I asked the man, "Are you married to this woman?"
He said, "Yes. We have been married seven years."
I said, "Don't tell a lie to me. You have not been married even for seven days."
He looked shocked, but he said, "How did you find out?"
I said, "This is enough. No husband would come at every station with sweets, fruits, and inquiring, 'Do you need anything?' and hugging and kissing. No husband... and married for seven years? Impossible! You are not married to her at all."
He said, "It is true. She is somebody else's wife. I am also married, and married for seven years, but that is to another woman. And with that woman -- what you are saying, actually that's what I do. Even if I can get a seat in the same compartment I don't. I travel in another compartment, finding any excuse. And once I leave her in her compartment, then only at the station on which we are going to get down do I come again, not in the middle."
What he said was, "But how could you find out?"
I said, "There is nothing in it to find out, it is so simple. Even after seven days of marriage, this stupid behavior that you are persistently doing here at every station drops, simply disappears, because this behavior is foreplay, not afterplay."
He said, "What do you mean by foreplay and afterplay?"

I said, "Just exactly those words: fore-play.... Before you have got hold of the woman, this is foreplay; you are persuading her. And what you are doing with your wife is afterplay. Then you hope that somehow the compartment gets thrown into the river, falls off the rails: some miracle happens and you do not have to meet that woman again at the coming station where you are going to get down. You think a thousand and one things, that 'Miracles after all happen. She can get lost. Somebody may steal her, or somebody may kill her; anything is possible in this big world, so many things happen every day.' But nothing happens. You find your wife there, you are standing there and you are again saying sweet nothings to her: 'How much I wished to be with you, how much I missed you, how much I remembered you continuously.' Yes, you remembered, but for different reasons!"

Existence has no personality. No question of personalities, it simply is whatsoever it is.

To experience existence as it is, is to know the truth.

The closest is to move from your own center, because that is where you are joined with existence. Your hands can touch a flower; your eyes can see the colors of the clouds, sky, sunset. Your ears can hear the music of the birds, the sound of the running water or just the breeze passing through the trees; or in the fall, the leaves falling silently, but still whispering something....

But there is a gap between you and the cloud, between you and the falling leaves, between you and the stars.

Howsoever close you come, there is still a gap. The very word closeness means two people, two things, not one. The gap is there, howsoever close. You come closest in a love

affair with a person, perhaps for a few moments -- I will not say for a few hours, a few days -- perhaps for a few moments you come closest to a person, but still... there is a gap. You can shout, but your sound will not reach. You can stretch out your hands, but you cannot touch. The gap, howsoever small, is still big enough to keep you two separate entities.

You would like to become one, and that's the misery of all lovers and the reason why all love affairs fail. They are bound to because they are trying to do the impossible. It is nobody's fault. They come close... the moment of closeness is so beautiful that they would like to come even closer, but there comes a limit. Where is the limitation? The other is other, and there is no way that you two can become one. Jean-Paul Sartre says, "The other is hell." This man is not a psychoanalyst, but it has happened often that painters, poets, novelists, dramatists, artists, have come to discover something which the so-called experts, who are supposed to discover it, go on and on and never find. Now, Freud never found out that the other is the hell -- neither did Jung, nor Adler, nor the whole company that has followed them. Jean-Paul Sartre, in this small statement, says something so tremendously deep and profound, that it is a revelation -- the other is hell. Why? -- because you want to merge, melt, so that the two-ness disappears and you become one, unified... so that you can see out of the eyes of your beloved, and you can smell, and you can taste, and you can hear, not as a separate being, but as one with the person you love... so that both your centers jump into each other and become one center.

That is where Sartre's profound insight comes in. He said, "The other is hell." There is no way. The other remains the other, continues to remain the other. Whatsoever you do, everything fails. And it is not the fault of the other. The other is also trying to do everything possible, but you remain the other. Both are trying, but they are going to fail because what they are desiring is impossible. Their alonenesses are their very being.

No trespass is possible, you cannot trespass the being of another person. And it is good, because if people were able to trespass other people's beings, then there would be no hope for humanity. Then there would be no hope for real freedom to exist, ever. ... Because why should only one person trespass? -- many can trespass you. Once it is possible, then many people can trespass you. Your purity, your sanctity, your individuality, will lose all meaning.

Sartre is right. He has understood the point, that the other is going to remain the other, and the loving heart wants to become one with the beloved. It is going to fail. And that is the misery of lovers. Nobody knows misery more than lovers. Nobody knows suffering more than lovers.

So when he says the other is hell, he is saying many things. He is saying there is no other hell -- only that one experience: when you come so close, where you feel just one step more and the paradise is yours, but that one step you cannot cross.

The goal is in front of you. You are standing at the door, but somehow you cannot even knock on the door. It is there, waiting, not only waiting, welcoming, but somehow you are paralyzed. There is some invisible circle around the other person which you cannot cross, and at that moment

you will become aware that the same circle is around you. The circles, when they come close, touch each other, but only at the circumferences of the circles. More than that is not possible. To turn back from the doors of paradise is hell. There is no other hell.

The stubborn reality of the other, that it is going to remain other, becomes your failure, becomes the other person's failure too. And you cannot remain stuck at that point. Try to understand: in existence, in life, nothing remains static; either you go forward or you move away. Forward you cannot move -- the invisible wall hits your head and there is no way -- and nothing remains static, you start moving away... and the painful memory of failure, the painful memory of reaching so close and yet losing it....

The nearest you can come is in love, but love becomes anguish; ultimately love becomes anguish. Hence, blessed are those who have never loved, because they will never know that the other is the hell. To protect you from this experience all societies have tried, in some way or other, to prevent love happening -- marriage is good. And of course, living with somebody for years, you start having a certain companionship, a certain need for the other. The other becomes a habit.

If your wife goes away for a few days, you are at a loss. You wanted her to go for a few days at least, and when she goes then you are at a loss. You cannot find where your shoes are, you cannot find anything you want in your own house. Suddenly the wife is missed -- and you think it is because of love? No, she had become a habit with you, she had taken every care in her hands; without her you are at a loss as to what to do. Even fighting with her had become a

routine part of your life. Now there is nobody to fight in the house. You go from one room to another -- even the fight is missed. You come home late, nobody quarrels... you just go to your bed. And the quarrel every night has become such a routine part of you that you cannot fall asleep without it. It is just like a teddy bear.

I sleep with three pillows: one on each side and one under my head. While I was traveling in India I had to carry all three pillows, and I use very big pillows, perhaps the biggest size, so one very big suitcase was just for the three pillows. Whenever I used to stay with somebody, and he would open my suitcases and in one suitcase -- and it was a big suitcase, the biggest suitcase available -- only three pillows! He would say, "What! This big suitcase and you are carrying just three pillows...7"

I would say, "I cannot sleep without those two. Those two are absolutely part of my sleep. If somebody takes one of my pillows, then it is difficult for me to sleep. I will miss him the whole night."

The wife was wanting to go just for a rest for a few days. She is wiped out -- I think that is the exact expression, wiped out -- by all these children and this husband. A time comes when it is all too much. But when she goes on a holiday, she starts missing the kids, their noise, their fight. She starts missing the husband. Whom to nag? Nagging is such a power trip, and such a joy. And the poor fellow cannot do anything, the wife is so powerful. And she knows that outside this man is a lion; that gives more joy in nagging him, and proving him to be just a rat -- nothing else. You may be a lion in the outside, but when you come

home, then keep your tail down, and remember that here you are not a boss.

She starts missing... with whom to fight? She starts missing all the care she takes; now there is nobody to take care of. Small things start coming to her memory: in the morning she brings the newspaper to the husband.... She had never liked it; the very idea of the husband sitting in front of her, hidden behind the newspaper... she knows why he is reading the newspaper, just to avoid her, so she is not seen. But now, away from home, she starts thinking about whether somebody has given him his newspaper or not. And how is he going to find his shoes... and the clothes? And he is bound to do something stupid in the kitchen. The house may catch on fire -- anything is possible..."What have I done? Why have I come here? And there is nothing to enjoy...." All those dreams that she was having at home have all flown away. Now she is hankering just to be back as quickly as possible. They have become habits to each other.

This is not love. But all the societies have tried this simple formula to protect you from the experience -- which is terrible in a way but which can also become a transformation. It never became a transformation for Jean-Paul Sartre. I feel sorry for the man. He had come very close when he said the other is the hell. But even in coming that close, to that insight, he is still missing something more significant. His emphasis is still as if the other is responsible for being a hell. No, the other is not responsible. He is not yet seeing the other part, the other half: that you are also the other, from the other side. Are you creating hell for the other person? You are not creating

hell. Then be a little more understanding: the other is also not creating hell. Don't dump it on the other.

It is simply a natural phenomenon that you can come closest in the experience of love, but only closest. You cannot be welded into one being.

Your aloneness becomes for the first time crystal clear. No matter what, you are alone. And all the fiction that there may be somebody who is just made for you, there may be somebody who will fill this gap, this emptiness in you.... Nobody can do it; not because nobody wants to do it, no, everybody would love to do it, but it is just not possible in the very nature of things. And it is good, I repeat, that it is not possible in the very nature of things, because if it was possible then there would be no necessity for religion -- no need of religion.

You ask me, "Is there any essential need of religion for man?" Yes, but it comes only after you have experienced that your aloneness is absolute.

You cannot deceive yourself by friendship, by love, by money, by power. You cannot go on deceiving yourself for long. A moment is going to come when you will see all your efforts have utterly failed: you are still as alone as you have always been. This is the moment when religion comes in. Religion is nothing but a one hundred and eighty degree turn -- from the other to yourself.

You have tried the other; it does not work. The other is not responsible. The other has not created the universal law. The other is as much part of this universal law as you are. If your understanding goes a little deeper... Sartre was just on the brink where he could have turned towards himself, but

he stopped there: The other is hell. He condemned the other, but he didn't turn to give a try to himself.
You have given a try to many people in your life, reaching to the farthest person, trying to bring him close to you. You succeeded in bringing him very close, very close, and at the last moment, just one step more... and it has failed. The human mind says, "Perhaps this is not the right person. Find another person. Go on finding another person." The mind goes on giving you hope: "If it has not happened with this woman, this man, it may happen with somebody else. Perhaps you were trying with the wrong person." The mind goes on finding consolations, excuses, explanations, rationalizations, but all those are futile. Those rationalizations, explanations, excuses, consolations, will keep you away from religion.
Sartre could have become one of the religious men, which is very rare: a very ordinary phenomenon, but very rare, because nobody tries the ordinary; everybody is after the extraordinary.
Religion is when love has failed.
I am for love. I have been teaching my whole life in favor of love. The reason is strange. But I am an eccentric man. I have been teaching you to go for love because I know that unless you come to this crucial point, where the other is hell, you will never become religious.
I am not for love. My whole effort is for religion.
The pseudo-religions just give you readymade formulas, and I want to give you the real experience, but I cannot give it to you. I can only show you the path, can explain to you how it happens, and then leave you free to experiment with it if you want.

If love has not failed, then you are not yet adult enough for religion. You are below age. Whatsoever your age it does not matter; it may be sixty, may be seventy, it does not matter. If you are still hoping that love can succeed, then you're yet under age. But if you have come to realize this totally, that it is against the nature of things, existence does not work that way.... You are you, the other is other.

If you want to taste the experience of existence, it is not via the other, it is a direct jump within yourself. It is via you, through you.

And only love and its failure can throw you inside. Nothing else can throw you inside, because everything else is far below love.

Money -- you may have enough and you may be fed up with it, but that does not mean that you will move towards religion. There are so many other things. You may start thinking that money is useless, but money can give you power. It can make you the president of the country. Perhaps there is the thing that you are looking for. You can become the president of the country or a prime minister of a country. And life is short; much of it you have wasted in earning money and now you will waste it to get into power. And there is a ladder; rung by rung, you have to go up the ladder. And there is always a rung higher than you, signaling you: "Come up, here is the thing that you want." When you reach that rung, there is another rung above you. Once in a while, some stubborn idiot succeeds in reaching the last rung, from where there is nowhere to go because there is no higher rung any more -- the ladder has ended. But when you have made so much effort to reach it, can you admit to those who are struggling below you, "Don't

bother. I have found nothing here. I have wasted my whole life and now I am standing on the ladder's highest rung, and all I can do is jump and commit suicide. There is nothing else here"? Now, that will mean you accept your stupidity. No, a man who has been working so hard to reach the top... and by the time he reaches, he is almost near his grave. Now it is better to go on, smiling -- a Jimmy Carter smile. I really feel sorry for Jimmy Carter. He is really a poor man. He had to come down from the topmost rung -- back to earth. Now all the smile has disappeared. I have seen his photographs since he lost the election, continually looking at his photographs: not a single photograph of that big smile, which must have been the biggest in the whole world. What happened to that smile? That smile was phony. Even when he was on the last rung it was phony. But when you have been in the game of phoniness, in the game of politics, you become so accustomed to it that even seeing that by your side is just suicide....

The American people are very wise. They have assassinated twenty percent of their presidents. That is great wisdom. They saved those twenty percent of presidents from the same situation in which Jimmy Carter is. If somebody had shot him while he was smiling, at least he could have had the last smile. Death anyway is going to come. Now it will come, but there will be no smile.

Anyone becoming a president of a country then tries to remain the president until he dies. Everybody wants to die as the president, as the prime minister -- whatsoever is the highest post. Because he has devoted his whole life to growing this phony personality, now at least let him have the honor of death as a president of the country, or as a

prime minister of a country. Yes, he deserves it; he has worked hard for it. And mostly it happens that either he is assassinated, or he dies of a heart attack.

India has had six prime ministers since independence. The first prime minister was Jawaharlal Nehru, the best politician amongst all the political leaders of the world, for the simple reason that he was not a politician. He was drawn to the freedom struggle of India, and had no idea of being in power. He was not meant to be a politician. He had such a sensitive soul that he could have been a great poet, painter, musician -- anything, but not a politician.

I had several meetings with him. He was in absolute agreement with my ideas, but said to me with tears in his eyes, "Whatsoever you are saying can transform the whole future of India, but you don't have any idea of the collective mind of the masses. They cannot understand what you are saying; they will be against you. You cannot succeed in transforming their mind, you can only succeed in being crucified by them."

He was shocked by the Chinese invasion of India. He fell sick and could never recover from the shock. He died as the prime minister of India. He was a great preacher of peace, brotherhood, love, and he had created a third world bloc against the Soviet Union and America, so that these two camps are not the only camps in the world, there is another camp which is neutral. And he had succeeded in creating a third camp which is neutral. China was part of it, and China was the biggest part of it, the most important part of it, and China attacked India.

Now, on the Himalayan borders it is very difficult to fight the Chinese. Indians live not in the Himalayas but on the

plains. This side of the Himalayas is Indian, the other side is Chinese. Now, millions of Chinese live on the other side, and they are accustomed to the Himalayan eternal snows. They can fight. You cannot survive with them. In the Himalayas, if a fight goes on, nobody can defeat them. Just as it used to happen with Germany.... In the first world war it happened; when Napoleon attacked Russia it happened; in the first world war when Germany attacked Russia it happened. In the second world war Hitler made the same mistake: he attacked Russia. It happened because Russia is vast, one sixth of the land mass of the whole earth, and for six to nine months it is covered with snow, so only for three months can you fight. The moment snow starts falling, then nobody can fight with the Russians. They are accustomed to it; their physiology for millions of years has been accustomed to it. It is their home. But for anybody else, it is death.

Napoleon was finished there. The first world war was finished there, and Adolf Hitler was finished there. In fact it was a challenge, that's why he attacked Russia. Because Napoleon had been defeated there and in the first world war Germany was defeated there, Adolf Hitler wanted to prove that Russia is not something unconquerable. But it was a purely natural thing. When the snow starts falling, then nobody can be victorious in Russia; then you cannot fight with the Russians.

The same is true about the Chinese. China has one fifth of the population of the world -- the biggest of any country in the world. When China attacked India it took over thousands of miles in the Himalayas and India could not do anything. It was such a serious shock to Jawaharlal, who

was always healthy before it, that he suddenly started shrinking, dying. As far as I understand, he died a psychological death. To be more accurate he committed a psychological suicide. He lost all hope for peace, for no war in the world, because China had been the closest friend to India. If you cannot trust your closest friend, whom are you going to trust? He simply lost all joy. Suddenly he became old.

The second prime minister was Lalbahadur Shastri. He was interested in me very much, and promised that although his party and colleagues did not agree with it, he would try his best to implement my ideas. But he died of a heart attack in the U.S.S.R. His secretary reported to me that all the way on the journey he was reading my book, Seeds of Revolutionary Thought. And the night he had the heart attack, another of my books, The Perfect Way, was in his hands.

The third prime minister of India has just been assassinated. She was the most courageous, and ready to do even things which go against the mass mind. I had suggested to her that she should throw people like Morarji Desai out of her cabinet. She said, "He is one of the most stubborn fanatics, and believes that he is always right...." He was the deputy prime minister, just second to Indira Gandhi, but she said she would try to throw him out, and she did it.

The fourth prime minister was Morarji Desai. Nobody thought him worth assassinating, so he is still living and now trying to become a holy sage -- the same ego trip again. Charan Singh, the fifth prime minister, is not even worth mentioning. And Rajiv, we have yet to see whether he proves worthy of his grandfather and mother, or not. I

have an inner certainty that he will not disappoint the country.

Jimmy Carter suddenly became ten years older the moment he lost the election; in one day, ten years simply passed. When people are in power, they can keep their face. It may be painted, but still they can look young, alive, strong; and in fact they are, because they have succeeded, although at the last point of success they find it is futile. But what is the point of saying it? -- the whole world will laugh. It is better to keep silent about it and go on smiling. So you can move from money to power, or from power to money. There are many ways.

I have heard of one rich American man who became fed up with all the money he had earned... and he had wasted his whole life. Somebody suggested, "Why don't you go to the East in search of some mahatma, some sage who can teach you how to be calm and quiet and blissful?" So he rushed to India, went to the Himalayas and asked who was the biggest saint -- as if there are smaller saints and bigger saints.

But he was a man who knew money and knew that if you have little money you are a little man, if you have more money you are a bigger man, and if you have even more, you are the biggest. The same must be true in spirituality -- how much have you got? He had lived with quantity his whole life. Money is quantity, spirituality is quality. They are not transferable. But in India also, people think in the same way as everywhere else. They said, "Yes, there is one, the biggest sage, the greatest mahatma who lives in the Himalayas, in the highest peaks, very difficult to reach.

Many, in finding him, have died or were lost forever in the snows."

But the rich man said, "I have nothing to lose. I have seen all the pleasures of the world and there is nothing any more of interest to me. This challenge is exciting, that nobody has yet found him. I will try." Again the juice starts flowing, the same way as that day when he had started running after money -- the same ego. "Nobody has found him; I will find him. You just describe to me the person's face and on what peak he lives, and I will go." They described him in detail, and he went.

It was really a torturous journey, but he knew how torturous it was when he was earning money. And if he could reach the top as far as money is concerned, he would manage this journey too. And he managed. Tattered, almost dying, finally he reached there and saw the man sitting on the top. He fell, not in gratitude, just tired. Otherwise Americans don't know how to fall at the feet when they meet the master -- he had simply fallen. He was losing hope, he was almost on the verge of thinking, "It is hoping against hope."

At that moment that man, that old sage is there. The rich man falls, and just so that he does not die before he can manage to talk, he spreads his hands and takes the sage's feet in his hands and says, "You are a great sage and I have come from America, thousands of miles. But that was nothing. This Himalayan pilgrimage, walking, on foot... but I am happy that I have reached. Now, please tell me what should I do."

The mahatma said, "First do me a favor. Have you got a cigarette -- an American brand?"

The man was very shocked. But he had heard that the sages are strange people; perhaps there is some trick in it. He pulled out a cigarette and a lighter, and gave one to the sage and said, "Now, what do you say to me?"

The sage said, "Please go back the same way as you have come. But remember: if you come again, don't forget to bring cigarettes; they are so peaceful, so blissful. I really loved this one."

You can go from one stupidity to another stupidity, but if you fail in love... and failing in love means not what you ordinarily mean by it -- that the beloved deceives you or that the lover deceives you. No, that is not failure; in fact, that is avoiding the failure. If your beloved deceives you before the failure -- my failure she has saved you, she has given you again hope. You will run after another woman. By failure I mean when you reach to the point where you would like to merge with the other, and suddenly you find a universal law against the merger: bodies can meet, beings cannot. At that moment either you become sour and bitter about love -- that's how all the religions have become, bitter and sour about love. But that is pseudo-religion. No, I don't see that you have to become sour and bitter. In fact, you should be ecstatic that you have found a very foundational law of life, that you have come to a point from where turning inwards is possible. There is nowhere to go. You can fall upon yourself. If that happens, then you will say, "The other is heaven, not hell." Then you will change that statement, because the other made it possible for you to fail in merging, melting, gave you the chance to turn towards yourself; you will be grateful for ever. Then the other is heaven.

Once you enter into your own being, you have entered the temple. This is what religion is all about. This entry into oneself is the ultimate growth. You suddenly blossom. It is not a slow gradual growth, no. The word growth gives a wrong impression, as if slowly, slowly.... No, it is a sudden outburst. One moment you were nothing; another moment, a quantum leap -- you are all, because you have tasted your being and that being is exactly the same as the universal being. But that is the only door available. There is no other door. No church can help you, no synagogue can help you, no temple can help you. There is only one door which can help you, and that is within you.

Taking a jump into yourself, you have plunged into existence.

In that moment you feel a tremendous oneness with all. Then you are no longer lonely, no longer alone, because there is nobody who is other than you. There is only you expanded in all directions, in all possible manifestations. It is you flowering in the tree; it is you moving in a white cloud. It is you in the ocean, in the river. It is you in the animals, in the people. And it is not something that you have to project or think. That's what pseudo-religions have been doing. They tell you, "Think that you are one with all. Concentrate, discipline your mind to believe that you are one with all." Yes, if you try hard you may start believing it, that you are one with all, but that will be simply a belief.

One Sufi was brought to me; he had many followers. And many followers of his had come to me and told me, "When our master comes, we would like you to meet."

He used to come only once a year to that place, so I said, "Whenever he comes you bring him."

They said, "He is a realized man. He sees God everywhere."
I said, "I will not comment on it till I see him." The day came, he arrived. I told his disciples, "You bring him directly to me. Let him be my guest." They brought him directly from the station, and he was in an ecstatic fever; that's what you can call it. His eyes... his body was all not in an ordinary state -- vibrant. Anybody could see it. And he would hug the trees.... I had a beautiful garden. Only I used to call it a garden, everybody else used to call it a jungle. It was really a jungle, because I don't like English gardens -- well cut, symmetrical. No, I want something like a jungle, natural, where no symmetry exists.
He came inside the gate, and just by the side of the gate there was a beautiful maulshree tree. He hugged it. It was in blossom, and it is one of the most beautiful perfumes. He started crying in joy. I had to take him away from the tree. I said, "The tree is not that strong yet. You may kill the tree. You please come in the house, and if you want to hug the trees, I have many big trees; you can do as much hugging and wrestling and gymnastics and whatsoever, as you want to do. But this tree, don't torture it!"
Suddenly anger: "What!" he said, "Are you saying I am torturing the tree? I was loving it."
I said, "I know. Sometimes you can hug somebody lovingly. It used to happen to me when I was traveling in Punjab...."
Punjab must be the Oregon of India. Somehow all the idiots of the country have managed to live in Punjab. And it was so difficult for me to get from the railway platform to the car, because everybody was hugging, and out of love -- and

a Punjabi hug... you cannot imagine it: my whole body felt the ache, particularly my ribs. And I told my friends, "Please, these hugs -- I am not ready to receive that much love. It is too much. You have to prevent it, otherwise I will stop coming to Punjab." These idiots don't know that "hug" does not mean that you crush the other person. And certainly they were doing it very lovingly, but you can kill very lovingly.

So I said to the Sufi, "Come into the house. Don't be angry. That tree is not strong enough, and that tree is very special; don't destroy it. I became enlightened under a maulshree tree, so my people have brought that tree from the original maulshree tree, as a seed. They have grown it, and it is still not strong enough for your hug. You come inside."

He came inside, and he started talking in the same way he must have been talking to his disciples: "I see God everywhere, only God and nothing else."

I said, "If you see only God and nothing else, then to whom are you talking? If there is only God and nothing else then to whom are you talking and for what purpose? God must know it. Keep silent!" When all his disciples had gone I told him, "I know what has happened to you. You have been hypnotizing yourself for thirty years to feel that God is everywhere, and now it has become a continuity of a certain posthypnotic suggestion that you are carrying. And you are continuing it because you know perfectly well that if you stop talking about it, it will disappear within hours."

He said, "No, it cannot disappear. I see God everywhere."

I said, "Then for three days stop talking about God, and stop practicing anything. That 'God is everywhere' -- don't repeat it; for three days forget about it. For thirty years you

have done your work, now for three days let me show you what you have gained in thirty years."

And it didn't... it was not necessary even to take three days. Just the next morning he said to me, "What I had gained in thirty years, you have destroyed in one day. You are against religion -- you are an enemy of religion!"

I said, "Of course I am an enemy of religion -- the kind of religion that you have believed in. And I am against all this nonsense, because what is the meaning of thirty years practicing if it can be lost in one day? Then practicing even for three hundred years, it can be lost in three days! Or for three lives in maybe three months -- but it can be destroyed. It is not your experience; it is just an imposed idea."

So I don't say that you have to start thinking in terms of everything being divine and that all is God. That is rubbish. Never start from anything which is basically a belief. Just take a jump into yourself, and don't ask me what you will find there, because if I tell you what you will find there, you will immediately start hypnotizing yourself for it. Then you will find it, but it will not be the true thing. It will only be a hallucination.

Just take the jump within, and you will come to know. You will come to feel. You will come to experience.

Religion is experiencing the truth.

Man needs religion; it is the last luxury, the ultimate luxury. Below it is love. And I have been teaching about love so much so that you can come to that crucial moment where you feel the other is hell -- because that is the point of turning. Sartre needed somebody to tell him, "The other is hell." What about you? You have tried so hard to become one with the other, why not try a little bit to be one with

yourself? -- because that is not going to be difficult. You are already one with yourself, you just have to look inwards. A little turning in, and the happening.
But then you are not a Christian, nor a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan, nor a Jew -- you are simply religious.
I am for religion, for religiousness, and I am certainly against all religions, because they are all pseudo.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #28
Chapter title: Commandments, No -- Just a Few Requests
26 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MOSES' TEN COMMANDMENTS? DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMANDMENTS FOR US?

Moses is one of the most charismatic leaders that the world has known, but he is not a religious man. He is a lawgiver. But to be a law giver is one thing, and to be religious is totally different. He decides what is right, what is wrong for his people. But right and wrong are not eternal things. Something is right this moment, and the next moment it is not right. Something is right in one context, in another context it becomes just its opposite. Laws are dead. Once you have decided them, then they are fixed. They don't

change with the context, with the situation, with the time. They cannot change, they are not living beings.

Moses guided his people out of slavery, gave them great hope for the future, inspired them, but he could not make them religious. Because he could not make them religious, he had to substitute religion with laws. Laws are a poor substitute for consciousness. But when consciousness is missing, there is nothing else to do except to give laws, and follow the laws.

Why could Moses not make his people religious? He himself was not a religious person. His encounter with God is nothing but an hallucination. God exists not, so those who have encountered God have encountered their own imagination. Wandering in the hot, burning, fiery desert for years; hungry, thirsty, his people dying, their hope dying -- there seems to be no end to this search for the promised land.

He goes to the mountains to think, to contemplate, to pray to God. He must have been in a hopeless situation. Now the people were asking -- and there was no answer -- they were asking, "Where is the promised land? It seems you don't have any idea where it is. You uprooted us. Of course we were slaves, but at least we were surviving. Now we are dying."

People choose slavery for the simple reason that if the alternative is death, then it is better to be a slave. At least you are alive and there is a possibility someday you may get out of the slavery. But when you are dead, the possibility disappears. So it is not wrong to choose slavery when it is an alternative to death.

Moses brought these people out of slavery, giving them all kinds of dreams, and slowly those dreams started turning into desert dust. Days went by, months went by, years went by, and people were dying as they had never seen people dying. Forty years he was wandering in the desert of the Middle East. In forty years, out of every four people, three had died. Three quarters of the original people were no longer there; and those who remained, you could not call them alive either. These forty years had been such a suffering that it would have been a lot better if they had died. They were skeletons.

Naturally, Moses was in a tremendous anguish, a great turmoil. He had not thought that this was going to happen. He was not deceiving his people; he was very sincere, his intention was good. There was no way to get these people out of Egyptian slavery unless they were given a great hope that pulled them out of slavery.

But this happens to all great leaders: when they succeed, then comes the moment of their failure. It happened in India. Mahatma Gandhi led the country for forty years and made the people believe, "When independence comes all your problems are solved. There will be no poverty, no suffering, no riots, no violence. These Hindu-Mohammedan riots in which thousands of people are killed, burned alive, are created by the British rulers." It was easy to dump it on the British rulers -- dump everything on the British rulers. You are suffering because you are in slavery. You are poor because they are exploiting you. You can never live a respectable life if you are under the shoes of the British Empire.

People believed him, just the same way as Jews had believed Moses. They followed him. The independence came... and that was the great moment of failure for Mahatma Gandhi, because it is not such a simple affair that just by getting rid of British rule all your problems are going to disappear.

Your problems are millions of years old. The British were in India for only three hundred years. Before that you were poor, hungry, uneducated. In fact, the British Empire did everything to raise the standard of life in India. It introduced all kinds of technology, science, in every possible way. It introduced medicine, schools.... But nobody was going to thank them. Who is going to thank the person who is enslaving you? -- they were the cause of all the riots, of all the murders, of all the butchery.

So, people were waiting: "When the British go back, we will be living for the first time as human beings -- there will be no poverty, life will be a bed of roses." But life not only remained the same, it became worse, because the British rulers knew how to rule. In three hundred years they had created a system to control, to keep discipline. Now all that disappeared with them, and the people who came into power had no idea what power was. What to do with power? How to use it? And suddenly there was a tremendous outburst of violence such as India had never seen before, perhaps no other country has seen ever before. Gandhi was shattered. Now the British were gone, but the violence was a million times more, because the British had a certain discipline, power, and they had managed the country for three hundred years. Now there was nobody; everybody was free to do whatsoever he wanted.

Thousands of people were killed, burned; trains were burned, stopped and completely burned, and nobody was allowed to get out of the trains. Houses were set on fire. The whole country was in a mess. In Pakistan, the Hindus were being killed. In India, the Mohammedans were being killed. And the leaders were at a loss as to what to do. Gandhi himself said, "Now nobody listens to me." And he had been the absolute leader of the people for forty years. His voice was the voice of the country, and now he said, "Nobody listens to me. I have become a false coin -- useless."

He used to say, before India became independent, that he would like to live for one hundred and twenty-five years, because after independence there would be real life; right now, what was life? But as the country became independent, and the whole country was on fire -- violence everywhere, destruction everywhere... even his own followers, intimate followers, were no longer listening to him -- he said for the first time, "Now I don't want to live one hundred and twenty-five years." Perhaps when Nathuram Godse shot him, he felt relieved, because he was carrying a burden. He could not show his face to people; there was no answer.

The same was the situation facing Moses. He went into the mountains just to be out of the crowd, because they were continuously torturing him, asking him, "Where is the promised land? We don't see any promised land. Days pass, we don't come across an oasis. People are dying of thirst, and whenever we come across an oasis, it is not easy to get food either"... because they were all poor people, they had no money, they were slaves. They were not paid, and

whatsoever they had brought... small things. That caravan of Moses is worth remembering. What had people carried with them? Somebody was bringing his donkey, somebody was bringing a cart, somebody was carrying two earthen pots, a few clothes.... There was nothing valuable. They had nothing. And on the way they sold whatsoever they had brought with them -- these small things they sold for bread. Moses must have been in terrible pain. Nobody has thought about it. I have never come across a Jewish book pondering over the situation of Moses. He went into the mountains, not to meditate. That is a great luxury -- Moses could not afford it -- and that was not the time to meditate. He had gone just to avoid this crowd, and sit for a time to think out a plan. Something had to be done, otherwise he would be responsible for this whole race dying. And he had promised them....

And remember always, this is how the human mind works: when you start promising, you forget that there is a limit, don't exaggerate. Mind is very easily able to exaggerate. It enjoys exaggerating. It magnifies things both ways. Just a little pain and it makes so much fuss about it. Just a little suffering and it becomes the greatest suffering in the world. Just a little pleasure and you are on top of the whole world, as if nobody else knows what pleasure is. You fall in love with a woman and you think, "Never before has such a love happened, and never again is it going to happen. This is unique." This is happening everywhere, and everybody is thinking it: "This is unique!" Mind exaggerates everything, magnifies -- it is a magnifier -- and you believe it.

Moses' people were really in trouble. It was not a question of magnifying. And there was a limit to giving them

consolation: "Wait just a little more -- we are coming closer, coming closer...." It seemed as if they were going farther and farther away; there seemed to be no signs of coming closer.

In this state of anguish, in the burning hot desert, on the mountain -- even hotter, because a desert mountain has no trees, no greenery -- Moses hallucinates. In such a state of mind anybody can hallucinate. He starts talking to God. His human mind finds no answer. This is a state of hallucination: with open eyes he is seeing a dream. And he believes that God has given him advice, ten commandments: "These are the ten rules. Go to your people and give these ten commandments. If they follow these ten commandments everything will be all right." His hallucination is not a religious experience. There is no God in the first place. Even if there is, he does not speak Hebrew. How did you start thinking that God is a Jew? If there is a God and he comes to know that you call him a Jew, do you think he will be happy? There is no God at all, so there is no problem.

It is not Moses alone who is hallucinating; other religious leaders -- of course, so-called religious leaders -- have done the same. He comes with great authority and tells his people, "God has given these ten commandments. If you live accordingly, fulfilling God's desire, then only are you going to find the promised land. But first you have to be capable of it, worthy of it."

Now, this is a good strategy. Neither can those poor people be worthy of fulfilling all those ten commandments, nor can they ask again, "Where is the promised land?" I don't think that he was being a politician, but who knows -- it is

good political strategy to give people a certain idea: "You fulfill it; if you don't fulfill it, then you are responsible, then you cannot blame me. I had told you before that these ten commandments have to be fulfilled."

And those ten commandments cannot be fulfilled by any natural human being.

The very structure is such that you will find it going against your natural instincts, your biology, your physiology, your psychology. So rather than blaming the leader, you will start feeling guilty, that it is because of you the promised land is not being reached.

I do not think that Moses was at all a religious man. He was a great revolutionary, and certainly a charismatic leader, not of an ordinary caliber, superb. It is not easy to keep people wandering in the desert for forty years and still keep their hope alive. This was a great strategy, knowingly or unknowingly. My feeling is that it was unknowingly. He certainly had the feeling that God had spoken to him, that he had seen God, that these ten commandments were from him. And by giving these commandments to the Jews, God had proved again that Jews are the chosen people of God.

You ask me, have I any commandments for you?

First: The very word commandment, to me, is ugly. It is okay for a commander in the army to give commandments. The very word means that you have to follow it. There is no question to be raised, a commandment cannot be doubted. And a commandment from God -- you have to fulfill it. And a commandment from God gives Moses the authority to keep these people quiet, disciplined, under his rule.

I am not a commander, and I don't want anybody to be under my authority. I do not represent any God whatsoever -- Jew, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian. I am nobody's representative. I simply represent myself. And any authority that I have is my own.

I can say to you authoritatively what my experience is, but I cannot be authoritative with you. Note the difference: whatsoever I say, I say with the authority of my own experience. But I am not being authoritative with you. If I say, "Believe me" -- then I start becoming authoritative with you. "Don't doubt me.... If you believe, then paradise is yours. If you doubt, you fall in hell." I do not promise you any heaven. I do not make you afraid of any hell. Yes, my words have an intrinsic authority, but they are not authoritative. They don't enslave you.

So of course I cannot give you any commandments. That would be insulting you, that would be humiliating you. That would be taking your integrity, your freedom, your responsibility from you. No, I cannot commit such a criminal act.

I can request you, I can invite you, to share with me my experience. I can become the host for you and you can be the guest. It is an invitation, a welcome -- but it is not a commandment.

What requests can I make of you? It will look a little strange because Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Krishna, Mahavira, Buddha -- nobody requests you. They all have orders for you: "Follow, or fall into hell." They don't give you any chance even to think. They reduce your very existence, your very being, to an object. They reduce you, just like a number in the army. They don't respect your

individuality. Hence I see something irreligious in all those people. They are special; somebody is special because he has seen God with his own eyes.... Now, in what way can you be equal to him? On what right can you question him? He has seen God himself, talked to him. He has brought the message to you; he is the messenger.

Somebody is the only begotten son: now, what can you do about it? You cannot be equal to Jesus. All that you can do is to follow, to imitate, to be a psychological slave, which is a far more dangerous slavery than any other. Economic slavery is nothing compared to psychological slavery.

I am reminded of Diogenes. I love this fellow Diogenes for the simple reason that he does not claim any authority from God. He does not give any orders and commandments and disciplines to others. He used to live naked -- not for any religious reasons, not to get to heaven; he was not concerned about heaven and hell at all. He lived naked, because, he said, "That's how I was born. Nature wants me to be this way. Why should I be otherwise? I am going to be just natural."

One day it happened, he was just going to the river. He used to carry, up to that time, a begging bowl which he used to collect food or keep water. He was running towards the river -- he was thirsty -- and just by his side a dog came running and reached the river before him and started drinking water. Diogenes said, "Great. This dog is far more independent than me." He threw the begging bowl into the river and said to the dog, "Master, you have really shown me the way. I was carrying that weight unnecessarily."

He was caught by a few thieves -- because in those days people were caught and sold as slaves, and he looked very

promising. He was very healthy and had a certain personality. They were certain that they would get good money if they could keep hold of him. They were three; he was alone, but they were not certain that even three would be able to keep hold of him. He might kill all three. So they followed him, afraid whether to try or just drop the idea because he seemed to be dangerous. And who knows, he might be mad, because he was walking naked and enjoying so much, and he had nothing to enjoy.

Diogenes was listening to what they were thinking and talking about, and he said, "Don't be worried. You want to steal me? You want to sell me in the marketplace?"

They were shocked. They said, "Now there is trouble. If we say yes, he is going to jump on us."

But Diogenes said, "Don't be afraid. I am going myself to the market. You can come with me, you can sell me. One thing I know: nobody can make me a slave. So you will get money, and you will be happy. And I know for certain that nobody can make me a slave, so why should I be worried about it? You just come along with me."

They could not even say, "We don't want to come along," because this man seemed to be so strange: he might force them to come along with him. So they said, "Okay, if you say so, then we will come along." He was walking ahead and they were behind him; he was looking like an emperor and they were looking like the slaves.

When they reached the slave market he stood up on the platform where slaves used to be put so people could see from all sides, to measure them, weigh them, look at their teeth -- just the way you purchase a horse or a bull, that's how -- they could see your muscles, whether you were

strong or weak, old or young. But these three thieves could not say to Diogenes, "Please stand on the platform." He jumped up himself, and what he said from the platform is something to be remembered. He said, "Listen!" -- so loudly that the whole market became silent, seeing a naked man and so healthy, so beautiful, so proportionate. They had never seen such a slave.

There was great silence in the whole market, all the people gathered there, and Diogenes said, "For the first time a master is for sale. Any slave among you can purchase a master. But remember, you are purchasing a master." Those three thieves were hiding in the crowd because they thought the crowd might become angry, and they might be caught: "You have brought this man here."

But one rich man fell in love... just the idea. This man was saying, "A master is for sale; any slave can purchase him." This rich man asked, "Who owns you?"

Diogenes said, "Of course I own myself, but I have promised three thieves, so the money will go to them. They are hiding there. They have followed me. Really I have forced them to come here -- they were trying to escape in the middle of the journey, and just now they are trying to disappear in the crowd. They are the three. You will have to give the money to these people. And I will come with you. As far as ownership is concerned, I own myself and nobody can own me."

The rich man said, "That's what has appealed to me. I am not taking you as a slave, I am accepting you as a master. You just come with me. Just your being in my house, your presence, is enough." The thieves were paid. Diogenes went in the chariot of the rich man, and the rich man

certainly behaved as if he was the slave and Diogenes was the master.

There is a certain phenomenon: if you are really independent psychologically, nobody can make you a slave. Yes, you can be killed, but you cannot be made a slave.

And all these people who have been giving commandments, disciplines, showing you the way to live, what to eat, what to wear, what to do, what not to do -- all these people are in some way trying to make you a psychological slave. I cannot call these people religious. To me religion begins with psychological freedom.

I cannot give you commandments, but I can give you a few requests. Nobody has done it before, so it may look a little outlandish, but what can I do? I can give you a few invitations.

My first request or invitation is: Don't let your doubt die. That is the most precious thing you have got, because it is doubt that one day is going to help you discover the truth. And all these people say, "Believe!" Their first effort is to destroy your doubt. Start with faith, because if you don't start with faith on each step you will raise questions. Hence I would like it to be my first request to you: doubt until you discover. Do not believe until you come to know yourself. Once you believe, you will never be able to know on your own. Belief is poison, the most dangerous poison there is; because it kills your doubt. It kills your inquiry. It takes away from you your most precious instrument.

Whatsoever science has achieved in three hundred years is through doubt. And in ten thousand years, religion has achieved nothing because of its belief. You can see,

anybody who has eyes can see, that in three hundred years science has achieved so much, in spite of all the hindrances created by the religious people. What has been the basic power of science? It was doubt.

Doubt, and go on doubting until you come to a point that you cannot doubt anymore. And you cannot doubt anymore only when you come to know something on your own. Then there is no question of doubt, there is no way to doubt. So this is my first request.

My second request: Never imitate.

The mind is an imitator, because imitation is very easy. To be someone is very difficult. To become someone is very easy -- all that you need is to be a hypocrite, which is not much of a problem. Deep down you remain the same, but on the surface you go on painting yourself according to some image.

The Christian is trying to become like Christ -- that's what the word Christian means. You would love to be like Christ. You are on the way, maybe far away, but moving slowly. A Christian means a person trying slowly to become a Christ, a Mohammedan means a person trying to become Mohammed. But unfortunately this is not possible; this is not in the very nature of the universe. It only creates unique beings. It has no idea at all of carbon copies, duplicators, cyclostyled material; existence has no idea -- just the original. And each individual is so unique and original that if he tries to become Christ, he is committing suicide. If he tries to become a Buddha, he is committing suicide.

So the second request is: Don't imitate. If you want to know who you are, please avoid imitation, that's a way of avoiding knowing yourself

I have always loved one of Friedrich Nietzsche's statements, and in many different contexts I have found it mysteriously true -- again in this reference. Nietzsche says, "The first and the last Christian died two thousand years ago, on the cross." The first and the last.... Now, all others are just dodos. They are trying in every way to be Christians, and it is not possible at all. It is not allowed by existence and its laws.

You cannot change the universal laws.

You can only be yourself, and nothing else.

And it is beautiful to be yourself.

Anything original has beauty, freshness, fragrance, aliveness. Anything that is imitated is dead, dull, phony, plastic. You can pretend, but whom are you deceiving? Except yourself you are not deceiving anybody. And what is the point of deceiving? What are you going to gain? These same religious people, Moses, Mahavira, Buddha -- these same religious people have been telling you, if you imitate exactly along the lines prescribed by them you will attain to great pleasure in heaven, in paradise. They have all been somehow reinforcing your greed, lust. They talk of desirelessness -- and for what? Can you see the contradiction of all these religions? They say, "Drop desiring, so that you can attain to paradise." And what is this, if not desiring? This is the greatest desire. What other desires are you dropping for it? Wearing beautiful clothes -- drop it. Having a beautiful house -- drop it. Eating good food -- drop it. These are desires. These small things... and

what are you going to gain in return? The whole paradise is yours.

These people are not teaching you desirelessness. On the contrary, they are giving you a great desire as a bargain -- if you can drop your small stupid desires. And because of that great desire you are ready to imitate, because that's the only way to reach there. You are ready to imitate. Thousands of people are living, even today, along the guidelines of Buddha. They may have been good for Gautam Buddha, he may have enjoyed it; I have no quarrel about it. But he was not imitating anybody; that you don't see at all. Is Christ trying to imitate anybody? If you have just a little intelligence, a very little intelligence, that will do; it is not that you need genius to understand the simple fact. Whom has Christ imitated? Whom has Buddha imitated? Whom has Lao Tzu imitated? Nobody. That's why they have flowered. But you are imitating.

The first thing to learn is that nonimitation is one of the fundamentals of religious life. Don't be a Christian and don't be a Mohammedan and don't be a Hindu -- so that you can discover who you are. Before discovering, you start covering yourself with all kinds of labels, and then you go on reading those labels, and thinking this is you -- you are a Mohammedan, you are a Christian.... And those are labels glued upon you by yourself or by your parents, by your well-wishers. They are all your enemies. Whosoever tries to distract you from your being is your enemy.

This is my definition: whosoever helps you to remain -- determinedly, whatsoever the cost, whatever the consequence -- to remain yourself, he is your friend.

I am not a messiah and I am not a prophet. I am only a friend, and a friend cannot do what you are asking me to do. What commandments can I give you? No, none. I cannot tell you what to do and what not to do. I can only explain to you that either you can be yourself or you can try and pretend to be somebody else. That trying and pretending is easier, because you are just acting.

Now, in this film of Richard Attenborough's, "Gandhi," the man who was acting as Gandhi -- what do you think? He is doing perfectly well; he looks like Gandhi. Attenborough had to go around the world to find a man who looked like Gandhi. It was very difficult, and this man simply walked into his office and he said, "What! I have been searching all over...." He was just a poor actor in some small drama company. He looks like Gandhi, he wears clothes like Gandhi, he walks like Gandhi, he talks like Gandhi: what more do you want? But do you think he has become Gandhi? Sometimes he can manage even to be better than Gandhi, because Gandhi was doing it for the first time, he is doing it for the second time. He can drop all the mistakes and faults. He can improve upon it. It has happened....

Charlie Chaplin's friends, on his fiftieth birthday, had a special arrangement to celebrate. All over England people were invited to play the part of Charlie Chaplin. From villages they were chosen. Then there was a competition on another level, the district; then there was another competition, higher. And then the final competition was in London. Charlie Chaplin was a joker, and he said, "This is a good time to play a joke." So by the back door he entered the competition. But the joke turned upon him -- he came second! Somebody else came first. Judges were not aware

that Charlie Chaplin himself was playing; it became known only later on that he had come second -- as Charlie Chaplin. Somebody else had gone farther in being Charlie Chaplin. So it is possible that a Christian may go a little ahead of Christ, a Buddhist may go a little ahead of Buddha. But it is still acting, you are only doing it; it is not your being. Keep the distance between being and doing. You can do things against your being, there is no problem. The being is very patient, very calm and quiet; it won't disturb you. If you want to play somebody else's role, it will allow you.

Now, this man who came better than Charlie Chaplin still knows that he is not Charlie Chaplin. His being is his being; it was just acting. And when he discovered that he had gone farther in being Charlie Chaplin than Charlie Chaplin himself he could not believe it. He apologized to Charlie Chaplin, "Forgive me, I had no idea that you were in the competition."

Charlie Chaplin said, "I was thinking to play a joke, but I became a laughingstock myself. But you have revealed a great truth, that acting and being are two separate things."

But in ordinary life, you are not playing a role of being a Christian, you start thinking you are a Christian. Slowly, slowly, slowly, conditioned by the society, by the parents, by the education, you become a Christian. You completely forget that you were not born as a Christian. And you completely forget what your potential is. You have moved away in a direction which may not have been your potential. You have gone far away; you will have to come back.

When I say this to people, it hurts. But I cannot do it in any other way. It is going to hurt. You have gone miles away in

being a Christian; you have to come back miles, and it is going to be a hard task. And unless you come back to the point from where you deviated, you will never be able to discover yourself -- and there is all that has to be discovered.

My third request is: Beware of knowledge.

It is so cheap to become knowledgeable. Scriptures are there, libraries are there, universities are there; it is so easy to become knowledgeable. And once you become knowledgeable you are in a very sensitive space, because the ego would like to believe that this is your knowledge -- not only knowledgeability, it is your wisdom. The ego would like to change knowledge into wisdom. You will start believing that you know.

You know nothing. You know only books and what is written in the books. Perhaps those books are written by people just like you. Ninety-nine percent of books are written by other bookish people. In fact, if you read ten books, your mind becomes so full of rubbish that you would like to pour it down into the eleventh book. What else are you going to do with it? You have to unburden yourself.

Books go on growing. Each year each language goes on producing thousands and thousands of books. Never before was the danger so great as it is today, because never before was knowledge so easily available to you -- through all kinds of media. Now the book is not the only thing; you can get it from the newspaper, from the magazine, from the radio, from television, and these sources will be becoming more and more available. The danger will become even stronger.

I have been a professor in two universities, and I have watched hundreds of professors. That is the most snobbish tribe in the whole world. The professor thinks himself to be a different species altogether -- because he knows. And what does he know? Just words, and words are not experience. You can go on repeating the word love, love, love, millions of times; then too it won't give you the taste of love. But if you read books on love -- and there are thousands of books on love, novels and poetries, stories, treatises, theses -- you can come to know so much about love that you may forget completely that you have never loved, that you don't know what love is all about... and you know all about love that is written in the books.

So the third thing is to beware of knowledge, to be so alert that whenever you want, you can put your knowledge aside and it will not block your vision. It will not come between you and reality. You have to go to reality utterly naked. But if there are so many books between you and reality, then whatsoever you see will not be the real. It will be distorted by your books in so many ways, by the time it reaches you it may have no connection at all with the reality.

The fourth thing... I will not say "pray" because there is no God to pray to. I cannot say, like all the religions, that prayer will make you religious; it will give you a bogus religiousness. So in my religion the word prayer has to be completely dropped. God is not there, hence talking to the empty sky is utterly foolish. The danger is, you may start hearing voices from the sky; then you have gone beyond the limit of normality. Then you are abnormal. Then you are no more capable of doing something, you will need psychiatric treatment. So before that happens -- before God

answers you -- please don't ask. That is within your power, not to ask, not to pray. God cannot force you to pray and to ask. If you pray and ask and you insist, he may answer -- that is the danger. And once you hear the answer, then you are not going to listen to anybody. Then you have to be forced to go for psychiatric treatment, otherwise you are going insane.

My word for prayer is love. Forget the word prayer, replace it with love.

Love is not for some invisible God. Love is for the visible -- human beings, animals, trees, oceans, mountains. Spread your wings of love as far and wide as you can.

And remember, love needs no belief system. Even the atheist loves. Even the communist loves. Even the materialist loves. So love is something intrinsic to you -- nothing imposed from outside, that only a Christian can love, or a Hindu can love -- it is your human potential. And I would like you to depend on your human potential rather than these bogus conditionings of Christian, Jewish, Hindu.... You don't bring them with you, but love you bring with you; it is part and parcel of your being. Love without any inhibition, without any taboos.

All these religions have tabooed love. You can understand their strategy. The strategy is that if your love is tabooed, then your energy of love will start moving towards prayer. That's a simple way: you block the passage of love, it will find some other way. Now you have blocked it from reaching to the real, it will try to reach to the unreal. You have blocked the human possibility; now it will try something imaginary, hallucinatory.

All the religions are against love because that is the danger: if a man moves into love he may not bother about the church and the temple and the mosque and the priest. Why should he bother? He may not think at all of prayer because he knows something more substantial, something more nourishing. He knows something more existential, why should he go into dreams?

Just see it this way: fast one day, and next morning remember what you dreamed. You will certainly dream of food, a feast -- it's absolutely certain. Just fast one day and you will dream in the night. What happened? You dropped the real but your whole being wants it. If you drop the real, then the only way possible is to have the substitute, the unreal. Whatever you dream, keep a check on it: that dream indicates what you are missing in reality. A man who lives in reality, his dreams start disappearing. There is nothing for him to dream. By the time he goes to sleep he is finished with the work of the day. He is finished, he has no hangover that moves into dreams.

Sigmund Freud, Jung, Adler -- all these people have been working on dreams. They should have looked at least into one person's life where dreams have disappeared, and that would have given them the clue. But these people are just as stupid as you are. Freud was so much afraid of ghosts that you cannot believe it. You are not that afraid of ghosts. Jung was thrown out of the psychoanalytic movement for the simple reason that he believed in ghosts. And one day, when Sigmund Freud and Jung were sitting in Freud's sitting room, Jung started talking about ghosts. He was very interested in ghosts. Just as he started talking about ghosts there was a great explosion in the cupboard. Freud fell from

his seat, and he said, "I have told you again and again: talk of the devil and he is there -- but you don't listen." Even Jung was shaken. They opened the cupboard; there was nothing. How come so much noise, as if a bomb had exploded? He closed the cupboard and they sat again. Again they started talking about the ghost, because how can you stop so suddenly after such an experience? And again there was an explosion! And that was the end. After that, Freud never saw Jung.

Freud was so afraid of death that you could not talk about death. His disciples were made aware, particularly the new ones, never to mention the word death. Twice it had happened, people had mentioned something about death and he fell on the ground in a fit, he became unconscious. He was so much afraid of death, even the word death was enough to make him unconscious. And these people are giving you psychoanalysis, these are your great scientists of the mind!

Jung was afraid of dead bodies. And this is the natural law: whatsoever you are afraid of you are fascinated by too. So he wanted to go to Egypt to see the ancient mummies, those dead bodies which have been preserved in the pyramids and now are in the museums of Egypt. He wanted to go many times. The tickets were booked, sometimes he even reached the airport, but became nervous, so nervous, so feverish, that he came back again -- canceled the trip. He never managed to reach Egypt. But he tried a dozen times, and always he became nervous. Just the idea of seeing a three, four, five thousand year old dead body and something inside him just freaked out.

These people have not known a single person whose dreams have disappeared. For example, I cannot dream even if I want to; there is no way. I have tried and failed. I have tried many ways, invented them because there is no book which says how to create dreams, so I invented my own ways. I will go into sleep thinking of something, visualizing something, so that, as I am going into sleep, whatsoever I am visualizing may remain in the sleep and it will become a dream. But as sleep comes, what I was visualizing disappears. Sleep is there, but what I was visualizing is not there.

If you live your real life authentically, sincerely, totally, dreams are finished. If you love, you will never think of prayer because you know the real thing -- so why should you go after the pseudo? And all these religions were aware of that: stop the real so you have to go to the pseudo.

The fifth thing I would like to say to you: Live moment to moment. Go on dying every moment to the past. It is finished. There is no need even to label it good or bad. The only thing to know is: it is finished, it is no more. It is going to be no more... gone and gone forever; now why waste time about it?

Never think of the past, because you are wasting the present, which is the only real thing in your hand. And never think of the future, because nobody knows how tomorrow is going to be, what tomorrow is going to be, how it is going to turn out, where you are going to land -- you cannot imagine.

Do you think about what happened to our commune? Had you ever thought that we were going to land up in Oregon, in America? I don't think anybody, howsoever dreaming

and imaginary and hallucinatory, had thought of Oregon. But we landed here. This goes on happening every day -- you don't take note of it -- that yesterday you wasted so much time thinking for this day, and it has not turned out to be according to your ideas and your plans and this and that. And now you are worried why you wasted that time -- again you are wasting it.

Remain in the moment, true to the moment, utterly herenow, as if there has been no yesterday and there is going to be no tomorrow -- only then can you be herenow totally.

And that totality of being in the present joins you with existence, because existence knows no past, no future. It is always herenow.

Existence knows only one tense, that is the present tense. It is language which creates three tenses, and creates three thousand tensions in your mind. Existence knows only one tense, and that is present: and it is not a tension at all, it is utterly relaxing. When you are totally here, no yesterdays pulling you back and no tomorrows pulling you somewhere else, you are relaxed.

To me, to be in the moment is meditation, to be utterly in the moment. And then it is so beautiful, so fragrant, so fresh. It never gets old. It never goes anywhere.

It is we who come and pass; existence remains as it is. It is not time that passes, it is we who come and pass. But it is a fallacy: rather than seeing that we are passing, we have created a great invention, the clock -- time passes.

Just think, if there is no man on the earth will there be any time passing? Things will be all there, the ocean will still be coming to the beach, crashing its waves on the rocks.

The sun will rise, the sun will set, but there will be no morning, there will be no evening. There will be no time as such. Time is a mind invention, and basically time can exist only with yesterdays and tomorrows; the present moment is not part of time.
When you are simply here, just now, there is no time. You are breathing, you are alive, you are feeling, you are open to everything that is happening all around.
When your every moment starts becoming meditation, you are religious.
... So these five requests for you.
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #29
Chapter title: I Teach You Reverence For Life
27 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
MOSES GAVE US TEN COMMANDMENTS, BUT YOU HAVE SPOKEN ONLY ABOUT SIX REQUESTS; WILL YOU PLEASE COMPLETE THE LIST TO MAKE IT TEN?

It seems I will never be able to learn arithmetic. Perhaps it is too late to. I was thinking I had given you only five requests, but if I have given six then certainly I have to complete the list to make it ten. Why does ten appear to be complete? There is a reason behind it. Man started to count

on his fingers, and because he has ten fingers, ten gives a sense of completion. Five would have been better; not as complete as ten, but not as incomplete as six.

The sixth request. All the religions of the world, without exception, have given man ideals which are superhuman. They satisfy the ego. You would like to be a superhuman being, but you are meant only to be a human being. Even if the rose wants to become a lotus, the desire is going to be a tremendous frustration, because the potential of the rose is to be a rose. How can it be a lotus?

But all the religions, in every possible way, have been giving you ideals far above humanity. The only result is that trying to be superhuman, you miss being human. Rather than reaching the superhuman level, making that stupid effort you fall below the human level itself -- you become subhuman.

It will be significant to remember Friedrich Nietzsche, and his idea of superman. Adolf Hitler got the idea from Friedrich Nietzsche, and he was trying, in his own way, to create a whole race of supermen. And what he created was just the opposite. He created the lowest kind of human beings -- but in the name of superman. Friedrich Nietzsche is far more responsible than anybody else for bringing humanity to such a crisis. Adolf Hitler and people like him are just pygmies; but Nietzsche is a giant. His whole life he was propagating the idea of superman.

He has the support of Charles Darwin, and his logic looks simple, accurate, appealing. He says, "Charles Darwin and his theory of evolution proves that one day a small bunch of monkeys turned into human beings. The mass of course are still monkeys, but a small group became man." This

must have happened millions of years ago -- if it happened at all. There is no certainty about it. Scientists are no longer agreeing with Charles Darwin any more, because if a few monkeys turned into human beings, why, for millions of years, are other monkeys not turning into human beings? At least a few of them, once in a while, should turn into human beings. But monkeys are monkeys.

We have found ancient skeletons of monkeys; they are the same as the modern monkey -- there is no evolution. The same is true about man. The ancientmost skeletons found in Peking, China, are almost exactly the same as you are -- nothing much has changed. There seems to be no evolution. Perhaps we have more things, more technology, a much more advanced standard of living, but man himself -- he may be flying in the airplane or in a rocket -- the human being is just the same as he was when he was driving a bullock cart.

Perhaps, rather than evolving, he has lost many qualities, because when man was a hunter he had tremendous strength. He needed it. He was fighting without any weapons, wrestling with tigers and lions, naked. The modern man is no comparison to him. His life was a tremendous struggle. We could not survive that life. We have lost that strength, the muscles, perhaps even the will. If such a situation arises again many of us would rather commit suicide than live naked in the jungles and fight with animals. And you will find you are the weakest animal on the whole earth. Even a dog can prove the fact, and the dog is no longer part of jungle life. He is a tamed animal. He has weakened with you... otherwise he is a cousin of

wolves. He cannot fight with the wolves, but with a man... he can easily kill you without any difficulty.
In fact, why did man have to invent swords and guns and bayonets? It is just to substitute for the strength that is naturally missing. What the lion can do with his teeth, you cannot do. What the lion can do with his nails, you cannot do. You have to find substitutes which are stronger than the lion's nails, his teeth. And you would love to fight from a distance -- hence man invented arrows, bullets. These are ways to fight from a distance, because to be close, even with the bayonet in your hand you may become nervous. Just seeing the lion and hearing a lion's roar, you may forget all about the bayonet -- you may be no more yourself. From a distance, sitting on the top of a tree, absolutely protected -- the lion cannot reach there -- you can shoot the lion.

What evolution has happened? But Friedrich Nietzsche has based his whole idea on Charles Darwin's theory of evolution. He said, "The most beautiful scene in my life happened one day when I was sitting in my garden and a battalion of soldiers passed by on the street: the sound of their boots falling in harmony, their bayonets shining in the morning sun...." Nietzsche said, "I have never seen such a beautiful thing in my whole life." He does not talk about the sunset, nor about the sunrise, nor about the flowers, nor about a bird on the wing -- but soldiers. The sound of their boots is far more musical than any Beethoven or Mozart. The shining of their bayonets in the morning sun is more glorious to him than the sun itself. The morning may have

been full of flowers and birds, but that has no appeal to him. The soldier is going to be the superman.

This idea gets into the idiotic mind of Adolf Hitler. It is very difficult to put ideas into idiots' minds, but once you put them in you cannot take them out. That is impossible. They will just do it; and he did it -- the second world war was the result. You may not have thought on these lines, that it was a by-product of the philosophy of superman. George Bernard Shaw was continuously describing the superman, as if just to be human is something ugly, something obnoxious, something that we should be ashamed of. But Bernard Shaw was not in any way original in this philosophy. All the religions have been doing this for centuries, telling you that you have to go beyond yourself. As you are, you are bound towards hell. Unless you transcend yourself there is no possibility of your being redeemed, saved.

Shri Aurobindo, one of the great philosophers of contemporary India, was also full of the same bullshit -- superman! "The time has come for superman to arrive." And he was preparing the ground for the superman to arrive. Aurobindo has died; the superman has not arrived. The superman is never going to arrive, it is a fiction. It is a fiction created by the priest who wants to condemn you. A comparison is needed, otherwise condemnation is impossible. Something higher, superior, has to be invented, so that you can be compared against it -- and reduced to ashes.

I would like you to remember my seventh request: Accept with great joy your being human.

Destroy all the ideals that have been created to condemn you. Before they destroy you, you destroy them. They have already done enough harm to humanity. Millions of people have lived under the burden of those ideals, crushed, feeling guilty, like worms.

Jainas say that the superman has certain qualities -- their tirthankaras, their twenty-four supermen, had already achieved that state. I say to you, nobody has achieved it, because those qualities cannot be fulfilled by any human being. When you hear those qualities you will understand why I am so certain.... "The superman does not perspire." It is impossible for any human being not to perspire unless he is made of plastic; only plastic does not perspire.

But a real human body has a specific purpose for perspiration; it is not for nothing. It is a natural way of giving your body a constant temperature. So when you move in the heat, and it is hot, your body starts perspiring. It is a natural method of air conditioning. The body starts oozing its stored water so that the heat is used, not against your body, but in evaporating the water that the body has released, and your body remains intact, keeps its temperature the same.

That perspiration was absolutely necessary. If you had not perspired you would have had a great fever immediately. And the line between your temperature and the temperature where your body stops living is not very big; it is only twelve degrees. If ninety-eight degrees is your natural temperature, at a hundred and ten you are gone. The distance is not very great; death is always close at hand. Perspiring, you prevent your body getting hotter, because the heat starts functioning on the water that you are

releasing, starts evaporating it. It gets involved in some other work, leaving your body intact. It is a natural system. The Jainas say their supermen, their tirthankaras, do not defecate, do not urinate. Because these are ordinary human things, animal-like, how can a man like Mahavira...? You cannot imagine Mahavira sitting on the toilet. At least Jainas cannot imagine it -- perhaps you can. Being with me you are almost spoiled; but Jainas cannot imagine Mahavira sitting on the toilet seat. Impossible! What will he sit there for? These are all stupid ideas, but for twenty-five centuries Jainas have been carrying these ideas.

Jesus is a superman. He walks on water. I heard of one American Christian who was visiting the holy land. He went to see Lake Galilee where it is thought that Jesus supposedly walked on water. Seeing an American, the boatman was very happy. He asked the American, "Would you like to have a tour around the lake? This is the lake where our lord Jesus Christ used to walk on water."

The American, being an American, said, "First things first. How much is it going to cost?"

The boatman said, "Not much, just twenty-five dollars, the whole trip."

The American said, "Now I know why our lord used to walk. I am not interested in this round trip. But one thing is now clear to me: why he used to walk on water. Even I cannot afford twenty-five dollars for this small lake, how would that poor man have been able to afford it?"

Jesus transforms stones into bread, transforms water into wine, raises the dead back to life. These are the qualities of a superman, and all these things are simply fictitious. None of them has ever happened. Jesus has neither walked on

water, nor has he transformed the stones into bread, nor the water into wine, nor has he raised the dead back to life. If he had done all these things, then it is the responsibility of the pope to do a few things just as an example. There is no need to transform a big rock, just a small rock... and you represent him, and he will take care of you. Your failure is his failure.

But nobody thinks that if he was capable of transforming stones into bread, then why has the whole Middle East lived in such poverty? That one man was enough: he would have transformed everything. If bread is possible out of a stone, then what was the difficulty in transforming the stone into a diamond? If water can become wine, then why not make the whole ocean wine? If you know the secret of how to transform even a single drop of water into wine, you know the whole secret of transforming all the water of the whole earth into wine.

And if he was able to raise dead people, then why only Lazarus? So many people must have died while he was here. The story with Lazarus seems to be tricky. That man seems to be pretending to be dead. He is not dead; it is just a made-up miracle. It can be done very easily; in India it is done so many times that we know how it is done. Just one man has to pretend that he is dead, and that needs only a little training of keeping your breath neither out nor in. When you take the breath in, then the body naturally wants to throw it out when it is used, so that fresh air can enter. When you have taken its oxygen, absorbed it, that breath is useless; not only useless, it is dangerous because now only carbon dioxide is left. You have to throw it out quickly. So it is not something against you -- that the breath is trying to

struggle to get out -- it is for you. It is your bodily mechanism. Your whole chemistry depends on it; once oxygen has been taken by your blood cells, the air has to be thrown out immediately, as quickly as possible, and when you throw the air out.... Your need for oxygen is constant. You are not aware of it, but your need for oxygen is constant. You are not only taking oxygen from your nose, you are taking it from every small hole in your skin, all over the body. If your whole body is painted so thickly that all the holes are closed and only your nose is left open, you will die within three hours. More than that you cannot survive.

Then you will know that the whole body was continuously taking oxygen on its own. It is breathing. Those holes in your skin are not just for nothing. When it is needed they throw the water out: that is perspiration. Otherwise they are constantly absorbing the air. So when you breathe out, the immediate need of the body is to breathe in again, because your blood cells are continuously running around the body, sending oxygen wherever it is needed, and they are coming back empty to the heart, where they want to be refilled. To refill them you have to take in fresh air.

Now, the only way to keep your breath in an unmoving state needs a certain yoga exercise in which you learn exactly the middle point, when the breath is neither in nor out -- or half in, half out. At that exact point there is a certain equilibrium attained, and for a few minutes you can remain alive without breathing. Jesus had been to India. He had been traveling in Egypt, in India, In Ladakh, and perhaps in Tibet too. He must have learned the simple technique somewhere. There are people still in India who

can do it, not only for hours, but for days -- in small villages, you need not go to the Himalayas to find them. In my own village, in my childhood, I have seen, three times, three different people going into a grave and being covered by mud completely -- a six foot deep grave. It is impossible to conceive that six feet under the earth they will be able to breathe. For seven days, for fifteen days, and the last time I saw it, for twenty-one days.... After twenty-one days you take away the mud. The man is found almost white, as if dead, not breathing.

I was there. I had taken a mirror with me, because you may not be able to detect the breath just with your hand, but if you put the mirror near the nose, if any breath is going in and out the mirror will immediately give you the indication. But there was no pulse. Even doctors were present -- there was no pulse, there was no breath. And the man had said, "When you take me out, do this procedure exactly: put me into a certain position, and don't do anything on your own -- just put me into a certain position." So he had to be put in a certain position, and within five, seven minutes he was breathing. Slowly his paleness disappeared, his pulse was back, his heart was beating.

This Lazarus was not dead. And he was a close friend and disciple of Jesus. It was a simple game, because the Jews were asking, "Can you raise the dead? If you can raise the dead, then you are a messiah, then you are a superman." This is all managed. And remember, no Jewish source mentions it. It is such a big event -- a dead man coming back to life -- do you think it is not news? Not a single Jewish source mentions it even, that something like that is

told about Jesus. They don't mention even the name of Jesus.

These stories either have been invented later on or were being managed just to prove that he was a superman. First you put certain requirements for who is a superman, then people start proving that they are one. So either you get charlatans, deceivers, cheats, or if they are sincere, honest people, they start feeling that they are so low they are not even worthy to call themselves human; they are sinners. Their guilt is so heavy because they cannot do anything that a superman is supposed to do.

About Gautam Buddha it is said that whenever he would pass through a forest, the trees would start suddenly growing green leaves -- even if it was not the season for them. Flowers would bloom -- even if it was not the season for them. Buddhists say that is the sign of a superman. Even trees... just his vibe, and even trees forget their natural law, that it is not time to blossom. It may be fall, but because Buddha comes it turns into spring. Wherever Buddha goes it is spring. Wherever he is, trees are blossoming. This is not true. This is absurd, because no Jaina sources, which are contemporary sources, mention it, and it would have been such a great event. Buddha walked for forty years, passed through forests thousands of times; the whole country must have been agog, that this man... but no Jaina sources even mention it, no Hindu sources even mention it.

Buddhist sources cannot be believed. They were written by Buddhists, and that too after Buddha's death. Three hundred years had passed when the first congregation met to write down everything, so that in future people would

know and remember that there had been a man like Gautama the Buddha. They were trying their best to prove him the superman -- but their idea of superman. He does not walk on water, he perspires -- those are not Buddhist criteria, so there is no problem. And even if he could transform water into wine, I don't think Buddha would do that; he would do just the opposite, would turn the wine into water -- that would be the miracle.

But everybody has his idea of superman. And all the religions have been imposing this idea of superman. And they all have been telling you that if you are virtuous, if you do whatsoever is prescribed by the scriptures, if you follow faithfully, this is going to happen to you too. They have given you an ideal which you cannot fulfill, hence you will be guilty. You will feel unworthy, good for nothing, and your whole energy, which could have helped you to become an authentic human being, will be wasted in these foolish things.

So my seventh request is: Be just an authentic human being.

In existence there is no hierarchy.

The smallest blade of grass has an equal value to the greatest star in the sky.

In existence there is no hierarchy, nobody is lower, nobody is higher. Everybody is just himself. Some tree is tall, some tree is not tall. That does not mean that the tall tree is greater, superior, and the small tree is not greater, not superior. No, in nature there is no hierarchy. The small tree has the potential of being a small tree. It has brought its potential to its completion; it is happy, blissful. It is not comparing itself with the tall tree. And the tall tree is not

looking downwards with the eyes of a president looking at the ordinary people or a prime minister looking at the ordinary people. The tall tree is just a tall tree. It has fulfilled its potential. Both have done exactly the same; whatsoever was their potential, they have brought it to fulfillment... and fulfillment is bliss. What you fulfill does not matter.

Fulfillment of your potential is bliss.

So remember, there is no hierarchy; there is nobody above you, there is nobody below you. A dog is a dog, authentically a dog. Yes, you can distort the dog. People have been doing that. To the tamed animals they have been doing the same as their so-called saints are doing to them. You are tamed animals to your saints. So they are trying to cut you according to their image -- lengthen you somewhere, stretch your hands and cut your legs. They have a certain idea; you have to fit into the idea. The idea is not for you, you are for the idea. And the same you go on doing with dogs, cats and other animals -- poor animals who somehow are caught in your traps. So whatsoever you say they have to do it. Of course the training needs torture. You see in the circus an elephant dancing. Now, for an elephant to dance... just to raise his leg is so heavy. You need a crane to raise one leg, one crane to raise another leg, another crane... the cranes will have to create the dance. But how do they manage in the circuses? Torture -- simple torture.

They put hot, burning hot, iron plates and force the elephant to walk on them. One plate is hot, one is cool. Naturally on the hot plate he raises his leg; on the cool one he keeps it down. On the next step it is reversed -- this side

is cool, that side is hot, so he puts this leg down and raises that leg. It takes tears. Each plate has a different color; and elephants are wise people, very wise, so they start learning that the red tile, or the red plate is hot, the green plate is cool. Once they get the idea and the association, then you simply use red and green plates. Nothing is hot, both are cool, but the elephant has become conditioned: on the red he will raise his leg without even bothering about whether now the plate or the tile is hot or not -- it doesn't matter. And they teach them to sit on stools. An elephant sitting on a stool.... But you only see the outcome of a long, torturous training. It is the same as you do with dogs, with cats, and in the circus they do with all other animals. Your so-called religions have been doing the same with you.

They have made the whole of humanity into a circus... all kinds of things. The motivation is that you will become superhuman. And the superman does not die. Once you get beyond your humanity... which, according to the Christians, is sin; to be human is sin, to be born as a human is sin.

I wonder many times... because I am a little crazy so I wonder about strange things which nobody else wonders about. Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden, but all these animals, birds, millions of species, how did they come out of the garden of Eden? It is okay that Adam and Eve disobeyed, followed the idea of the devil; they committed the original sin. But what about the whole animal kingdom? Have they also committed the original sin? Has the devil managed to provoke them to revolt too? It's strange that no Jew, no Christian philosopher, theologian, scholar has even asked, "From where have all these animals come? And why?" Man is born in sin.

Certainly animals are not born in sin; so if anybody is higher, animals are higher than you. This much mathematics I can manage.

So the seventh request, remember: Accept your humanity with joy, as a gift of existence -- not that you are expelled from the garden of Eden, not that it is a punishment, not that you have to repent.

Jesus goes on saying, "Repent! Repent!" For what? Because Adam and Eve ate an apple? And we have to repent for it? Now, my doctor, Devaraj, does not allow me, otherwise my whole life I have been eating apples -- not one, at least six per day. That was my main diet. If anybody has committed the original sin, I am here. That poor Adam and Eve... just one apple. And they must have eaten half and half; perhaps the serpent also had some share in it. I don't know, because the people who create these stories don't give any clue. Just a small fragment and they think it is enough.

We are still in the garden of Eden. That's what I want you to understand. This existence is the garden of Eden, there is no other garden of Eden. We are already in it. And how can one be expelled from existence? Just look at the absurdity of the idea. Even if God wants to, he cannot expel anybody from existence. Where will he expel him to? Wherever he expels him to, it will be existence still -- and his creation still. And whatsoever God creates must be holy -- or does he also create unholy things? So if he expels you, you will still be walking on the holy earth, the holy planet.

There is no point in the story. It is just to keep you tethered to the idea that unless you undo what Adam has done, you will never rise above your humanity. And what has Adam

done? He has disobeyed. Rather than listening to God, he listened to the devil. Of course, the devil was more logical, more appealing, more convincing.

This God, the God of this story, seems to have no guts. If the devil had convinced them, he could have argued with them. That would have been far more gentlemanly than driving them out in a Ford car. Why insult them? And it must have been a T-model Ford car, the ancientmost, which had no reverse gear. So Adam and Eve go on and on, but they cannot reverse. The idea of the reverse gear came later on. When Ford tried to go back home and found that it took so long -- you had to go around the whole town, and then go back home; if you had missed by just one step, again you had to go around the whole town -- that gave him the idea of the reverse gear. But the model that God used, it was before this idea that Ford got; it had no reverse gear.

Why was he angry? And if he was angry, he should have been angry at the serpent, at the devil -- not at these innocent people. But in the story the serpent still lives in the garden of Eden. The story says nothing about the serpent. What happened? He still lives there. And he must be seducing other people to eat the apple. It seems he is an agent of God.

To implant the idea that you are born in original sin, different methods have been used by different religions, but they have to make it certain that you are born in sin. That's why Jesus is born out of a virgin girl, because to be born out of sex is to be born out of sin. Sex is sin.

Now, I again go on wondering how the holy ghost made the virgin Mary pregnant. I don't think he used artificial insemination. In what way did the poor woman become

pregnant? But the Christians have to make poor Jesus a bastard, just to keep him away from the sin of sex. Everybody else is born out of sex, is born out of sin -- only Jesus is not born that way. Jesus is special.

Strange ways these people have been using. In different religions different methods are used. For example, how was Buddha born? His mother was pregnant, nine months pregnant. Any day, today or tomorrow she was going to give birth, and she said she would like to visit her mother's palace. She was a daughter of a neighboring king, and the queen of another king, Gautam Siddartha's father.

Now, it is still a custom in India, in the villages, that if a pregnant woman asks for something, she should not be refused. And I can see its psychology. It is solid wisdom. She should not be put into a negative mood, she should remain in a positive mood. She asked to go and see her mother and father. Shudhodhana, the father of Buddha, was worried because this was not the right time for her to travel, but her wish could not be denied. So immediately a chariot was called, and immediately she was sent.

And just on the way, when she was resting under a saal tree.... It is a beautiful tree with very thick shade. Even in the hot sun, under a saal tree it is cool. To avoid the hot sun which was just overhead, she waited under the saal tree. And the story is: while she was walking towards the saal tree, standing, she gave birth to Gautam Buddha. Perhaps no woman ever has given birth standing. That is a strange posture. A woman is in such pain that to be standing.... But that is nothing; the story, the real story is coming now. Buddha was born standing! Ordinarily, the head comes first out of the mother's womb. It is very rare, a very few idiots

try the other way, they bring their legs first. Very few idiots... otherwise the natural way is to bring the head first. But Buddha was born with his legs first -- standing! The mother was standing, Buddha was standing -- but wait... he walked seven steps! Gautam Buddha walked seven steps. The first thing he did, he walked seven steps; and the second thing he did, he declared, "I am the supremost buddha in the world." Superman! Now how can you manage it? You can't, for the simple reason that you are already born. Only in the next life can you try, but that too depends on the woman, whether she goes to her mother's palace, stops by a saal tree or not....

Why these foolish stories? Just to make the person special, different from you. It is just to humiliate you. It is disgusting! How humanity has been insulted by all the religions! It is time that people say, "Stop all this nonsense. There is no superman, and there has never been one -- we are all human beings. And these stories are all imaginary hocus pocus."

The eighth request.... All the religions have been teaching you to fight against nature. Whatsoever is natural is condemned. The religions say that you have to manage to do something unnatural, only then can you get out of the imprisonment of biology, physiology, psychology, all the walls that surround you. But if you go on in harmony with your body, with your mind, with your heart, then the religions say you will never be able to go beyond you. That's where I oppose all the religions. They have put a poisonous seed in your being, so you live in the body, but you don't love your body.

The body serves you for seventy, eighty, ninety, even a hundred years, and there is no other mechanism that science has been able to invent which can be compared to the body. Its complexities, its miracles that it goes on doing for you... and you don't even say thank you. You treat your body as your enemy, and your body is your friend.

It takes care of you in every possible way, while you are awake, while you are asleep. Even in sleep it goes on taking care of you. When you are asleep and a spider starts moving on your leg, your leg throws it away without bothering you. The leg has a small brain of its own. So for small matters there is no need to go to the central system, to go to the brain -- that much the leg can do. A mosquito is biting you, your hands move it or kill it, and your sleep is not disturbed. Even while you are asleep your body is continuously protecting you, and doing things which are not generally supposed. The hand is not supposed to have a brain, but certainly it has something which can only be called a very small brain. Perhaps every cell of your body has a small brain in it. And there are millions of cells in your body, millions of small brains, moving around, continuously taking care.

You go on eating all kinds of things without bothering what happens when you swallow them. You don't ask the body whether its mechanism, its chemistry, will be able to digest what you are eating. But somehow your inner chemistry goes on working for almost a century. It has an automatic system of replacing parts which have gone wrong. It goes on throwing them out, creating new parts; and you have to do nothing about it, it goes on happening on its own. The body has a certain wisdom of its own.

And the religions say the body is your enemy, you have to starve it, you have to hit it hard, because unless you starve it, torture it, how are you going to be free of it? The only way to be free of it is to cut all attachments to it. They teach you hatred for your body, and this is something so dangerous. The very idea turns your greatest friend into your greatest enemy.

These religions go on saying to you, "You have to be always fighting, you have to move against the current. Don't listen to the body -- whatever it says, do just the opposite." Jainism says, "The body is hungry, let it be hungry. You starve it, it needs that treatment." It simply serves you without any payment from your side, no salary, no facilities, and Jainism says go against it. When it wants to fall asleep, try to remain awake.

Gurdjieff was doing the same thing in this twentieth century. It certainly gives you a great ego power. When the body wants food, you say no. "No" has great power in it. You are the master. You reduce the body to a slave -- not only to a slave, you force the body to keep its mouth shut: "Whatsoever I decide is going to be done; you are not to interfere." Gurdjieff used to do just the opposite of what Jainism does. Jainism starves you -- but the method is the same and the result is the same; Gurdjieff used to force his disciples to go on eating. When the body was saying no, he would say, "Go on...." Every night, that was the peak point for Gurdjieff's disciples.

He was a great cook, and as far as exotic foods are concerned he was incomparable, but that does not make him a religious man. He used to cook strange foods which you have never eaten, your body is absolutely unacquainted

with how to absorb them, what kind of ingredients he is putting in those foods! And then he used to stand there, forcing everybody; nobody could say no to the master. The body was in revolt but he would go on forcing them to eat, and then the drinking would begin. Then he would force you to drink. Soon, by the middle of the night.... The ritual used to continue from three to six hours, it was not a small affair. In the middle of the night, in that whole place only Gurdjieff was awake. All the others were unconscious, vomiting, everybody falling, in every kind of posture. It was a dead place, ugly.

What was the purpose? The purpose was the same: to teach you how to fight the body. The old disciples would slowly start getting accustomed to it. They would not vomit, although they had eaten so much that it was coming to their throats, but they would not vomit. Now they had controlled it enough. The disciples that had followed him from Russia were the oldest group. They would drink as much wine as he wanted and they would not fall unconscious. That gave great power -- that you are no longer a slave of the body, you are a master of the body. It is the same power that the Jaina monks get from fasting for months together. The same ego is satisfied.

My eighth request to you is: Do not fight with your body. It is not your foe, it is your friend. It is a gift of nature to you. It is part of nature. It is joined with nature in every possible way. You are bridged not only with breathing; with sunrays you are bridged, with the fragrance of flowers you are bridged, with the moonlight you are bridged. You are bridged from everywhere; you are not a separate island. Drop that idea. You are part of this whole continent, and

yet... it has given you an individuality. This is what I call a miracle.
You are part and parcel of existence, yet you have an individuality. Existence has done a miracle, has made possible something impossible.
So being in harmony with your body, you will be in harmony with nature, with existence. So instead of going against the current, go with the current. Be in a letgo. Allow life to happen. Don't force anything, in any good name. For the sake of some holy book, for the sake of some holy ideal, don't disturb your harmony.
Nothing is more valuable than to be harmonious, in accord with the whole.
My ninth request....
All the religions are agreed upon one point -- that real life begins after death. This life is only a rehearsal, not the real drama. The real drama will happen after death. Here, you are only preparing for the drama. So sacrifice everything to get ready for the drama that is going to happen after death. They teach sacrifice. Sacrifice love, sacrifice life, sacrifice joy, sacrifice everything. The more you sacrifice, the more you will be capable of participating in the drama, the great drama, after death. They have tried to focus your mind on life after death.
One man was asking me -- I was in Calcutta, and he was one of the richest men of India, Sahu Shanti Prasad; he had the greatest palace in Calcutta. We were walking in his big garden... because he has, in the middle of Calcutta, at least a hundred acre green garden. The palace once used to belong to the viceroy of India, when Calcutta was the capital. When the capital shifted to New Delhi, the palace

was sold. Now the president of India lives in the same kind of palace in New Delhi, with a one hundred acre garden. So we both were walking and he asked me, "I always wanted to ask you what happens after death."
I said, "Are you alive or not?"
He said, "What kind of question is this? I am alive."
I said, "You are alive. Do you know what life is?"
He said, "That I cannot answer. Honestly, I don't know."
I said, "When you are alive, even then you don't know what life is. How can you know death when you are not dead yet? So wait. While you are alive, try to know life; and soon you will be dead, then in your grave contemplate about death. Nobody will be bothering you. But why are you concerned what happens after death? Why are you not concerned what happens before death? That should be the real concern. When death comes we will face it, we will see it, we will see what it is. I am not dead so how can I say? You will have to ask somebody who is dead what happens. I am alive. I can tell you what life is, and I can tell you how to know what life is."
"But," he said, "all the religious teachers I go to listen to talk about death; nobody talks about life."
They are not interested in life, in fact; they want you all not to be interested in life. Their business depends on your interest in death. And about death, the most beautiful thing is that you can create any kind of fiction and nobody can argue against it. Neither you can prove it, nor can anybody disprove it. And if you are a believer, then of course all your scriptures are in support of the priest, the monk, the rabbi, and he can quote those scriptures.

I would like you to remember: Live, and try to know what life is.

Don't be bothered about death, heaven and hell, and this goddammed God. You simply remain with the life that is dancing in you, breathing in you, alive in you. You have to come closer to yourself to know it. Perhaps you are standing too far away from yourself. Your concerns have taken you far away. You have to come back home.

So remember that while you are alive it is so precious -- don't miss a single moment. Squeeze the whole juice of it, and that juice will give you the taste of the existential, and that will be a revelation of all that is hidden from you and will remain hidden from you.

Respect life, revere life. There is nothing more holy than life, nothing more divine than life. And life does not consist of big things. Those religious fools have been telling you, "Do big things," and life consists of small things. The strategy is clear. They tell you, "Do big things, something great, something that your name will be remembered for afterwards. Do something great." And of course it appeals to the ego. The ego is the agent of the priest. All the churches and all the synagogues and all the temples have only one agent, and that is the ego. They don't use different agencies. There are not other agencies. There is only one agency, and that is the ego -- do something great, something big.

I want to tell you, there is nothing big, nothing great. Life consists of very small things. So if you become interested in so-called big things, you will be missing life.

Life consists of sipping a cup of tea, of gossiping with a friend; going for a morning walk, not going anywhere in

particular, just for a walk, no goal, no end, from any point you can turn back; cooking food for someone you love; cooking food for yourself, because you love your body too; washing your clothes, cleaning the floor, watering the garden... these small things, very small things... saying hello to a stranger, which was not needed at all because there was no question of any business with the stranger. The man who can say hello to a stranger can also say hello to a flower, can also say hello to the tree, can sing a song to the birds. They sing every day and you have not bothered at all that some day you should return the call. Just small things, very small things....

And I am not talking about going to the synagogue -- that is a big thing; going to the church -- that is a big thing. Leave all that to fools. There are many. And they also need some kind of engagement, occupation; those synagogues, and churches and temples provide it. But to you, existence, nothing but existence, is the only temple.

Nothing but life is the only God I teach you.

Respect your life. Out of that respect you will start respecting life in others.

Many times I am asked why our commune is vegetarian. Just for a simple reason.... There is no motivation as in Jainism. Their motivation is that if you are vegetarian you will go to heaven; if you are not you will fall into hell. My people are vegetarian not for any motivation. They are not going to cash in on it somewhere after death. They are not putting it in their bank balance in the other life. It is just that if you respect life, you will start finding it difficult even to pluck a flower. You will enjoy the flower, you will love the flower, you can touch the flower, you can kiss the

flower -- but plucking it up, you are destroying it and you are hurting the plant, which is as alive as you are.
Respect for life, reverence for life, makes my commune vegetarian -- otherwise there is no problem. How can you eat meat? Just for your taste you can go on destroying life? Just the idea is nauseous.
How many, Sheela...?
"I think I made a mistake yesterday. I counted it wrong."
Okay, that's great, so let us go on.
Ninth: Be creative.
Only a creative person can know what bliss is. Paint, play music, compose poetry, do anything, not for any other purpose, just for your joy, for no other reason. If you can compose poetry just for your own joy, or a few friends may share it; if you can make a beautiful garden, just for the sheer joy of making it, and anybody who passes by may stand for a while and have a look -- that's enough reward.
But this is my experience, that only creative people know what bliss is. Those who are not creative cannot know bliss. They can know happiness, and I will have to make the difference clear to you. Happiness is always caused by something: you get a Nobel prize, you are happy; you are rewarded, you are happy; you become the champion of something and you are happy. Something causes it, but it depends on others. The Nobel prize will be decided by the Nobel committee. The gold medal will be decided by the gold medal committee, the university. It depends on others.
And if you have been working for this motive -- that you want to attain the Nobel prize and you are writing poetry, novels, just in order to get the Nobel prize -- while you are working, it will be just a drag. There will be no bliss,

because your happiness is there, far away, in the hands of the Nobel prize committee. And even if you get the Nobel prize, it is going to be just a momentary thing. How long can you go on bragging about it?

George Bernard Shaw got the Nobel prize. He was a very clever man. He used the happiness of getting the Nobel prize the most up to now; he defeated all the Nobel prize winners. First he got the Nobel prize -- the news was all over the world. Then he refused the Nobel prize. Now it was an insult to the country, to the king who heads the Nobel prize committee, to the committee, to the people who have proposed his name. Never before had anybody refused; he started this thing.

From all over the world, pressure came upon him. For three days he kept the whole world buzzing: what is going to happen? Every king, every prime minister, every president from every country was wiring and sending messages: "This is not good. This is not gentlemanly. You please accept it, then you can donate it -- but first accept it. Rejecting it is an insult." The third day he relaxed and he accepted it. Again he was even bigger news -- that he had accepted it. Two or three days he waited. As the news was cooling down, he donated it. Again the news became hot, because it is not only a prize, it has money with it too, big money. I think right now it is nearabout two hundred thousand dollars.

Again he exploded all over the news media, and after two, three days, when everything was cooling down, he managed to leak out that he had donated it to his own society, the Fabian society. He was the president and he was the only member! And when he was asked, "What is

all this?" he said, "Why not use it as much as you can? -- otherwise just for one day you are in the news, and then finished. I carried it on for one month." But it depends on others. Even if you can carry it on for one month, it is going to be finished -- one minute or one month, it doesn't matter.

Bliss is something totally different. It is not dependent on anybody. It is the joy of creating something; whether anybody appreciates it or not is irrelevant. You enjoyed it while you were making it -- that's enough, more than enough.

And the last, whatsoever the number because now I cannot bother about the numbers. I myself have forgotten, but I have to say the last, so it is complete. Numbers, you can figure out.

The last is my most precious request to you, and that is: In existence the most extraordinary thing is to be ordinary. Everybody wants to be extraordinary, that is very ordinary. But to be ordinary and just relax in being ordinary, that is superbly extraordinary. One who can accept his ordinariness without any grudge, any grumbling -- with joy, because this is how the whole existence is -- then nobody can destroy his bliss. Nobody can steal it, nobody can take it away. Then wherever you are you will be in bliss.

I was in New Delhi, and after I had spoken a man stood up and asked me, "What do you think about yourself? Will you be going to heaven or hell?"

I said, "As far as I know, there are no such things. But if by chance they are there, I can only hope for hell."

He said, "What!"

I said, "In hell you will find all the colorful people -- ordinary people, but all colorful. In heaven you will find great scholars, theologians, saints, philosophers -- but all serious, all quarreling, all against each other, disputing continuously. It must be a quarrelsome place, where you cannot find a moment of silence. As far as I understand, if God has any intelligence he must have escaped to hell, because that is the only place where nobody is going to argue about stupid, silly things, where people will be simply enjoying, dancing, singing, eating, sleeping, working."
I said to him, "To me, the ordinary is the most extraordinary phenomenon in existence."
Okay Sheela?

From Unconciousness to Consciousness

Chapter #30
Chapter title: The Only Golden Rule is There are No Golden Rules
28 November 1984 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO INCLUDE ONE OF YOUR MAXIMS IN THE REQUESTS. THE MAXIM IS: LIVE DANGEROUSLY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK ON THIS?

Living itself is so intense for me that I certainly go on forgetting the right maxims for living, the right rules for

living. It may seem a contradiction, but it is not. The people who remember maxims for life forget life completely. Yes, I have forgotten not only that, but a few more. It reminds me.... The one that I have loved most is: The golden rule for life is that there are no golden rules.

There cannot be. Life is so vast, so immense, so strange, mysterious, it cannot be reduced into a rule or a maxim. All maxims fall short, are too small; they cannot contain life and its living energies. Hence the golden rule is significant, that there are no golden rules.

An authentic man does not live by rules, maxims, commandments. That's the way of the pseudo-man.

The authentic man simply lives.

Yes, if you ask the authentic man, he may tell you about certain rules, but they are not the rules that he has followed himself. He has just found them on the way of living, just like collecting seashells on the beach. He had not gone to collect the seashells, he had gone to enjoy the early morning, the fresh air, the sun, the sea, the sand. Just by the way, he found those seashells.

All the rules are collected by people who have not lived according to them, because the people who have lived according to them have committed suicide long before. Anybody living according to a rule is destroying himself, poisoning himself, because the rule was found by somebody who was not you, somewhere where you will never be, in some time, in some space, which is not your time and not your space. It is very dangerous to follow that rule. You will be distracting your life from its center, its grounding -- you will misshape yourself. Trying to shape

yourself you will only misshape yourself, disfigure yourself.

So all the rules I have talked about these two or three days -- you have to remember: before all of them comes the golden rule. But I had simply forgotten about it. I got so immersed in wrestling with Moses -- and poor Moses has never done any harm to me, nor do I intend to do any harm to him -- but the word commandment triggered something in me.

It reminds me of when I was a postgraduate student. In India it became a rule that every student had to participate in a two year army training. I went to the vice-chancellor and said, "I simply refuse. I will not participate in any army training; the very idea is nauseous -- that somebody says to me, 'Left turn' and I have to turn left. Who is he? And why should I turn left in the first place? If I want to turn right or if I don't want to turn at all.... It is going to be difficult. It is better you find some way to keep me out of it."

He said, "I can understand you, and I can see the difficulty. You have never followed any rule. I have had reports against you again and again, but I have never called you because I know that you may not be following the rule, but whatsoever you will be doing must be better than the rule itself. I know you, I have been watching you," he said. "For example, many professors were reporting to me," he told me, "that you fall asleep in their classes. Now, this is not right. And if they wake you up, you create so much fuss about it -- that nobody has the right to wake you, and what harm are you doing? You are simply sleeping."

I had told my professors, "It does not disturb your lecture, and anyway, who cares about your lecture! Whatsoever you

are saying is all nonsense, it is better not to hear it. And this is my time -- from twelve to two I have always slept. From my very childhood, in my school, high school, undergraduate classes, I have always slept. It was always a recognized fact that from twelve to two, I am going to sleep. And people have come to accept it, because I was not going to do anything else at that time. You can throw me out of the class; I will sleep there." I have been thrown out of the class -- I slept outside, it didn't matter, but that is my time of sleep.

The vice-chancellor said, "I told your professors, 'Don't be worried. You can look at his marks in your paper last year. How much did he get? Ninety-eight percent. What more do you think he will be able to manage by keeping awake?'"

I told the vice-chancellor, "Here you are wrong. If I had been awake then ninety-eight percent would have been impossible. Even to get eighteen percent would have been difficult. That man was throwing so much crap into everybody's mind; I somehow avoided him. The two percent they are missing... it seems that even in my sleep, he has shouted something and it has entered my mind; otherwise why not a hundred percent? Those two percent must be his doing, and I am going directly to him to ask about the two percent: what happened about the two percent?"

He said, "It has been reported that you don't follow the hostel rules, and you are the prefect of the whole hostel. You are supposed to manage one thousand students and make them follow the rules, but you don't follow them at all. How are you going to manage one thousand students?"

I said, "Who bothers? And they are as happy with me as they have ever been with any prefect, because I never interfere. In fact I don't even know the faces of all of them. I don't know their names. I never take their attendance. Each month I mark them present, and send the register to the office. I have told them, 'If you are absent, inform me, otherwise there is no problem. If you don't inform me, it is accepted that you are present.'"

He said, "You get up at three o'clock in the night, and a few of your disciples" -- I had disciples already -- "they also get up at three o'clock, and you make so much trouble for others."

I said, "Those people are fools"... because the university I was in, and the hostel, was in such a beautiful place that three o'clock was the right time there. It was just on a hilltop, and just below the hill was a vast lake. It was so serene and so calm and so quiet that to miss this whole thing sleeping.... "It is perfectly good to miss the lectures through sleeping, because those idiots are simply telling things that they know nothing about. Some other idiot has told them, and they are simply transferring it.

"But I have seen, every morning the lake is new, fresh; it is not the same lake. Every morning.... "And I am simply surprised and amazed; even today I cannot believe that that place, the university of Sagar... I have been all over India, but I have never seen so much color in the sky as on that particular lake. So many colors, so much color in the sky, and everything is reflected in the lake. You could have just sat there and meditation would have happened. You were not required to do it.

So I said, "Of course I get up at three. The lake wakes me up, the birds start singing at three, and those few people who have once come with me to sit there under the trees... the last stars disappearing, and the morning descending by and by... and the first flowers opening."

The lake is full of lotuses. And as the sun rises on the horizon, the lotuses start opening. They close up when the sun sets; the whole night they also stay asleep. As the sun rises -- the first rays, and the lotuses start opening. And it is the most beautiful flower you can imagine -- the biggest flower, the most fragrant, and the most alive... and floating in water, but it has such a velvety skin that water cannot touch it. Even dewdrops falling on the lotus leaf or the lotus flower remain there like pearls. Water cannot touch it, so the dewdrops cannot spread and make the leaf wet. They remain just like round shaped pearls sitting on it. And when the sun rises a little higher, all those lotuses, their leaves, and these millions of pearls, start reflecting the sunrays. Sometimes a rainbow is created on the lake.

I told the vice-chancellor, "Those who have gone with me, once I have invited them, but never twice have I asked them. And the people who have been reporting to you don't know anything about beauty, about existence." I told him, "I know who has reported to you. I don't think any student will report against me. It is the proctor, the professor in charge of the hostel, who is very worried because I will not listen to him."

I had told him, "You are the professor in charge of the students, not of the prefect." I had showed him the book in which the rules were written -- certainly there was no mention that he was an authority over the prefect. Certainly

he was, because the prefect was also a student, but there was no mention of it. So I said, "There is no mention of it. You take care of the students if you want. I will take care in my own way. I am taking care -- by not interfering. And my students are immensely happy that for the first time there is nobody authoritative, forcing them to do this, not to do that: 'Go to sleep at nine o'clock; all the lights should be put out at nine.'"

But my own light was not put out. The proctor came on the first day to tell me that this was not right. I said, "Don't you disturb me at all. I will read as long as I wish -- sometimes the whole night, because there is the whole day to sleep in -- and nobody can control me. And I always used to keep the book of the rules that was given to me as prefect. I said, "Look into this: there is no mention of it, that you have any authority over my sleep or my waking. I will wake in my time; I will sleep in my time, and my students will do according to themselves, whatsoever they want to do."

The vice-chancellor said, "All these reports have been coming to me, but I know you. Rules are dead. All the prefects that have preceded you were dead. So I have not bothered about the reports against you, I have not called you. But now this is troublesome. This is a government affair. Now the government wants every student to be trained in the army; otherwise he will not be given the graduation certificate."

I said, "There is no problem. I will not ask for the graduation certificate, I can give you my word in writing. It is not a problem. What am I going to do with your graduation certificate? But I am not going to be forced by idiotic people."

And in the army the whole procedure is to destroy your intelligence -- because if you are intelligent, you cannot be a good soldier. To be a good soldier, you have to choose.... You have to drop intelligence; otherwise how can you kill somebody who has done nothing to you, to whom you are not even introduced? You are killing him, and you don't know: he may have an old mother and an old father who depend on him, or a wife and children who will all be orphans and beggars -- and you are killing this man for no reason, just because you are getting a salary to kill? And he is getting a salary to kill; you are both hired killers. "I am not going to become a hired killer."

And to create this situation, that you can kill easily, first your intelligence has to be completely destroyed. That's the training, what they call the training in the army -- right turn, left turn, turnabout, go forward, go backwards -- three hours every day. The person is simply functioning like a robot. He is not to ask, "Why should I turn left? What is the reason? And if again I have to turn back to the same position, why bother? Remain standing in the same position. People are going to come back sooner or later to the same position." No, you are not supposed to ask.

All those procedures are created to destroy questioning, doubting, inquiring -- and these are what give sharpness to your intelligence. When for years you don't ask and you simply follow, whatsoever is said you follow, your intelligence starts getting rusted. One day the order comes, "Shoot!" and you shoot. It is not that you are shooting. That intelligence that you used to have is no longer there to think. Now it is almost like, "Left turn."

So I said to the vice-chancellor, "I am not going to join. Count me out. If there is any problem, you have to fight for me. And I am ready to fight with anybody; with the state government... I am ready to stand before the state parliament and to fight for my right -- that I cannot be destroyed. I will not allow anybody to touch my intelligence in this way. And if it is the federal government, I am ready to go there -- but you remember that I am not joining. And I will not ask for the certificate."

He said, "Don't you be worried." He said, "To take you to the state government or to the federal government will create more trouble. So you keep quiet, you simply keep quiet; don't say anything to anybody. I will take care of it, I am responsible. So if any problem arises I am responsible."

I said, "That is your business."

And I never went to him to ask for my graduation certificates; he came to the hostel. I never went to the convocation... because that was the agreement. After the convocation he looked around -- he had given the certificates, and the man who had topped the university and had won the gold medal was not there! Everybody was asking why I was not there; only the vice-chancellor knew. He said, "I know why he is not here -- just because of an agreement. I will have to go to the hostel to give him his gold medal, his certificates, and apologize. I was worried about this, that he may get the gold medal and the trouble would be known to everybody, why he is not here."

He came, he gave me the certificates. I said, "That's okay. If you are giving them, I will not refuse; but I have followed my agreement. I would never have come to ask

for my certificates. And sooner or later I am going to burn them anyway."
He said, "What!"
I said, "What am I going to do? Carry them all my life?"
And after nine years, when I resigned from the professorship, the first thing I did was burn all the certificates. My father was there; he said, "Even if you have resigned, there is no need to burn the certificates. They can remain here. What is the trouble? You give them to me, I will keep them."
I said, "No, that means you are still hoping that someday I may need them. No, once I have passed a bridge I want to destroy it, so that I cannot go back. I am not going to give these certificates to you."
I burned them in front of him, and he said, "You are strange. I am not preventing you from resigning."
I said, "Once I have resigned, I am never going to need these certificates in my life, so why carry them?"
Rules of any kind I have never followed, so it is very natural for me to forget. Yes, I forgot to tell you that it is one of my requests to you to live dangerously.
What does it mean exactly? It simply means that in life there are always alternatives. You are always at a crossroad, always and always. Each moment is a crossroad, and you have to choose where you are going, what is going to be your path; each moment you have to choose. Each moment is decisive because you are discarding many ways and choosing one.
Now, if you choose the comfortable, the convenient, then you will never be able to live intensely. The comfortable, the convenient, the conventional, which the society

approves, means that you are ready to become a psychological slave. That's why all this convenience.... The society will give you everything, if you give your freedom to it. It will give you respectability, it will give you great posts in the hierarchy, in the bureaucracy -- but you have to drop one thing: your freedom, your individuality. You have to become a number in the crowd. The crowd hates the person who is not part of it. The crowd becomes very tense seeing a stranger amongst it, because the stranger becomes a question mark.

You have been living a certain life, a certain style, a certain religion, a certain politics. You have been following the way of the mob, and you were very comfortable, cozy, because those surrounding you were all people just like you. What you were doing, they were doing. Everybody else was doing the same; that gave the feeling that you were doing the right thing. So many people could not be wrong. And in gratitude that you are following them, they give you respectability, honor. Your ego is fulfilled. Life is convenient, but it is flat. You live horizontally -- a very thin slice of life, just like a slice of bread cut very thin. In a linear way you live.

To live dangerously means to live vertically.

Each moment then has a depth and a height. It touches the highest star and the deepest bottom. It knows nothing of the horizontal line. But then you are a stranger in the crowd, then you are behaving differently from everybody else. And this creates an unease in people, for the simple reason that they are not enjoying their life, they have not lived their life, they have not taken the responsibility to live it, they have not risked anything to have it -- but because

everybody else was also like them, the question was not arising.

But this stranger comes who lives in a different way, behaves in a different way, and suddenly something is stirred in them. Their repressed life, which is like a spring, forcibly repressed, suddenly starts stirring, starts creating questions that this way too is possible. And this man seems to be having a different shine to his eyes, a different joy around him. He walks, sits, stands, not like everybody else. Something is unique about him. But the most impressive thing about him is, he seems to be utterly contented, blissful -- as if he has arrived. You are all wandering and he has arrived. Now, this man is a danger to the crowd. The crowd will kill him.

It is not a coincidence that people like Socrates are poisoned. What was the trouble with the man? He was such a unique genius, that if Greece had produced only Socrates, that would have been enough to make history, enough to be remembered forever. But the crowd could not tolerate this man. He was a very simple man, absolutely harmless. They poisoned and killed him. What was his crime? His crime was, he was an individual. He walked on his own path, not on the superhighway where everybody is moving. He was going through a labyrinth of his own. And the society soon became afraid because a few people started moving away from the highway to find their own ways.

Socrates was saying that you cannot walk on a way made by others for you. You have to walk, and make your road by walking. It is not that roads are made available to you readymade, you have simply to walk -- no. You have to create the road by walking; just as you walk, you create the

road. And remember, it is only for you, not for anybody else. It is just like the birds flying in the sky leave no trace for any other bird to follow. The sky remains empty again. Any bird can fly, but he will have to make his own way.
This was the danger. Socrates was a real danger. Jesus was not a real danger. And you have to understand the difference -- because Jesus was also crucified. But what was Jesus asking? He was asking to be accepted by the mob. He was not really a rebel, he was asking for respectability: "I am your awaited messiah." He was asking the crowd to give him sanctity, respectability, and he was trying in every way to fulfill the demands of the crowd. Even going to the crucifixion was just to fulfill the demands of the crowd. It is a different story.
People have always thought Socrates and Jesus belong to the same category of man -- no; they are just the opposite. Socrates is not asking to be accepted. Socrates is saying, "Please leave me alone -- just as I leave you alone. Please allow my freedom. I don't trespass on your life, you should not trespass on my life." It seems to be absolutely honest. He is not asking to be accepted. He is not saying, "Whatever I am saying is true, and you have to accept it. No, he is saying, "Whatsoever I am saying, it is my right to say. You have your right to say."
The judges were a little guilty when they decided this man should be killed. He was the best flowering of Greek genius. So they offered him a few alternatives; they said, "One thing is, you can leave Athens...." In those days Greece was composed of city democracies, and that is really a far more democratic way. The smaller the unit, the more democracy is possible, because it is direct democracy.

The people of Athens used to gather, raise their hands for or against, and decide things. Now, in a country like America the democracy becomes so indirect, and the person you choose... once you have chosen him for a few years then you don't know what he is going to do. During those few years you cannot control him. He may have promised you something and he may do just the opposite. Exactly that is what goes on happening. But in Athens it was a direct democracy. Any important issue, and the people of Athens would be together there and they would vote for it or against it. So the power was not delegated for five years. The power was always in the hands of the people.

So the judges said, "It is very simple: leave Athens. You can make your home in any other city, and wherever you are you will find disciples, friends -- about that there is no question."

Socrates said, "It is not a question of surviving. What you are saying is certainly convenient, and any businessman would have chosen that. It is simple. Why unnecessarily get killed? Move to another town." Socrates said, "I'm not going out of Athens because it is a question of choosing between convenience or life, and I choose life -- even if it brings death. But I will not choose convenience, that is cowardly."

They offered him another alternative. They said, "Then do one thing: remain in Athens, but stop teaching."

He said, "That is even more difficult. You are asking birds not to sing in the morning, trees not to blossom when it is time to blossom? You are asking me not to speak the truth? And that is my only joy: to share my truth with those who

are groping in the dark. I am going to be here and I am going to continue teaching the truth."
The judges said, "Then we are helpless, because the mob, with a majority, wants you to be poisoned and killed."
He said, "That's perfectly okay. You can kill me, but you cannot kill my spirit...." But remember, by spirit he does not mean soul. By spirit he means his courage, his devotion to truth, his way of life. You cannot change that. "... You can kill me. And about death I am not worried at all, because there are only two alternatives. Either I will simply die, so there is no problem then. When I am not, what problem can there be? So either I simply die, then there is no problem, or I don't die and my soul goes on living. Then at least I will have the satisfaction that I was not a coward, that I stuck to my truth, that you could kill me, but you could not bend me."
He died joyously. The death scene of Socrates is something beautiful in the whole history of man. In Greece it was not a cross; it was poison that had to be given. So outside the man was preparing the poison, the official poisoner who gives the poison to people who are sentenced to death. Six in the evening was the time. The sun was setting and Socrates asked again and again, "What is the matter? Ask that man; it is getting late."
And the poisoner was really trying to make it as late as possible. He had loved this man and he wanted him to live a little longer. That much he could make possible... he could go on preparing the poison, slowly. But disciples came again and again and they said, "The master is asking why you are late."

With tears in his eyes, he said, "He is really a dangerous man. I am trying to give him a little longer to live, but he is in a hurry."
The poisoner asked Socrates, "Why are you in a hurry?"
He said, "I am in a hurry because life I have lived tremendously, totally; I know it. Death is unknown; it is a great adventure. I would like to taste death."
Now, you cannot kill such a man. There is no way to kill such a man, who wants to taste death, who wants to know death, who wants to jump into the challenge and the adventure of the unknown.
Living dangerously means whenever there are alternatives, beware: don't choose the convenient, the comfortable, the respectable, the socially acceptable, the honorable. Choose something that rings a bell in your heart. Choose something that you would like to do in spite of any consequences.
The coward thinks of consequences: "If I do this, what will happen? What will be the result?" He is more concerned about the result.
The real man never thinks of the consequences. He thinks only of the act, in this moment. He feels, "This is what is appealing to me, and I am going to do it." Then whatever happens is welcome. He will never regret. A real man never regrets, never repents, because he has never done anything against himself. The coward dies thousands of times before death, and continuously regrets, repents: it would have been better if he had done that, married that man, that woman, chosen that profession, gone to that college.... Thousands of alternatives are always there, and you cannot do them all.
The society teaches you, "Choose the convenient, the comfortable; choose the well-trodden path where your

forefathers and their forefathers and their forefathers, since Adam and Eve, have been walking. Choose the well-trodden path. That is a proof: so many millions of people have passed on it, you cannot go wrong." But remember one thing, the crowd has never had the experience of truth. Truth has only happened to individuals.

The well-trodden path is not trodden by Socrates and people like Socrates. It is trodden by the mass, the mediocre, the people who have no courage to go into the unknown. They never get off the highway. They keep clinging to each other because that gives them a certain satisfaction, consolation: "So many people are with us...." That's why all the religions continuously go on trying to make more and more converts. The reason is not that they are interested in people and their life and their transformation -- no, they themselves are not transformed -- but if you have more Christians than Hindus, naturally it seems you have better chances of having truth with you than the Hindus. If the Buddhists are more than the Christians, then of course they can go on believing that they have the truth, that's why so many people are with them.

But I want you to remember, truth has always happened to individuals. It is not a collective phenomenon, it does not happen to a crowd. It always happens to the individual. It is just like love. Have you seen a crowd in love? That is impossible... that a crowd falls in love with another crowd. At least up to now it has not happened. It is an individual phenomenon. One person falls in love with another person. But in love at least there are two persons. In truth, even two

are not there. You alone, in your absolute aloneness, experience it.
So beware of the crowd. Beware of the well-trodden path. Beware of the millions of Christians and Buddhists and Mohammedans, and Hindus and Jews; beware of all these people.
If you have to find someone, then find someone who is not part of any crowd. Then find a Socrates, who does not belong to any crowd. That is why I said Jesus and Socrates are totally different. Jesus is trying to belong to the crowd. The crowd is discarding him; that is another matter. The crowd is not willing to accept him, but he is trying in every possible way.... He had never thought of any Christianity. He was a Jew, born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew, praying to the Jewish God, still trying to convince the Jews, "I am your awaited messiah." He is not a rebel.
Truth comes only to the rebellious, and to be a rebel is certainly to live dangerously.
Every moment you will be faced from all sides, in every possible way.... You live with a man you don't love, but you go on clinging for the sheer comfort, that at least there is somebody you can cling to. Thinking of separating from the person, there is darkness, loneliness -- what are you going to do? How are you going to survive? You may not love, he may not love, but still at least somebody is there. You are choosing the convenient, the comfortable. You are in a profession, you hate it....
One of my uncles is a poet, and would have been one of the greatest poets of India if he had listened to me. But I was so young, and he was a university graduate. I tried my best; I

said, "You may not listen to me, that is your choice, but I am going to tell you."
He said, "But why do you bother me?"
I said, "It is going to decide your whole life. You are a poet. I do not understand much poetry, but whatsoever I have seen in your notebooks gives me a certainty that if you choose the comfortable and the convenient -- that is the profession of my family...."
My grandfather was telling him, "Now you are a graduate. Be finished; start looking after the business."
I told him, "Don't listen to him. He will kill your whole future."
He said, "You are a strange boy. You are suggesting to me that I should not listen to my own father and I should listen to you."
I said, "One day you will repent. So listen to him." He listened to him. And just before we left Poona he came to see me, and he told me, "Forgive me. I can still remember you, so small, trying to persuade me not to listen to my father. And of course that was the most convenient thing for me. The business was there; I was getting my inheritance. The business was settled, I was not to do much."
And once he went into the business, my grandfather immediately started looking for a girl for him. I said to him, "Look. You are getting caught by and by."
He said to me, "Are you my friend or my enemy? My father is looking for a wife, and you are telling me that he is looking for a prison for me."
I said, "It is up to you to decide. You should look for your wife. Why should your father look? Strange, his father

looked for him -- he missed. Now he is looking for you -- you will miss. How can he find a wife for you?" But my grandfather was a strong man. It was not possible for my uncle to say anything to him; if he decided, it was final. And one day he decided for his marriage. The marriage happened. I went to his marriage, and I teased him all the way: "You are going to a life imprisonment."

When he came to Poona, he said to me, "You were right. It was a life imprisonment, and it went on growing bigger and bigger -- first business, then wife, then children, now children's education, now children's marriage." And now he is sixty-five, and he has no time for poetry. When he was in Poona, just for two, three weeks, he started writing poetry again. And he told me, "For years I have completely forgotten; there has been no time. But looking at you, remembering what you had said to me, I realized you were right. I would like to come here for a few months and to bring back my dreams and my visions, which have all disappeared."

Just two, three days ago, Sheela brought his letter: "Now you have gone too far away and it will not be possible for me to come there, and I was hoping to come to Poona." For what was he hoping to come to Poona? And do you think now -- since I had advised him, so much water has passed down the Ganges -- he will be able to revive his poetry? I don't think so, because he had shown me a few things that he wrote while he was in Poona -- they were not of the quality that I remember was there when he was young. Now so much junk has collected. He is no longer young: tired, bored, repenting continuously. The few days he was there, every day he was repenting, "Alas, I did not listen to

you." But nobody would have listened to a child. And what I was suggesting was rebellion against the father, his father. A profession you can choose, which is convenient; friends you can choose, who are convenient. I have seen strange people. I had one friend -- I rarely had friends, and those I had were not much of friends. So I don't remember really having any friend; it is just a word. But he thought that he was a friend to me -- he was a professor in the chemistry department.

In the whole university only I had a car and he had a car. First only he had a car; he was a rich man's son, so it was not a problem for him. It was not possible for me to have a car. I used to walk four miles to teach in the university, and back four miles -- two hours every day. But I enjoyed it, it was such beautiful exercise. But one of my lovers could not tolerate that exercise; he presented me with a car. The day I came in the car to the college -- that chemistry professor had never bothered even to be introduced to me -- he came running to me. He told me his name, and said, "I would love to be a friend of yours."

I said, "Strange, so suddenly...? I have been here for two years. We have been crossing each other's path every day almost, two or three times; you have never said even hello."

Of course, I had never said hello, because I don't interfere in anybody's life. Who knows what you are thinking... and I may throw a stone and your dream is disturbed, or something happens. I don't interfere, unless somebody invites me; then it is his responsibility. "What has happened so suddenly?"

He said, "Come into the corner and I will tell you." He took me into the corner; he said, "I have made it a point only to be friendly with people who have cars."
I said, "Why?"
He said, "If you make friends with people who don't have cars, they ask... they need your car, every day they ask for a lift and you even have to pay the petrol. And they will damage the car, they will do this, they will do that, and you have to look after it. So I have decided to be friendly only to people who have cars."
I said, "That's a great idea. But you please forgive me. Listening to your idea, I decided that I will not have any friendship with anybody who has a car."
He said, "But why?"
I said, "Because of your idea -- perhaps that will be their idea too!"
People's minds function in the same way. People will become friends if they are of the same society, have the same standard of life; if they go to the same synagogue, the same church, if they are rotarians, or members of the lion's club. They are people of the same standard of life; it is convenient. If you make friends with a poor man, it is inconvenient. Some day he is going to come and ask for a few rupees, his wife is sick....
Now, a rotarian is not going to come to you like that. It is good to have a friendship with a rotarian. You are comfortable, he is comfortable; there is no trouble. You have your house, you have your car; he has his house, he has his car. You have servants, he has servants. There is no trouble. But just a step below and you will be in trouble, because the person may ask, is bound to ask.... Someday he

will be in trouble, then where is he to look for help? You are a friend.... That's why people don't make any friendship with servants. For years the servant will be in their house -- but no friendship. They remain almost unacquainted.
Living dangerously means: don't put such stupid conditions between you and life -- comfort, convenience, respectability. Drop all these things, and allow life to happen to you, and go with it without bothering whether you are on the highway or not, without bothering where you are going to end. Only very few people live. Ninety-nine point nine percent of people only slowly commit suicide.
Just the last thing to remember -- because that is so absolutely essential I should not be forgiven for forgetting it: LIVE WATCHFU]LY.
Whatsoever you are doing -- walking, sitting, eating, or if you are not doing anything, just breathing, resting, relaxing in the grass, never forget that you are a watcher.
You will forget it again and again. You will get involved in some thought, some feeling, some emotion, some sentiment -- anything will distract you from the watcher. Remember, and run back to your center of watching. Make it an inner process continuously.... You will be surprised at how life changes its whole quality. I can move this hand without any watchfulness, and I can also move this hand absolutely watching from inside the whole movement. The movements are totally different. The first movement is a robot movement, mechanical. The second movement is a conscious movement. And when you are conscious you feel that hand from within; when you are not conscious you only know the hand from without.

You have known your face only in the mirror, from the without, because you are not a watcher. If you start watching, you will feel your face from within -- and that is such an experience, to watch yourself from within. Then slowly, strange things start happening. Thoughts disappear, feelings disappear, emotions disappear, and there is a silence surrounding you. You are just like an island in the middle of the ocean of silence... just a watcher, as if a flame of light at the center of your being, radiating the whole of your being.

In the beginning it will only be an inner experience. Slowly you will see that radiation spreading out of your body, those rays reaching other people. You will be surprised and shocked that other people, if they are a little bit sensitive, will immediately become aware that something has touched them which was not visible.

For example, if you are watching yourself.... Just walk behind somebody, watching yourself, and it is almost certain the person will turn and look back suddenly, for no reason. When you are watching yourself, your watchfulness starts radiating, and it is bound to touch the person who is ahead of you. And if he is touched by something which is invisible, he is going to look back: "What is the matter?" And you are that far away, you cannot even touch him with your hand.

You can try that experiment: somebody is sleeping and you can sit by their side, just watching yourself, and the person will suddenly wake up, open his eyes and look all around as if somebody has touched him.

Slowly you will also become able to feel the touch through the rays. That is what is called the vibe. It is not a

nonexistential thing. The other person feels it; you will also feel that you have touched the other person.
The English word, being "touched," is used very significantly. You may use it without understanding what it means when you say "I was touched" by the person. He may not have said a single word to you. He may have just passed by. He may have just looked once at your eyes, and you feel "touched" by the person. It is not just a word -- it actually happens. And then those rays go on spreading to people, to animals, to trees, to rocks... and one day you will see, you are touching the whole universe from within.

Your aloneness remains absolutely as it was. It becomes bigger, vast. This is the experience I call the experience of godliness.
Okay Sheela?